



the author
The Virtues and Services of Francis Wayland.

A

DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF

FRANCIS WAYLAND,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ALUMNI OF BROWN UNIVERSITY,

SEPTEMBER 4, 1866.

BY GEORGE I^Y CHACE, LL.D.,

PROFESSOR IN BROWN UNIVERSITY.

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PROVIDENCE, September 6, 1866.

DEAR SIR:

At a meeting of the Alumni of Brown University, held yesterday; Commencement day, it was

Voted, That the thanks of the Alumni be presented to Professor CHACE for his Discourse commemorative of the life and services of the late President WAYLAND; and that the Committee of Arrangements be instructed to communicate the same, and to request a copy of the Discourse for the press.

In communicating this vote, we beg to add the hope, that you will yield to the general request, and thus bring your Discourse within the reach of the many pupils and friends of the deceased, who were not able to be present at its delivery.

Yours, respectfully,

J. L. LINCOLN,	}	Committee of Arrangements.
WM. GODDARD,		
A. HARKNESS,		

Professor GEORGE I CHACE, LL.D.

PROVIDENCE, September 7, 1866.

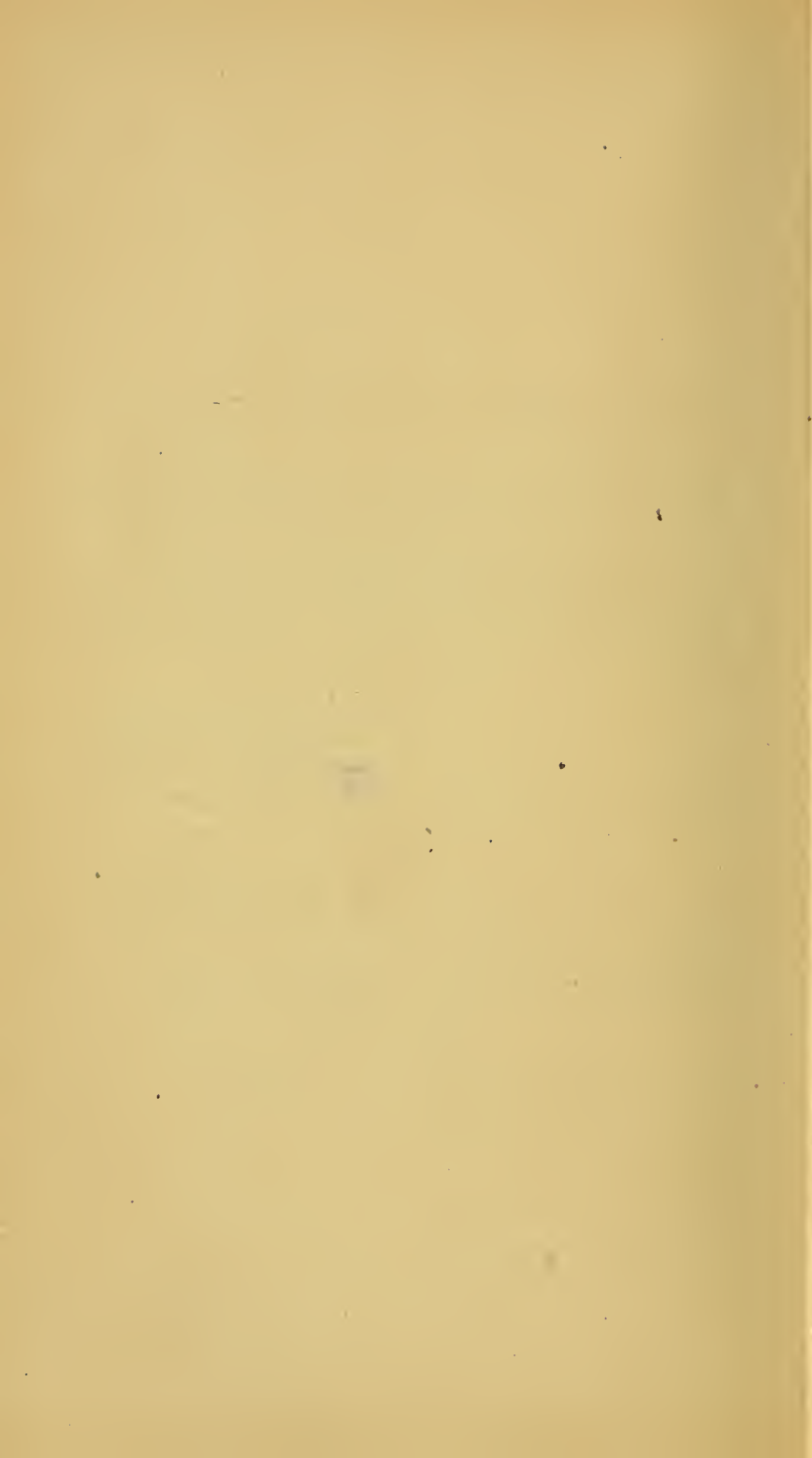
GENTLEMEN:

In compliance with your request, I herewith place at your disposal my Discourse on the life and services of the late President WAYLAND.

Yours, respectfully,

GEORGE I. CHACE.

Messrs. J. L. LINCOLN, WM. GODDARD, A. HARKNESS.



DISCOURSE.

Alumni of Brown University :

SINCE we last gathered on this consecrated spot, to extend to one another the hand of cordial greeting, and to receive afresh the benediction of our Alma Mater, a great sorrow has fallen upon us. He whose presence was so intimately associated with these scenes, who more than any one else attracted hither our annual pilgrimages, whom we so honored and loved, our early instructor and guide and friend, whose prayers ceased not daily to ascend for us, and whose blessing ever followed us, the great, the good, the venerated Wayland is no more. How did the sad tidings, when first borne by telegraph over the land, smite upon our hearts! How did pursuit for a time pall, and desire slacken, and motive fail! A part of our very being seemed taken from us. The same sky was no longer over us. A light which had beamed so long and so benignantly upon us, had gone out. The same atmosphere was no longer around us. A great heart, with

such power of sustaining and comforting by its sympathies, had ceased to beat. A grand and heroic nature, whose simple presence was an inspiration to every virtue, had passed from the earth.

But the loss and grief were not ours alone. We have a large companionship in sorrow. The exalted character of him whom we mourn, his great public services, and his long life of unselfish devotion to the highest interests of humanity, made him very widely known, and gave him a place in the affections and respect of the community, such as few are permitted to hold. Of this the various organs through which popular feeling is accustomed to express itself, have given evidence. The press all over the land has borne witness to the sincerity and depth of the public grief. Numerous benevolent associations have recorded their profound sense of the loss which the interests of virtue and the cause of philanthropy have everywhere sustained. The pulpit, while it has mourned the removal of one of its chief ornaments, has paid spontaneous and fervid homage to his exalted worth and to the power of his Christian character. Literature has hastened to embalm in her own frankincense his name, that it may go down to posterity among the benefactors of the race.

And now we have assembled to mingle our grief with the general sorrow; to recall the more prominent events in the history of one whose life was so true, so beneficent, so worthy; to review his eminent services, extending over a period of almost half a century, and reaching in their influence every interest of society; to trace anew the lineaments of his grand character,

and to hang the picture forever in the chambers of memory.

In the discharge of this grateful office, the duty of speaker has devolved upon me. Although I am fully aware of the magnitude and difficulty of the task assigned me, and painfully conscious that I am wholly unequal to it, in obedience to your commands, as well as from love of the service, I shall endeavor to perform it as I best may, relying upon your indulgence for my many, and as I fear, grievous short-comings. I am the less embarrassed, when I remember that the portrait which I would have you contemplate is already in your minds, and that I have only to touch aright the chords of association in order that it may stand out before you in all the massive strength and beauty of the original.

Francis Wayland was born in the city of New York, March 11, 1796. He was the son of Rev. Francis and Sarah Wayland, who came from England to this country a short time previous to his birth. His father was a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, remarkable rather for the goodness of his heart, and the guileness simplicity and purity of his Christian character, than for those more brilliant qualities which dazzle and captivate in the popular preacher. His mother was a woman of high intellectual endowments, and great force of character. Of her as well as of his father, he always spoke with the deepest filial reverence. While he was still a boy, the family removed to Poughkeepsie. At the academy in this place, under the care of Mr. Daniel H. Barnes, he took his first lessons in the Latin and Greek languages. He remained here until the spring of 1811, when at the age of fifteen years he entered the

Sophomore Class, in Union College, Schenectady, New York. Of his college course I have little knowledge. He was accustomed in after life to speak of it as having embraced too much reading and too little study. But from the fact that he was subsequently invited to become a member of the Faculty, I infer that his scholarship must have been at least satisfactory.

Soon after leaving college, he commenced the study of medicine under Dr. Hale of Troy, with whom he remained about six months. He then entered the office of Dr. Eli Burritt, of the same place, and continued with him until his medical studies were completed. A more than usually intimate relation seems to have grown up between instructor and pupil. The Doctor, who was an able man, and genial companion, as well as skillful physician, took delight in opening to the enthusiastic young student the rich stores of his professional reading and experience. He also extended to him freely the opportunities which a large practice offered for the actual study of the different forms of disease, taking care to guide him aright in making observations and in deriving conclusions from them. It was under these favoring influences that he first awoke to a consciousness of his powers, and that his mind acquired those practical tendencies by which it was ever afterwards characterized. I am inclined to believe that no period of his life was richer in memories, or more fruitful in results, than the two years which he passed as a student of medicine in the office of Dr. Burritt. He never mentioned the name of this early friend and instructor but with expressions of affectionate respect and gratitude.

But the foundation that was so carefully laid for success and eminence in his chosen profession was destined to serve other and different purposes. He had but just been admitted to practice, when a change took place in his views of life and his convictions of duty, which caused him to abandon it. Believing himself to be called by the Master to labor in His spiritual vineyard, he at once began preparation for the new employment. In the autumn of 1816, three years after graduation, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. Prof. Moses Stuart had for some time previous occupied the chair of Sacred Literature in that institution. He was now in the full maturity of his powers, though not yet at the height of his fame. He had already commenced that reform in biblical study which was to constitute the most important work of his life. Casting off the shackles of a dogmatic theology, and freeing himself from the trammels of immemorial usage, he applied the same rules of interpretation to the Scriptures as to other ancient writings, and accepted the unqualified meaning which they gave him. In the preparation of his courses of instruction he drew largely from new and hitherto unopened sources. The stores of German philology and criticism were unlocked by him, and made available for the first time to the American student. By his rare gifts of language and illustration, by the novelty and boldness of many of his views, and by the ardor with which he pressed them, and more especially by the earnestness and eloquence with which he vindicated the simple, unadulterated Word of God as the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice, he kindled in his classes an enthusiasm which knew no

bounds. "Some of his pupils," I quote the words of one of them, "almost looked upon him as a being from a higher world. The hour when they first saw him, was a kind of epoch in their history."

Under this great master, the recently awakened powers of the medical student received a fresh stimulus, and he entered with the utmost zeal upon his new field of study. He soon found it to afford scope for the freest and most expansive exercise of every faculty. Embodying a literature of great variety and richness, containing truths the grandest and the most momentous that the human mind ever contemplated, and supported in every utterance by the authority of inspiration, the Bible, studied under such a teacher, became incomparably the most interesting of all books. Grammar, philology, geography and history, local and general, were in turn pressed into the service of developing and elucidating its meaning. Every day enlarged the field of his mental vision. Every week brought with it a conscious increase of power. Every month found him with a deeper knowledge of the Word of God, and a profounder reverence for its teachings. During his residence at Andover, he learned what, if he had accomplished nothing else, would have made it an important era in his life: he learned how to study and how to teach the Bible—two things which he never afterwards forgot. I have listened to many able and eloquent expounders of the Scriptures; but I have never heard any one, who, whether in pulpit or class-room, unfolded their meaning with so great naturalness, simplicity and power as President Wayland. Few of the pupils of Professor Stuart caught more of his spirit, and none of

them in after life cherished for the great biblical interpreter a profounder respect and admiration.

In the fall of 1817, after a year's residence, he left the Theological Seminary, to accept a tutorship in Union College. This new position introduced him to relations most favorable to growth and culture. His teaching embraced a large variety of subjects. It was not confined to a single department, but extended, at different times, to nearly the entire college course. In the academic circle he was brought into daily intercourse with minds of large experience and rich and varied culture, at a time of life when such intercourse is most improving. It was during his tutorship that he first really knew President Nott, and that that mutual love, respect and admiration was awakened which continued to grow for half a century. The four years spent in these happy relations he ever after recalled with the liveliest interest, and was accustomed to speak of them as the most important in his life. It was during this period, that his character especially took its form and pressure, and that he first gave assurance of the brilliant future that was before him.

Although chiefly occupied with the duties of instruction, he continued to a certain extent his theological studies under the immediate direction of Dr. Nott. He also preached occasionally in the neighboring towns and villages. In August, 1821, he received ordination and accepted the pastoral charge of the First Baptist Church in Boston. The advantage of his long, varied and thorough training preparatory to entering upon the field of labor to which he believed himself called, became at once apparent. His sermons from the com-

mencement showed marked ability. They were characterized by a range and elevation of thought, an eloquence of diction, and a depth and fervor of feeling which raised them far above the level of ordinary pulpit discourses. Soon he became known through them to the public. Hardly had two years elapsed, when his eloquent defence of missions extended widely his name and fame, and gave him a place among the first orators of the land.

Nor did he, in the care with which his preparations were made for the pulpit, forget the humbler duties of the pastor. He was much among his people. He learned their characters and circumstances. He put himself in personal relations with them. He sought occasions and opportunities for seeing them and pressing upon their attention the obligations and duties of religion, ever remembering that it was individual souls that were to be saved; that it was individual human souls, and not congregations of men and women, that he must account for to the Master. Besides the direct personal influence which he thus exerted, he was enabled by the knowledge of character gained to adapt his public ministrations more perfectly to the wants of his people. It was a maxim with him, that a minister who performs with fidelity his pastoral duties, will never lack for subjects when he enters the pulpit.

Mr. Wayland remained with the church in Boston five years. In the autumn of 1826, he returned to Union College, having accepted an appointment to the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy. His stay here was destined to be but of short duration. About this time the presidency of Brown University became

vacant. The Rev. Dr. Messer, who had held that office for nearly a quarter of a century, and who, as tutor, professor and president, had given to the institution a whole life of honorable service, beginning to feel the weight of years press upon him, sent in his resignation. In looking for a successor, the corporation soon turned their attention to Professor Wayland, who during the brief period of his ministry had established for himself the reputation of a profound thinker and brilliant orator. At a meeting held December 13th, 1826, he was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy, and the February following he entered upon his presidential duties. He was now in the first prime of life, with all his powers in their full vigor, and with a work before him of sufficient magnitude to suitably task them.

In the later years of his predecessor's administration, the discipline of the college became relaxed, and the spirit of study among the undergraduates declined. The instruction in several of the departments was given by persons having other occupations, who saw the young men only in the recitation or lecture room, and who had no share in the responsibilities of government. In these circumstances a disposition to license had shown itself, which, however unfriendly to order and the diligent pursuit of learning, the authorities found it difficult to suppress. The necessity of reform was deemed urgent by the friends of the college. This may be inferred from a resolution passed by the corporation at the same meeting at which the election took place, declaring "it to be the duty of the President of this University to see that the laws are executed, and that the officers of instruction, and others immediately connected with the

institution, do their duty." At a subsequent meeting it was further resolved, "that no salary or other compensation be paid to any professor, tutor, or other officer, who shall not, during the whole of each and every term, occupy a room in one of the colleges, and assiduously devote himself to the preservation of order and the instruction of the students, and the performance of such other duty as may belong to his station."

President Wayland proceeded with his accustomed promptitude and energy to carry out the important reforms indicated. In doing so he met, as was to be expected, with opposition, both without and within the college. Ideas, long entertained, were disturbed. Immemorial customs were rudely jostled. Time-honored shelters, under which mischief had found protection, were broken down. The various disguises and coverings by which indolence had contrived to make itself respectable, were plucked off. Diligent application to study, and a laudable ambition to excel, were stimulated by new, and, as was claimed; invidious honors. The traditions of the college were unceremoniously set aside, and others, from a foreign source, it was said, were substituted for them. It is not in human nature — certainly not in student nature — tamely to suffer encroachment upon prescriptive rights and privileges. Angry feelings were aroused. Indignant protests were made against the innovations. Soon a spirit of resistance to authority manifested itself in all the protean forms which ingenuity could devise, and the circumstances of life in college would permit. One of the mildest of these modes of expressing public sentiment, was delineation on the walls of the halls, and the lecture rooms when

these could be entered. I recall a spirited sketch executed by a class-mate, which represented very well the prevailing current of opinion and criticism. It comprised two figures. Dr. Messer, seated in his old chaise, with reins fallen, and whip lost, was jogging leisurely on. Directly before him and in clear view, lay the gulf of perdition. Near by was Dr. Wayland, in a buggy of the newest fashion, harnessed to an animal on whose build and muscle two-forty was plainly written. He was headed in the same direction, and with taut rein and knitted brow and kindling eye, was pressing with all his might forward.

But the students soon learned with whom they had to deal. Opposition was vain. Remonstrance, however passionate, proved useless. Resistance to authority, whatever form it might assume, or whatever strength it might acquire from combination, availed nothing. It was the wave dashed against the rock, only to be beaten back in spray. In some of the fiercer assaults, individuals were thrown in the recoil to so great a distance that they never found their way back. They left their college for their college's good. The greater number presently became reconciled to the new order of things, and forgot their angry feelings in the general enthusiasm for study, which already began to be awakened. Before a twelve-month had passed, all were conscious of new impulses and higher aspirations, and a quickening and invigoration of every faculty from the wholesome discipline to which they were subjected. And as conscious injustice is not a vice of students, those who had been the most bitter in their denunciations, were now the loudest in their praises. The profoundest

eulogiums which I have ever heard pronounced upon President Wayland as an instructor and officer of government, have come from men who were in college at this time, and who formed their estimate from the character and ability exhibited in these circumstances. The opposition outside of the college continued somewhat longer; but having its origin, for the most part, in misconceptions, it, too, soon passed away.

Having placed the government and discipline of the university on a satisfactory footing, President Wayland next sought to improve the instruction and raise the standard of scholarship and character. The use of books, except in the languages, was prohibited in the recitation room. The lessons assigned were required to be mastered by both teacher and pupil, before entering it, so that the topics embraced might be freely and fully discussed by them. The pupil was expected to do something more than answer questions, or repeat the words of the text-book, or recite in their order the successive paragraphs. He was required to give, as far as he might be able, in his own language, the course of argument, or the train of thought; to separate it into its component parts; to distinguish the principal from the subordinate, the essential from the accidental, the substance from the form; in a word, to discriminate sharply between the important and the unimportant in each paragraph, section and chapter, and to present the former divested of the latter, with a due regard to order and connection.

This mode of conducting recitations proved, in the hands of able and skillful teachers, a most efficient means of culture. Besides bringing into constant activ-

ity some of the most important faculties, it accustomed the mind to processes presupposed in all good writing or effective thinking. It also tended strongly to break up that pernicious habit of mere word-learning, which from the training of boyhood so many bring with them to college. The effect was soon apparent in a larger intellectual growth and in a more manly character. Judge Story, when professor in the Cambridge Law School, was accustomed to say, as I have been informed, that he could distinguish a graduate from Brown University by his power of seizing upon the essential points of a case and freeing it from all extraneous matters.

This new mode of teaching introduced by President Wayland was known in college at the time as the analytic method. The student was said to recite by analysis. As in the case of all other modes of instruction, its success depended greatly upon the character of the teacher. With incompetence in the chair, or stupidity behind the desk, it was liable to degenerate into an unmeaning and worthless formalism. I recall an extreme case. A graduate, who had left the institution a short time previous to engage in the business of instruction, called upon me, partly, I suppose, for sympathy, and partly to afford me the pleasure of knowing how admirably he was succeeding in his new employment. He had adopted fully, he informed me, the university methods. He taught everything by analysis. As I had had the honor of instructing him in geometry, he drew his illustrations from that study. He made his pupils, he said, commence at the beginning of each book, and repeat the propositions in their order, to the end; and then commence at the end and repeat

them backwards to the beginning. He particularly asked my attention to the latter exercise as an extension of the principle of analysis and an actual improvement upon the teaching in college.

The prevalence of a higher spirit and better methods of study, prepared the way for extending the established courses of instruction, and also for introducing new courses. Advantage was taken of the openings thus made, as fast as the means of the institution would permit. The French language, in which instruction had not previously been given, was first made a part of the curriculum. Afterwards the German was introduced as an elective study. Courses were also established in political economy, in history, and in several of the physical sciences. The means of instruction were at the same time greatly enlarged, in the form of apparatus, books, specimens, maps, models, and other aids of a similar character. The fruit of these augmented resources of the university was seen in larger acquisitions and in a more varied and richer culture.

To reach the characters and quicken the moral impulses of the young men, President Wayland availed himself of every channel that was open to him.

He saw them often in private. His usual appellation of "my son," while it was a simple expression of his interest in them, and of the care and responsibility which he constantly felt for their welfare, had the effect of softening the severer official relation, and investing with something of a paternal character, his suggestions and counsels. These personal conversations were always most salutary in their influence, and not unfrequently

marked an epoch in the history of the young man, from which his life took a new reckoning.

He attended frequently, and during periods of special interest constantly, the religious meetings that were held in college. Some of his prayers and exhortations at these meetings will be long remembered. Under their influence the light of a new life for the first time broke upon many a one who has since become himself a light and a power in the Christian Church.

For a long series of years he met every Sunday evening a class for the study of the Scriptures. This was always well, and at times, numerously attended. Many were attracted by the intellectual excitement and stimulus which it afforded. The great doctrines of Christianity were unfolded with a freshness, beauty and power which made them seem like new revelations. Its practical teachings were enforced by arguments more cogent, and appeals more eloquent and thrilling than any to which I have elsewhere listened. The spell of the senses was broken. The mind awoke as from a dream. The material and tangible melted away under the power of the invisible. This world became shadow, and the other world substance. Character, character, character was everything; all beside, nothing.

With the hope of influencing larger numbers, President Wayland, at a later period, substituted for the Bible class, preaching in the chapel on Sunday afternoons. To this change, the world owes his University sermons. They were delivered, with others not published, to an audience made up partly of students and partly of citizens. They are unquestionably among his ablest and most eloquent productions. They were

listened to with profound, and, at times, thrilling interest. But I do not think their moral or religious effect was so great as that of the humbler service whose place they took.

Another channel through which he sought to reach and affect character, was the daily instructions of the recitation and lecture room. The sciences which he taught—intellectual and moral philosophy—were peculiarly favorable to this, and he shaped his courses in them with special reference to it. Little time was occupied with the metaphysical inquiries which underlie and cluster around these sciences. Questions of a merely speculative interest, having no practical bearing, were quickly disposed of. Whether the mind be simple or complex, whether it act immediately or through faculties, whether its knowledge of the external world be intuitive or representative, what force is, and how originated, whether it be inherent in matter, or external to it and only exerted upon it, whether creation was a completed act or the first moment of an exertion of power ever since continued, the origin of moral evil, the nature of right, the reconciliation of human accountability with the Divine Sovereignty, and other similar problems, were either passed by altogether, or referred to merely, in indicating the bounds of possible knowledge; or they were mentioned as illustrations of the yearning with which the mind, shut up in the prison-house of the senses, reaches out towards the illimitable expanse of being around it, or were pointed out as hopeless inquiries upon which the highest efforts of the most gifted intellects of the race have, for the last thirty centuries, been vainly expended. The respective spheres and

offices of the different mental powers or faculties, the laws by which they are governed, their combined action in the higher intellectual operations, their proper use, discipline and culture, conscience, obligation, duty, the moral law, its divine sanction, the consequences, both here and hereafter, of its violation,—these were the themes upon which he discoursed with such earnestness in the lecture-room, and which are presented so clearly and so forcibly in his admirable text-book.

But President Wayland liked the concrete better than the abstract. He preferred to consider man as a living, thinking, acting person, rather than as an assemblage of powers and sensibilities. He was more interested in studying the forms of intellectual and moral development growing out of the varying activities of the several faculties, than in the study of the faculties themselves. His mind was wonderfully rich in conceptions of character. Ideals of commanding power, of exalted goodness, of sublime virtue, were ever floating through its chambers of imagery. These he scattered like gems, in lavish profusion, along the whole pathway of his instructions. It was the quickening, inspiring, educating power of these that was most felt by his pupils, and that kindled to the greatest ardor their enthusiasm. It was by the contemplation of these chiefly that they were so “inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.” It was these ideals which they especially carried from the halls of the university out into the world, to be always present with them, rebuking indolence, lifting from the

debasements of mammon and sense, and soliciting ever to a higher and worthier life.

Another means employed by President Wayland for awakening impulse, and correcting, guiding, and elevating public sentiment in college, was addresses from the platform in the chapel. These were most frequent and most characteristic, in the earlier days of his presidency. They occurred, usually, immediately after evening prayers, and took the place of the undergraduate speaking, which at that time formed a part of the daily college programme. The occasions which called them forth were some irregularity, or incident or event which seemed to render proper the application of the moral lever to raise the standard of scholarship or character. We all knew very well when to expect them.

As the students then, with few exceptions, lived within the college buildings and took their meals in Commons Hall, they constituted, much more than at present, a community by themselves. They were more readily swayed by common impulses, and more susceptible of common emotions. When gathered in the chapel, they formed a unique, but remarkably homogeneous audience. President Wayland was at that time at the very culmination of his powers, both physical and intellectual. His massive and stalwart frame, not yet filled and rounded by the accretions of later years, his strongly marked features, having still the sharp outlines and severe grace of their first chiselling, his peerless eye, sending from beneath that olympian brow its lordly or its penetrating glances, he seemed, as he stood on the stage in that old chapel, the incarnation of majesty and power. He was raised a few feet

above his audience, and so near to them that those most remote could see the play of every feature. He commenced speaking. It was not instruction; it was not argument; it was not exhortation. It was a mixture of wit and humor, of ridicule, sarcasm, pathos and fun, of passionate remonstrance, earnest appeal and solemn warning, poured forth not at random, but with a knowledge of the laws of emotion to which Lord Kames himself could have added nothing. The effect was indescribable. No Athenian audience ever hung more tumultuously on the lips of the divine Demosthenes. That little chapel heaved and swelled with the intensity of its pent-up forces. The billows of passion rose and fell like the waves of a tempestuous sea. At one moment all were burning with indignation; the next they were melted to tears. Now every one was convulsed with laughter, and now as solemn as if the revelations of doom were just opening upon him. Emotions the most diverse followed one another in quick succession. Admiration, resentment, awe and worship in turn swelled every bosom. At length the storm spent itself. The sky cleared, and the sun shone out with increased brightness. The ground had been softened and fertilized, and the whole air purified.

When the resources of appeal, both private and public, had been exhausted, President Wayland did not hesitate to employ other and more potent means for maintaining order, good government, and a high spirit of study. He was a vigorous disciplinarian. The very fullness of his energies disposed him to strong measures; and he may sometimes have resorted to them when milder ones would have succeeded. In treating

the diseases of youth, especially college youth, he inclined to the heroic practice. He did not believe in administering remedies in homœopathic doses. He aimed not at a mere alleviation of the graver symptoms of the malady, but sought its radical cure. Although here and there a feeble constitution may have suffered under this vigorous treatment, by far the greater number were vastly benefitted by it. How many are now able to look back to good habits formed and manly purposes strengthened through his wholesome discipline; to sterility turned into fruitfulness by the sub-soiling received at his hand.

President Wayland identified himself in a remarkable degree with the college. That was always his first interest. To that everything else was subordinate. For that he gave himself to the most unwearied and unremitting labors. During periods of irritation and disturbance, it was out of his thoughts neither night nor day. When there were grounds for apprehending mischief or any moral irregularity, every part of the buildings was subject at all hours to his visits. He was especially jealous, both in himself and in those associated with him, of any other interest that might abtactate, to use his own strong language, the college. All labor, all time, all thought must be given to that. His ideas of professional obligation in this respect, were unusually stern and exacting; but as he illustrated and enforced them by his constant example, they became the ideas of his Faculty. Their spirit also passed by a sort of contagion to the undergraduates, and developed in them a more earnest and manly type of character.

Besides this high sense of duty evinced by him in everything which he did, he brought to the work of teaching a noble enthusiasm. It was in his estimation a high employment. No other surpassed it in true dignity and importance. Of no other were the results greater or more beneficial. The boundless wealth of a universe was the birthright of mind ; but only by the proper training of its faculties was it enabled to enter into possession of the rich heritage. Education was one of the plastic arts. The material wrought upon was finer than alabaster, more enduring than brass or marble ; capable of being moulded into forms of imposing grandeur, or bewitching grace or subduing beauty. He who worked at this art worked not for time only, but for eternity. Receiving a spiritual instead of a material embodiment, his conceptions become immortal.

These inspiring ideas constantly animated his zeal, and quickened to the highest activity every faculty, while they imparted to his instructions an earnestness and fervor which neither dullness nor indifference could resist. All associated with him in the care and oversight of the college caught something of his ardor, and put forth in their several spheres fresh efforts for advancing its interest. His noble conceptions of the instructor's office and work, carried out from the University by his pupils, and spread still more widely through his writings, did much to raise teaching in public estimation, through all its grades, to the dignity of a profession. They also drew upon him the attention of the country, and placed him by universal consent in the first rank of educators, without a superior, if not without an equal, in the land.

In 1833, six years after coming to Providence, Dr. Wayland published his first volume of discourses. This included his two sermons on the "Duties of an American Citizen," so widely read and so justly admired when first given to the public; his famous sermon on the "Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise," numerous editions of which had already gone out, bearing his name wherever the English language was spoken; and also his discourse on the "Philosophy of Analogy," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Rhode Island on its first anniversary. The last, although of a less popular character than the others, is remarkable for a rare felicity of conception and treatment, for the fine vein of original thought which runs through it, for the grace and beauty of its illustrations, and for the classic finish of its style. It is pervaded throughout by a highly philosophic spirit, and contains passages of the loftiest eloquence.

In 1835, two years later, his work on Moral Science appeared. This was succeeded in 1837 by his Political Economy, while his Intellectual Philosophy was delayed till 1854. These works were especially designed for text books, and embody substantially the instructions which he had previously given to his classes by lecture. They do not claim to be complete and exhaustive treatises on the sciences to which they relate, but only to present so much and such portions of these sciences as may properly find a place in the collegiate course. While sufficiently elementary to meet the wants of the ordinary student, they discuss with great ability some of the highest and most difficult problems which human nature and society present. Their style is purely

didactic, direct, simple and perspicuous, but without ornament. They are books to be studied rather than to be read. But instructive and admirable as they are, they give but a faint idea of the marvellous interest with which the same truths were invested when unfolded and illustrated by the living teacher under the inspiration of the class-room. The appearance of the *Moral Science* was opportune. The need of such a work had long been felt. It was almost immediately adopted by a large number of the colleges, academies and high schools of the country; and although thirty years have since elapsed, it still holds its place in them with hardly a rival. The use of the *Political Economy* and *Intellectual Philosophy*, though quite extensive, has, I think, been less general.

While thus indefatigably laboring within the walls of the university, President Wayland was continually called upon to render various and important public services. There was hardly an association in the country, whether for educational, philanthropic, or religious objects, of which he was not a member, and which did not look to him for advocacy, counsel and support. To the cause of Christian missions, which was ever dear to him, he gave more than the service of an ordinary life. His commanding eloquence, and the great weight of his opinions, caused him to be in constant requisition as a public speaker. His orations and other occasional discourses, all productions of marked ability, and many of them models of the species of literature to which they belong, would, if collected, swell into volumes. By these outside labors he greatly extended, not only his own fame, but that of the institution over

which he presided ; securing for it a rank and position not previously enjoyed, and attracting young men in larger numbers to its courses. Under his fostering care, all its resources were greatly augmented, and its interests, external as well as internal, advanced. On coming to Providence, he found the college with three professors, the President not included ; he left it with eight. He found it with scarcely a hundred students ; he left it with more than two hundred. He found it with its courses of study quite elementary and limited ; he left with these courses greatly enlarged and extended. He found it without either a library or a philosophical apparatus deserving the name, and without buildings for their accommodation ; he left it well cared for in respect to all these essential endowments of an institution of learning.

In effecting these great changes, Dr. Wayland had the benefit of able and efficient coadjutors. The scholarly Elton, who, at the time of his entering upon his presidential duties, was abroad, gathering inspiration beneath the shadow of the Parthenon and among the columns of the Forum, returned home soon afterwards to commence his courses of instruction enriched from the garnered stores of ancient learning. The genial and classic Goddard, whose appointment to a Professor's chair was of a somewhat earlier date, rendered to the University during the period of his connection with it, most valuable services. By infusing something of his own exquisite taste and love of elegant letters into the minds of undergraduates, as well as by the models of a graceful and finished style which he set before them, he greatly elevated the standard of excel-

lence in composition, and gave to rhetorical training, as a part of a liberal education, that deserved prominence in the college course which it has ever since held. Of almost equal value was the sound practical sense which he brought to every question of discipline and government. To the aid of his rare wisdom in the counsels of the Faculty, Dr. Wayland was always prompt to acknowledge his large indebtedness. And after the retirement of Professor Goddard from the duties of instruction, he upon whom the mantle of seniority fell, to whom I owe so much; to whom a whole generation of pupils owes so much, as an able and faithful teacher and a wise counsellor and friend,—would that I might speak of him as my heart prompts; but such words are not permitted now; they would seem too much like personal adulation; they must be reserved for another, and I trust, far distant occasion,—he upon whom the mantle of seniority so worthily fell, the honored and beloved Caswell, for a period of nearly thirty years brought to the administration of President Wayland his undivided strength and his large influence. Other and younger officers of instruction and government coöperated in advancing the interests of the institution, if not with equal ability, with equal zeal and equal singleness of purpose. One of these, too early withdrawn from academic labors—much too early for his associates and for the interests of the University—by the attractions of “learned leisure” and the “still air of delightful studies,” rendered an uninterrupted service of more than a quarter of a century, whose value and importance can hardly be estimated too highly. A pupil of President Wayland, and recipient

of the choicest benefits of his unequalled training, growing from youth up to ripe manhood under his immediate eye and influence, possessing many of the rare qualities which fitted him so preëminently for the instructor's office, inspired by the same ardor and the same spirit of untiring and unsparing devotion to the high duties imposed by it, he made his mark upon the successive classes as they passed under him, beside the ever-during impressions received from the great master

Aid of a different kind, but no less important, came from without. Soon after the accession of Dr. Wayland, to the Presidency, a spirit of greater liberality began to prevail in the community, and juster ideas were entertained of the claims of institutions of learning upon the benefactions of the citizens. As a consequence of this, contributions, some of them large in amount, flowed from time to time into the treasury. Buildings, the need of which had long been felt, were erected. New and improved apparatus was provided. Additional Professors were appointed, and the courses and means of instruction in nearly every department were greatly enlarged. The names of Brown and Ives, ever memorable in the history of the University, recall a succession of benefits and services, transcending in value even the munificent endowments with they are indissolubly associated. To the wise and thoughtful care, to the almost parental interest and affection, with which the bearers of these honored names have ever watched over the institution, providing often from their own private resources for its more pressing wants, and encouraging constantly by their sympathies all who were laboring for it, is to be ascribed, in no small degree, its measure of prosperity and success.

Reference to these important and coöperative agencies was demanded by the truth of history. They are not to be considered as detracting at all from the claims of President Wayland. Clustering about his administration, they confer upon it additional lustre. No man can be great or can accomplish anything great alone. It is in that superior wisdom, and that ascendancy and force of character, which enable the master spirits of the race to impress themselves upon their age—to mould and shape the minds of other men, and to draw them into their own lines of thought and action,—that we recognize the highest form of power.

It had long been the desire of President Wayland to make the advantages of the college more generally available, and especially to adapt its courses in a greater degree to the wants of the manufacturing and mercantile classes. Such a change in our educational system, he thought, demanded by the increasing numbers and growing importance and influence of these classes. It was also demanded by the character and circumstances of our country, whose material developments were destined to be magnificent beyond anything which the world had ever seen. He thought it the duty of colleges, as the guardians and dispensers of the benefactions entrusted to them for the good of the community, to heed this demand of the times, and make the changes necessary for meeting it. Unless they did so, they would lose their hold upon the public, and fail to accomplish, in full measure, the beneficent ends for which they were founded. He also ventured to imagine that knowledge having practical applications might be made as valuable a means of culture, as studies lying

more remote from human interests, and recommended especially by what has been denominated their "glorious inutility."

These views commending themselves to the corporation and friends of the college generally, an effort was made in 1850 to provide the means necessary for their adoption. Through the liberality and public spirit of the citizens, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars were raised and paid into the treasury. This sum, though highly honorable to the donors, was quite insufficient for the institution of independent courses of instruction, with separate classes, on the extended plan contemplated. The best that could be done was to substitute for these, inter-dependent courses, with classes more or less mixed. Such an organization of the University, though not free from objections, would have the advantage of throwing it open most widely to the public. It was accordingly adopted. The change was almost immediately followed by a large increase in the number of students. The attendance upon some of the courses was nearly doubled. Many who had previously been excluded from the benefit of an Academic training, gladly embraced the opportunity now offered for obtaining it. An unusually large proportion of these were young men of ability and character, and have since risen to distinction in their several avocations. But notwithstanding this apparent and real success of the new system, as the altered arrangements were termed, I do not think that the expectations of President Wayland were fully realized. This was owing mainly to defects of organization which the command of larger means could alone have rendered. The fundamental

idea was just and important. The want felt and indicated was a real one. It has since been recognized by the other colleges of the country, a large number of which have made provision in one form or other for supplying it. In a neighboring State, two institutions, — both largely endowed and embracing numerous departments of instruction, — have just been established for the sole purpose of furnishing a suitable education and training to the industrial and commercial classes. The recent examples of a noble munificence by several of our wealthy and honored citizens, afford ground for the hope that, under more favorable conditions, the broad and catholic design of President Wayland may yet be carried out among us on a plan even more extended and comprehensive than he in his most ardent moments dared to conceive; that our neighbors of Massachusetts and Connecticut will not for a long time be permitted to appropriate to themselves the exclusive benefit of ideas originated here, and finding in our compact communities of highly intelligent manufacturers and merchants so appropriate a field for their application.

In the summer of 1855, wishing to devote himself more exclusively to the pursuit of literature and to labors of benevolence, Dr. Wayland retired from the University over which he had so long and so ably presided. *Sol occidet ; sed nulla nox succedet.*

We should form but an inadequate idea of the public services of our venerated friend and instructor, if we omitted to consider what he did for the city of Providence and the State of Rhode Island. Had he been a native born son, he could not have identified himself

more perfectly with all their interests. Ancestral associations from the time of Roger Williams downwards could have added nothing to his pride in their fair fame. When he first came to Providence, it was just passing from the dimensions of a thriving town to the larger proportions of a wealthy and prosperous city. While it was in this transition state so favorable to the reception of formative influences, he threw himself without reserve into its institutions, educational, benevolent and religious. In his wise care and forethought many of these had their origin, while all were moulded to a greater or less extent under the influence of his efforts and counsels. In every enterprise of public spirit, in every plan for social improvement, in every effort at moral reform, in every labor for ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate, from whatever cause, the citizens habitually looked to him as their leader. On all occasions of public interest, it was his views that were most sought; it was the opinions expressed by him that had the greatest influence.

The charities of the city and State, the humbler as well as the nobler, found in him not only an earnest advocate, but in proportion to his means a most liberal contributor. To some of the more important of these he gave largely of his time. He was a trustee and frequent visitor of the Butler Asylum for the Insane, from its foundation down to near the close of his life. He was for many years one of the inspectors of the State prison. At his suggestion and through his influence, mainly, important changes were introduced, which greatly improved the condition, both physical and moral, of its inmates. From a mere place of confine-

ment, it was converted into a well-ordered disciplinary institution. Previously its maintenance had been a heavy expense to the State. It now became, through its work-shops, a source of no inconsiderable revenue. During a large part of the last twenty years of his life, he conducted every week a bible class composed of convicts. The spectacle presented was most impressive,—one which angels might desire to look upon,—as with heart full of love to God and man, and thought intent on serving one and doing good to the other, he took his way on the quiet Sabbath morning towards yonder prison, to seek there the outcasts from society, the children of shame and sin and crime, to gather them around him, and to tell them in language of indescribable simplicity and tenderness, of a Saviour who loves them and who has died for them; of an atonement so large and so free that each one of them, however guilty, may have pardon and cleansing; to lift them by his broad overflowing sympathies from their sense of forsakenness and isolation; to kindle repentings within them; to awaken anew their moral affections; and to restore their broken relations to humanity, to God and to Heaven. He may have done many things of which the world will think more and longer, but his great life offers nothing surpassing in moral grandeur these almost divine labors.

The poor everywhere found in Dr. Wayland a friend and helper. He was known to a very large number of this class through his private benefactions. He was continually sought by persons of all classes for his advice, his counsel and his sympathy. He probably held more numerous personal relations than any other man in the

city. Every one of these he made the channel of some species of benefit. The nobleness of his nature was manifested no less strikingly in the ordinary walks of daily life, than in the more prominent and public situations to which he was called. In heroic and self-denying labors, in unceasing care and thought for the public good, in largeness of views and in breadth of interests and sympathy, in weight of character and influence, in intellectual resources and power, and in all the elements of moral greatness, he was by universal consent the foremost citizen of Rhode Island. *Nec viget quicquam, simile aut secundum.*

A few months before his death, an occasion arose for a touching exhibition of the respect in which he was held by the whole community. The country had in an instant been plunged from the height of joy into the deepest mourning. Its honored and beloved chief magistrate, at the moment when he was most honored and most beloved, had fallen by paricidal hand. The greatness of the loss, the enormity of the crime, and the terrible suddenness of the blow, bewildered thought and paralyzed speech. It seemed as if Providence, which had just vouchsafed so great blessings, was, from some inscrutable cause, withdrawing its protective care. In this hour of darkness, to whom should the citizens go but to him who had so often instructed and guided them? As evening draws on, they gather from all quarters, and with one common impulse turn their steps eastward. Beneath a weeping sky, the long dark column winds its way over the hill and into the valley. As it moves onward, the wailings of the dirge and the measured tread are the only sounds which fall upon

the still air. Having reached the residence of President Wayland, it pours itself in a dense throng around a slightly raised platform in front of it. Presently he appears, to address for the last time, as it proves, his assembled fellow citizens. It is the same noble presence which many there had in years long gone by, gazed upon with such pride and admiration from seats in the old chapel. It is the same voice whose eloquence then so inflamed them, and stirred their young bosoms to such a tumult of passion. The speaker is the same; the audience is the same. But how changed both! and how altered the circumstances! That hair playing in the breeze has been whitened by the snows of seventy winters. That venerable form is pressed by their accumulated weight. The glorious intellectual power which sat upon those features is veiled beneath the softer lines of moral grace and beauty. It is not now the Athenian orator, but one of the old prophets, from whose touched lips flow forth the teachings of inspired wisdom. The dead first claims his thought. He recounts most appreciatively his great services, and dwells with loving eulogy upon his unswerving patriotism and his high civic virtues. Next the duties of the living and the lessons of the hour occupy attention. Then come words of devout thanksgiving, of holy trust, of sublime faith, uttered as he only ever uttered them. They fall upon that waiting assembly, like a blessed benefaction, assuaging grief, dispelling gloom, and kindling worship in every bosom. God is no longer at a distance, but all around and within them. They go away strengthened and comforted.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his labors President Wayland found leisure for such reading. I have known few men who would absorb the contents of a book in so brief a space of time. Turning over its pages, he took in at a glance their import and meaning; and so tenacious was his memory, that what he had thus rapidly gathered he rarely if ever forgot. In his selection of books, he was determined more by what interested him, than by any deliberately formed plan of study. As his interests were broad, his reading embraced an unusually large variety of subjects. Travels, biographies, history, science, art and literature furnished the ample materials from which his mind, by a sort of elective affinity, amassed its wealth of knowledge.

As might be expected, from the manner in which they were made, his acquisitions were characterized rather by breadth and comprehension, than by minute accuracy of detail or systematic thoroughness. He was not a learned man in the proper sense of that term. There was perhaps no subject which others had not studied more exhaustively than he. But the field which he had explored was wide, and his gatherings from it were large. It has not been my fortune to become acquainted with any man, who had, stored away in a capacious memory, more that one would desire to know, or less, I may add, that was not worth knowing.

Another consequence of his habit of varied and somewhat discursive reading, was the absence of any controlling order or system in his acquisitions. The separate facts, instead of being connected by formal relations, lay in his mind in associations determined

very much by his own individual tastes, interests and habits of thought. It was this subjective grouping, this mental assimilation of the materials of his knowledge, that imparted to it such vitality, and made it not so much a possession, as a part of himself,—which gave to his ideas on the most ordinary subjects, the freshness and force of originality.

In early life he was a diligent student of Johnson. The vigorous thought, stately periods and brilliant antitheses of the great English moralist awakened his youthful admiration, and exerted a marked influence upon his style. Later both his taste and his manner of writing became more simple. At all periods of his life, the Bible was his constant companion. From that he drew inspiration. Through that he entered into a deeper knowledge of the character of God, and the nature of man. Daily and hourly he drank in wisdom from it. After Shakspeare, Milton and Cowper were his favorite poets. Of the writers of romance he preferred Scott. His graphic descriptions of scenery, and his life-like delineations of character, as well as the historic element which pervades his writings, raised them, in his estimation, quite above the pages of mere fiction. He had a quick sense of the ludicrous, and enjoyed with a keen zest the whimsical fancies of Hood, the delicate humor of Irving, and the broader comic scenes of Dickens.

In that struggle which is ever going forward between the *retiring* and the *coming* under the banners of conservatism and progress, in that ceaseless war which, from the very elements of human character and condition, must be waged in one form or another, between

the past and the future on the battle ground of the present, Dr. Wayland was always found, no less in his later than in his earlier years, in the advance of the party of progress. No man had a sublimer faith in the destinies of the race. No one, in anticipating those destinies, clothed them in the drapery of a more gorgeous imagination. The failures of the past could not shake his confidence in the future. From the mournful teachings of history even, he gathered an inner lesson of encouragement and hope. At no time had anything been really lost. The best forms of civilization which the world had seen, had indeed fallen into decay, or yielded themselves a prey to violence; but out of their ruins had emerged new civilizations, embodying all the best elements of the old, together with some higher principle, which in them was wanting. The thread of progress, which for a time seemed broken and turned backwards, reappears to guide our steps anew through the historic labyrinth.

It was not, however, from the prophecies of the past, nor from the tendencies of the present, that he chiefly derived his hopes of the race. Neither was it from man's intellectual endowments, however exalted, nor from the magnificent attendance of material agents and forces which stand ever ready to do his bidding. Nor yet was it from his unaided moral nature. This was too weak to bear the strain to which it was necessarily subjected. It succumbed under pressure. Through all time its failure had been most lamentable—the fruitful source alike of individual and national disaster and ruin.

It was only in the moral nature of man supplemented by the new forces imported into it by Chris-

tianity that he found assured ground for faith in his continued progress. Upon this turned, as he believed, the destinies of the race, both in this world and in the world to come. Hence his unceasing labors in all ways and by all means, in season and out of season, amid the most varied public services, and under the pressure of constant professional duty — labors continued without intermission or remission through a whole lifetime, for spreading a knowledge of the Gospel, and bringing men in heart and in life under the sway of its principles. Speaking of Christianity as the only pillar upon which his hopes for himself and for his race rested, he once said, with great earnestness, “any doubt concerning that would be to me a greater calamity than the sinking of a continent.”

Of the numerous works given by President Wayland to the public, two are biographical and one is controversial. The remainder are educational, didactic and religious. The latter are all eminently practical in their aims. I am unable to recall a single question, of a purely speculative character, discussed or even formally stated in them. Important truths pertaining to man's higher interests, whether revealed in consciousness, or made known by the teachings of inspiration, or resting upon the broader basis of human experience, are unfolded, illustrated and enforced. Rarely is much time given to the discussion of principles. These in ethics and for the most part in metaphysics, approximate so closely to intuitions, that little is needed beyond their exact and clear statement. Truths which lie so remote from the common sense of mankind, that they can be reached only by long trains of reasoning,

will be found practically inoperative. The more immediately the doctrines of philosophy, of morals and of religion are made to spring from that sense, the stronger will be their hold upon the conduct and the life. No one comprehended this fact more fully or knew better how to avail himself of it than President Wayland. The most extended inference to be found in all his writings, is covered by his favorite word "hence." To this direct emergence of his teachings from truths recognized by all, is due in no small degree their power over the popular mind. Occasionally it diminishes somewhat their interest, by imparting to them a too elementary character.

In the leading tenets of his intellectual philosophy he conforms most nearly to the doctrines of Stewart and Reid. Although he has evidently perused with great care, the philosophical writings of Sir William Hamilton, and losses no opportunity of testifying the profoundest admiration for his genius, we find in his work fewer traces of the peculiar views of the latter, than might have been expected. On neither perception nor original suggestion does he follow his doubtful teachings. In truth, however well fitted for understanding and appreciating one another, the American President and the great Scottish Professor possessed minds cast in different moulds, and characterized by different tendencies. In one, the moral predominated over the intellectual; in the other, the intellectual over the moral. One sought truth from a conviction of its inestimable value; the other rather for the pleasure of the excitement attending the pursuit. "Fruit" was the motto of one; "activity" and "life" were the

watchwords of the other. Both conceive with great strength and vividness. Both hold their conceptions with a steadiness that never wavers. Both mark with unerring precision their contents. Both know equally well how to draw them from their several momenta. If the philosophical perceptions of Sir William are more varied and profound, those of Dr. Wayland are instinct with a deeper and more living earnestness. If the discriminations of the former are sharper and more penetrating, those of the latter follow with a finer sense the natural cleavages of thought. If the former deals in larger, bolder generalizations, the latter conducts us to truths of greater importance—of more immediate and practical value.*

I do not think that processes of pure and simple ratiocination had great attraction for Dr. Wayland. It was not so much that they tasked too severely the logical faculty, as because they held in restrain the imagination, with him unusually active, and offered nothing that addressed the moral and æsthetic sensibilities, forming so large and important a part of his nature. The habit of his mind was inductive rather than deductive. Analysis was the instrument which he chiefly used in the search for truth, and illustration the means habitually employed by him in conveying it to others.

If mere argument was little to his taste, still less so was controversy, whatever the subject or with whatever of chivalrous courtesy it might be conducted. With Milton he preferred to contemplate "the bright countenance of truth" rather than to meet and oppose

*The above paragraph is substantially from an article by the author in the North American Review, July, 1855.

error. When however he consented to enter the lists, he proved no mean combatant. His great strength and his advantages of stature more than compensated for any want of practice or skill in the use of weapons. If he was not always sufficiently on his guard, if he sometimes incautiously opened himself to an unexpected thrust from a more agile foe, the well-wrought mail of principles with which he was panoplied saved him from any serious injury. If he did not insert the keen blade of an Adams into the joints of his antagonist's armor, he crashed in that armor by the Titan-like blows which he dealt upon it. But these knightly passages-at-arms were foreign to his inclination and habits, and he rarely allowed himself to be drawn into them.

The intellectual processes disclosed in his writings are genuine and thorough. They are characterized by breadth rather than subtlety. His words, always well chosen, are woven into periods which render with scrupulous fidelity his meaning. His paragraphs moved steadily forward. There is no pause, no tergiversation, but constant progress in the thought. Each sentence goes with the directness of an arrow to its mark; and when the exposition of the law or the discussion of the topic is finished, there is left on the mind an impression of singular completeness. Not a word employed could have been spared; not another word was needed.

Perspicuity is the most striking quality of his style. His ideas, always clear and well defined, clothe themselves in language having the transparency of crystal. The thought is self-luminous and the expression is

irradiated by its light. This is true of his plainest and most ordinary writing. When he rises above the merely didactic, when he approaches the higher themes of human welfare and destiny, when with powers fully aroused he pours around his subject the boundless wealth of an exuberant imagination, his periods kindle and blaze with surpassing splendor. No mere phosphorescent glow then marks the track of his thought. It is the lightning's flash instantly illuminating every object and flooding the whole air with its dazzling brightness. There are passages in his writings which for brilliancy are hardly surpassed by anything in the language.

President Wayland possessed an emotional nature of great depth and richness. No man was more profoundly stirred by the forms of material grandeur presented in the outward universe. No bosom glowed with a more generous admiration of high intellectual power, or kindled with a livelier enthusiasm at the exhibition of lofty virtue. No soul bowed in deeper reverence before God, or lifted itself more adoringly to the contemplation of His being and attributes. No heart was more easily moved to sympathy or responded more warmly to the claims of charity, of friendship and of country. He had all the affections and impulses of a noble nature. He loved justice and right and truth, and hated and despised their opposites. In proportion to his admiration of disinterestness and generosity, was his loathing of selfishness, the meanness of it affecting him even more than the sin. His detestation of injustice and wrong had the strength of a passion. Systematic and banded oppression of the

weak by the strong, awakened in him an intense and burning indignation, to which, though a master of the language of emotion, he could give but feeble expression.

It was this depth and fervor of feeling that fitted him so eminently for the treatment of moral themes and made his tributes to virtue so inspiring, and his denunciations of vice so withering and terrible. It was this which gave such power to his exhortations, his appeals, his rebukes and his warnings. It was feeling welling up from its deep sources that quickened his intellectual faculties into their finest action—which put his mind on wing and imparted to it in its higher flights, such breadth and clearness of vision—which kindled to its brightest effulgence his imagination and inspired his loftiest strains of eloquence.

This warmth of temperament, while it was the source of so much that was generous in character, and while it contributed so largely to his power and influence, occasionally betrayed him into hasty judgments which were not always just towards others. When, however, he discovered the wrong, though it were in thought only, he was most prompt in reparation. The same ardor also sometimes showed itself in too impetuous action. In carrying out a principle with whose importance he had become impressed, he was liable not to keep sufficiently in view its intersections by other general truths of equal moment. Gravity is coëxtensive with the material universe. In our world it is met at innumerable points by other coördinate forces which modify indefinitely its manifestations.

Although by no means a stranger to the lighter forms of emotion usually termed sentiment, these did not, like the deeper pulses of moral feeling, pervade and control his whole nature. They were not the atmosphere in which he lived and moved and had his being. When under their influence, no one could give them more graceful expression. The extreme delicacy of the language in which he breathes forth sentiment in some of his more touching tributes to friendship and exalted worth, makes us almost regret that these tender effusions do not more frequently grace his pages. As an example, I would instance his discourse on the life and character of the Hon. Nicholas Brown, the introductory portion of which contains passages of great pathos and beauty; also his address to Dr. Nott, of Union College, on the fiftieth anniversary of his presidency, in which he pays in accents so moving the grateful homage of a pupil to a beloved and venerated instructor, closing with those almost daring words, which, if they ever had fitting application among the sons of men, found it in him who, in the fullness of his heart, so pathetically uttered them: "Heaven will account itself richer as it opens its pearly gates to welcome thy approach; but where shall those who survive find anything left on earth that resembles thee."

There is a force in the natural world which has received the designation of catalytic. It is sometimes called the power of presence. Bodies in which it resides have the marvellous property of transmuting other bodies by mere contact into their likeness. The force is too subtle for analysis, and has hitherto defied all attempts at explanation. Philosophers have con-

tented themselves with simply noting and naming it. The fact has its analogy in the moral world. There are men who possess a similar power of presence. An influence goes out from them equally controlling and alike incapable of analysis or philosophical explanation. President Wayland presented a most striking example of this. It was felt by all who came near him. His power as a speaker and as a teacher depended largely upon it. The same utterances might come from others, but how slight comparatively their effect! The same truths might be impressed by others, but how unlike their moulding influence! The same principles might be inculcated by others, but how different their transforming power! Behind the utterances, back of the teachings, was a living soul from which proceeded emanations entirely distinct and separate from ideas and quite independent of language. The subtile influence poured through the eye. It streamed from the features. It flowed through the voice. Gesture, posture and form were its silent vehicles. It emphasized thought; it energized expression; it vitalized ideas. It awoke aspiration; it kindled enthusiasm; it developed power. It was the direct efflux of spiritual energy by which a great nature transformed other natures, in proportion to their capacities, into its own likeness. It is the want of this incommunicable power which is most felt by his pupils in the perusal of his writings, and which makes them unwilling to admit that he has produced anything equal to himself.

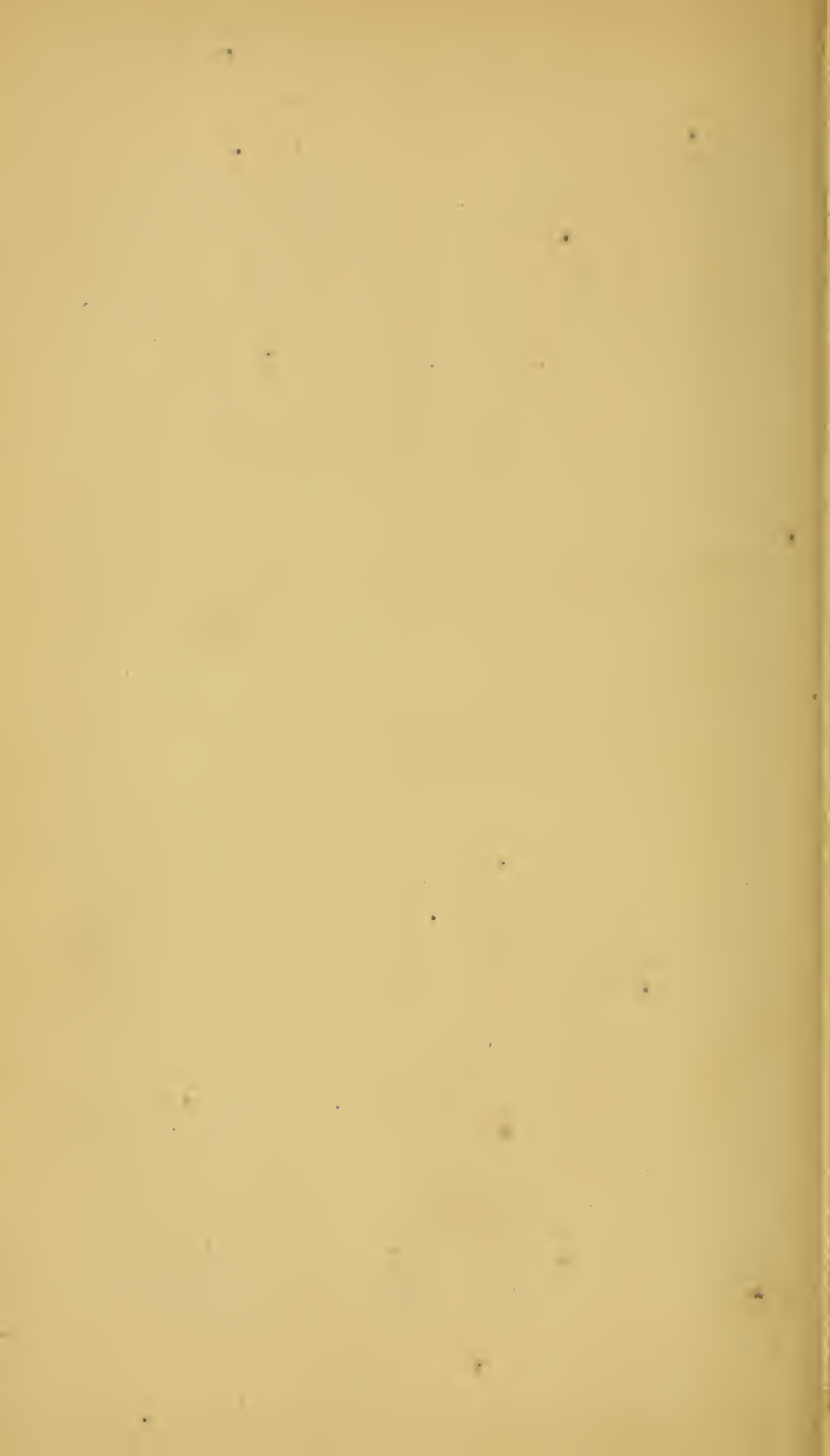
To rare intellectual and moral endowment was united in our venerated friend a nature profoundly religious. To this was added a temperament of great earnestness,

exalted by a certain intense realism. Life was to him no holiday. It was full of grave interests and high trusts and great responsibilities, with issues more momentous than the human mind could conceive. The distant and the future, presented through his vivid imagination, were as real as the present. God, heaven, the immortal life and death eternal, were something more than vague ideas, or remote possibilities; they were great, overshadowing facts; instant and pressing realities. At the market, in places of assembly, by the wayside, everywhere, he saw men having undying souls, which, if not saved through faith in Jesus Christ, must be forever lost; for whose welfare, both here and hereafter, he, in proportion to the ability given him, would be held accountable. Life under such conditions and with such surroundings, could not but be earnest. No fanatical elements, however, mingled in it. It was free even from Puritanic severity. His nature was a healthy one, full of genial and kindly impulses. He was joyous, and at times sportive even, but trifling never. In early and middle life he was much sought by society, and was the pride of every circle in which he moved. His brilliant conversation, his sparkling wit, and his quick repartee made him the charm of the dinner table. But these social pleasures he never allowed to interfere with life's work. They were only silver facings on the garments of duty which he always wore. To meet the approval of the great Taskmaster, in whose eye he ever acted, was his constant endeavor. His motives were drawn from the unseen world. To that his aspirations continually tended. Of that, as years advanced,

he became more and more a denizen, so that when the time of his departure came, it seemed but a slight removal.

In estimating the permanent results of President Wayland's life, we should consider, I think, not merely or principally his writings, important and valuable as these are. We should look rather to the characters which he moulded, and to the moral and religious forces which he set in action. These, as well as the productions of his pen, still live and will continue to live. Where in all the land can be found a place in which to-day he is not working, directly or indirectly, through those whose minds he formed and inspired? In how many halls of learning is he now giving instruction! from how many pulpits holding forth the word of life! on how many benches dispensing justice! at how many bars defending the rights of citizens! In how many pagan lands is he imparting to minds darkened by superstition and idolatry, a knowledge of the only true God, and of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ! Nor will his influence terminate with the lives of those who were its immediate recipients. Moral forces never die. By a law of their nature they perpetuate and extend and multiply themselves indefinitely. When the marble in yonder hall, to which, through your thoughtfulness, those noble features have been committed, shall have crumbled, and the unborn generations that will look upon it, shall have mingled in common dust, the impulses which proceeded from him will be still acting in circles of influence ever widening and reaching larger and yet larger numbers.

Friend of our youth, our instructor, exemplar and guide! we shall see thy face and hear thy voice no more. Thou hast done with earth. Its dusty ways are trodden by thee no longer. The impenitence and perversity of sinful men have ceased to grieve thee. Thou now walkest the streets of the golden city. Angels are thine attendants, and the spirits of the just made perfect are thy companions. The mysteries which, while here, thou didst desire to look into, are resolved. Thou hast opened thine eyes upon the beatific vision. The throne of God and of the Lamb is before thee. Thou gazest with unstricken sight upon the effulgent, unutterable Glory. We wait on earth yet a little, and then will follow thee.



THE

BRUNONIAN;

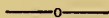
A MAGAZINE

Published by the Senior & Junior Classes

OF

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

VOLUMES I. AND II.



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1869.



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The Brunonian.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1868.

NO. 1.

EDITORS FOR '68.

WILLIAM H. LYON,

LUCIUS O. ROCKWOOD,

JAMES SCAMMON.

EDITORS FOR '69.

ALVIN M. CRANE,

JOHN S. HUTCHINSON,

PRESTON D. JONES.

OUR QUARTERLY.

IN this number of the BRUNONIAN the students of Brown University inaugurate a new literary enterprise. We say new, for so it is to our day. A careful perusal of the history of our University shows that more than the number of years allotted to a generation have rolled away, since a monthly magazine, bearing the name of "*The Brunonian*," lived a short life of twelve numbers, and then quietly took its place among the things that had been. Few of those now in college know even of its existence, and scarcely any traces are found beyond the jealously guarded file collected by our indefatigable Librarian. After the death of the monthly, the spirit which had originated it seems to have slumbered, like Rip Van Winkle, for a quarter of a century, when it again presented itself to this progressive world, in the unassuming sheet of *The Brown Paper*; but in this modern time of the University's history, it has been determined to renew the premature experiment of its Middle Ages, to see if, after a fair trial, with the advantages of all kinds which are now presented, the BRUNONIAN may not become an acknowledged success.

The ideas and intentions, perhaps vague and transient, which had been floating in the minds of public spirited students for

the past four or five years, first found public expression in meetings of the classes of Sixty-Eight and Sixty-Nine, immediately before the Thanksgiving recess, at which committees were appointed to confer respecting the advisability of the publication, by the two classes, of some sort of a periodical. The committees reported in favor of establishing a quarterly magazine, of substantially the present form. The report was adopted enthusiastically by the juniors, rather more coolly, to say the least, by the seniors, whether from superior sagacity or from a conservatism natural to the ponderous dignity of their position, they alone can tell. However, the magazine was launched with six editors at the helm.

The history of literary ventures shows,—and the fact must become patent to the most cursory examination of the subject,—that the financial department of such enterprises is by no means the least deserving of attention. In consequence of the perception of this important fact, it was determined first to test the pecuniary support of the undertaking. A circular was addressed to the Alumni calling for their aid, while collectors appealed personally to the undergraduates. The effect of the circular was various. Some of those addressed returned a ready subscription, often accompanied with valuable and cheering advice. Others bestowed the amount upon the applicant like a gracious personal favor, but with a prophetic shake of the head, and the consoling prediction that the undertaking, like those beloved of the gods, would find an early grave. The reception of the collectors, whose application showed that the editors were in earnest, was as various as that of the circular. Many of the students evinced a laudable public spirit in their immediate payment. Others would fain wait for a more convenient season, while still others refused their entire countenance and support. The caution of certain Freshmen deserves especial notice. Remembering the fate of past foot-ball contributions, they refused, with a shrewdness scarcely to be expected from their years, to be inveigled into subscribing to a *bogus* enterprise the hard-earned money of their fathers, which would surely be spent in midnight banquets by the artful and triumphant upper classmen. Thus the response to the appeal for the substantial foundation of success was, on the whole, slow and vexatiously delaying. No progress towards

publication could be made under such uncertainties, and the time passed rapidly away. Meanwhile, the clamors for the appearance of the magazine, and the execrations against those entrusted with its preparation, grew more loud and frequent, and dark suspicions seemed to be floating about.

None can regret more than the editors the delay which has occurred. But they believe that its cause will be found rather in external circumstances, than within the editorial board. For, besides the tardiness of subscription, which has been referred to, other reasons may be assigned for the late appearance of the first number. The time at which the idea was brought forward and its realization commenced, was most unfortunate. The second part of the term, in which the work of preparing the first number was to be done, was short, and for the most part occupied with preparations for the approaching examination. No one could be found whose time allowed the leisure necessary for writing an article, and the editors, occupied as well as the others, were unequal to the accomplishment of the whole work. The publication of the first number was reluctantly deferred to the beginning of the present term—an action sustained by the advice of those of the Faculty who were consulted. But, even then, another difficulty appeared. The astonishing fact became gradually evident, that of the many who were so enthusiastic for the immediate initiation of the movement, and so sanguine of its speedy and permanent success, few, from various reasons, felt able to take a share in the necessary labor. The consequence was, that the editors with a few others, have been compelled to bear the whole burden of preparation, and its progress was necessarily slow. If now to these causes of dilatoriness be added the delays arising from the printing, &c., it is to be hoped that the tardiness in publication will seem inevitable, and therefore readily excusable.

But the Quarterly has at last appeared, and in this, its first number, it is proper to state its character and intentions. It has been decided to give it the name of its old monthly predecessor, "*The Brunonian*," not in the hope of inheriting its glory and prestige, but evidence that the former undertaking has never truly died, but that the same spirit which so ably filled the pages of the old "*Brunonian*," is to be emulated in the columns of the

new. It is our intention to make the BRUNONIAN, as far as possible, the faithful representative of literary culture and attainments of the students of our University. We do not expect it to become an *Edinburgh*, or a *North American*, nor on the other hand, to fall to the level of much of our previous college literature. To true wit, which "diverteth the mind from its road of serious thoughts, by instilling gayety and airiness of spirit," its columns shall ever be open; but not to that kind of humor which breaks forth in personal allusions, local puns, and scurrilous jests. On the other hand, it is to be hoped that it will not become the repository of dry and stale essays, or of abtruse treatises upon subjects interesting only to their writers. An important feature will be the budget of College news, which exchanges with similar publications and various other means will replenish, and which will be made a source of keen interest and valuable information. To be brief, the BRUNONIAN will aim to embrace a collection of most readable matter, especially of value and interest to the collegian. To fulfill the designs of its projectors, it must preserve a high standard of excellence, fully adequate to its position as an offshoot of good old Brown stock,—the production of one of the longest established and most effective of our American colleges. The editors do not claim that the present number of the BRUNONIAN, conforms fully to the standard which they have here set up. Their own inexperience, the disadvantages under which they labor, and the novelty of the undertaking, prevent the complete realization of their ideal. But they have conscientiously done their best, and leave improvement to their successors.

The dress which the first number of the BRUNONIAN is obliged to assume, is, it must be confessed, a source of disappointment to its editors. They had fixed upon a more attractive and elegant appearance. But it is found that the estimates, presented to the classes by their committees, were based upon very much the present form, from which it is found impossible to deviate for the better without materially increasing the expense. Being unwilling to go beyond their prescribed limits, they are obliged to transmit their hope to a larger subscription list and more abundant means.

With regard to the future career of the BRUNONIAN the

prospects seem bright. The circumstances under which it is launched are peculiarly favorable. Our University, under its new administration, is advancing with firmer step and brighter face in the work which she has to do. It is naturally to be expected that her increasing prosperity will stimulate her sons to renewed efforts to place her in the internal spirit and enterprise of college life, by the side of similar institutions. Indubitable signs already point to an awakening of our students to their duties as sons of "old Brown," in their contests with those of other Colleges, and we may safely predict that, in the midst of their victories in the sports of the Campus, they will no longer neglect to place their college literature among the finest in the land. The exchanges already received are *per se* the tokens of literary enterprise in other institutions of learning, and far more pretentious publications than the BRUNONIAN come to us from Colleges of less resources and lower reputation than Brown. The time has come, when, if we would keep pace with the progress of the age, we must provide some other College record, some other evidence of our literary taste and culture, than a single yearly sheet. And here it may be well to notice an objection which has been urged against the BRUNONIAN,—that it will rival, and in time supplant, the "*Brown Paper*." The objection confounds the character and functions of the two publications, while they are really unlike. The one is professedly the organ of the Secret Societies—the other, of the whole College. The BRUNONIAN, as we have already said, is to be, as far as practicable, the representative of the literary attainments of our students. The *Brown Paper* is the exposition of the numbers and members of the different societies and clubs, secret and open, religious, musical and otherwise,—the repository of merry jests and quibs, of items and matters of purely local interest. Not until within two or three years has it made any attempt at literary excellence. It is this very spirit of improvement, shown in late issues of the *Brown Paper*, and especially in the fine number of '68, upon which we may base a firm hope in the certain success of the BRUNONIAN. For this spirit, in its rapid progress, must inevitably transcend the narrow limits of a yearly sheet of eight pages. The *Brown Paper* can ill be spared from our College life, but it does not fulfill all our requirements.

From the evidences of activity and progress among ourselves as well as in other places of learning, we venture to hope that the enterprise now inaugurated may prove a success, brilliant and permanent. We believe that the interests of the University, the proper development and culture of its students, and their pride as undergraduates of one of the oldest and most honored institutions of our country, demand and guarantee its prosperity. We believe that if conducted faithfully, with a lofty standard of excellence, it will become a fixed affair, our pride in the present, an interesting and valuable memento in the future. We believe that if the students of Brown University do their duty by it, the BRUNONIAN will not prove like the Empire of Charlemagne, an experiment in advance of its age, as a contemporary has hinted, but rather an issue of the fullness of time, developing its capacities more and more to meet increasing wants, and so continually growing into a fixed and indispensable institution.



PRESIDENT WAYLAND: AN EXAMPLE TO YOUNG MEN.

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D., LL. D.,
LATE PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY. BY HIS SONS. 2 VOLS., 1867.

We hesitate not to declare the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, one of the most important that has come from the press of any publishing house during the past year. The sons of President Wayland have faithfully performed their labor of recording the life of their father. If they have erred in any respect, it is, perhaps, in failing to consider some of the aspects of Doctor Wayland's life as related to the religious denomination to which he belonged, and to present the views he held on many religious and denominational questions as peculiar to himself rather than common to the denomination. There seems, also, to be a little partiality, unintentional perhaps, in considering the so-called New System on the condition and prosperity of Brown University. The authors are inclined to attribute, as it seems to us, to the New System the effects which came from the methods of instruction adopted

by President Wayland, and which appeared under the Old as well as the New System. They also award to the New System of college education as applied in Brown University under President Wayland praises of success which belong to it as a system, but which, it seems to us, were not as evident in Brown University as the language of the authors would certainly imply.

But, when we consider the nature of the subject and the relations of the authors to him, whose life they present, we must say that the work is singularly free from faults. The method adopted by the biographers, of introducing the reminiscences written by Doctor Wayland himself, and his correspondence with friends and distinguished men, on questions pertaining to that work in which he spent the best days of his life, serves to increase the interest of the reader, and to bring him into closer relation to the inner life and character of Doctor Wayland.

When we regard the life of President Wayland in all its aspects, as a Christian minister, an educator, moralist, and instructor, we are compelled to pronounce it a noble life, earnestly devoted to seeking out and promoting the highest good and the best interests of humanity. His was a life full of instruction for every young man who desires to improve the faculties with which he has been endowed, and to use those faculties in earnest endeavors to promote the welfare of his country, and to exert a beneficial influence over the minds of men.

Doctor Wayland though dead, still lives. The grave, while it may conceal his manly form, cannot silence his voice. By the mouths of those hundreds whose minds he moulded and whose characters he formed, he still speaks. His voice of counsel and instruction is still heard; not alone in the University, so many of whose sons he educated, but throughout our broad land, in every place where the sons of Brown, or the words of her noble President have penetrated.

To no class of persons does the life of President Wayland speak in louder or clearer tones of warning or encouragement, of counsel or rebuke, than to the young men of the present day. It is eminently fitting that the example of him by whose precepts so many young men have profited, should continue to instruct that same class of persons in whose behalf he labored during life. President Wayland was one of the most distin-

guished men this country has ever produced. Nature designed him for a great man, and a leader in the realms of intellectual activity. His influence over men, his power of forming the character not only of his pupils, but of mankind at large, was one of the most remarkable features of his life. It was the influence not only of superior intellectual power, but of superior moral power. Men respected and trusted him, not only because they felt that he was somewhat above them in intellectual acquirements and endowments, but because they perceived that in all he said or did he was governed by a profound sense of duty to God and to man. Rarely has conscience borne such an important part in the life and actions of a public man. The example of such a man is well worthy the imitation of the young men of our country.

The life of President Wayland teaches a lesson sadly needed, we fear, by the young men of to-day. A careful observer can scarcely fail to recognize in the prevailing sentiments and opinions of society, especially of the younger portion of society, at the present time, a tendency at least to take superficial and shallow views of life. Wealth and luxury are doing their work of enervating and enfeebling the minds of our youth. Absorbed in the accumulation of wealth which shall enable them to gratify their desires to the fullest extent, the young men of the present day seem to lose sight of the nobler ends of life. Political corruption and demagogism are doing their work of debasing the standard of public virtue, and of giving to young men and to society at large, false and mean views of those duties which belong to American citizens. Everywhere one looks almost in vain for those sturdy virtues and lofty sentiments which belonged to our fathers. "It is essential to a republic," says Macchiavelli, "to be carried back from time to time to the principles from which it started." It is no less essential frequently to review and carefully to ponder the lives of the men by whom these principles and their corresponding virtues have been developed.

Young men seem to be unwilling to prepare themselves for the higher positions of society by diligent study and thorough mental culture. We cannot wonder at this, since such positions are so easily obtained among us, and the awarding of them depends so little on superior intellectual abilities and acquire-

ments. This fact is not unknown to young men, and hence they regard it as quite unnecessary that they should subject themselves to the severe labor of cultivating and disciplining their minds, and turn their attention chiefly to ball-playing and boat-racing, and in these exercises find opportunity to develop themselves. However heartily we may rejoice in this increased attention to bodily health and physical culture, we cannot but regard it as a calamity, that for the sake of these *manly* sports, the study and the debating society, in which so many young men have been educated and fitted to occupy positions of honor and trust in society, should be forgotten.

At a time like the present, then, we welcome with joy whatever tends to inspire the minds of young men with loftiness of ambition, firmness of resolve, and nobleness of purpose, and to prepare them in their turn to become leaders in the realm of intellectual activity and to receive on their shoulders the mantle of those who now stand foremost in the ranks of the political as well as the intellectual world. Something is needed to rouse the energies, enlarge the ideas, and elevate the sentiments of the young men of the present day.

It will be our purpose, then, in the remaining part of this paper, to present President Wayland as an example to the young men of our country. In so doing, we wish to address, not only those who, in the halls of the University, are preparing themselves for usefulness in life, but all those who desire to cultivate and improve their minds, and thus become honorable and useful members of society.

No trait of President Wayland's character is more noticeable than the lofty and almost solemn views which he took of life. To him it was a serious thing to live. This trait appeared in early life. Though we are not to suppose that his college-days were idly spent, or their privileges and advantages squandered, yet in the remark he made to his classmates before their final separation, he shows that he had not yet discovered the full powers and resources of his mind. "Boys," he said, "we have never done what we could; we have not known what we can do; let us from this time try to make our mark in the world." In these words he sounded the key-note of his whole life. Thenceforward he sought, by diligently cultivating the faculties

of his mind, to prepare himself for a laborious and useful life. After his remarkable intellectual awakening and his spiritual regeneration, he resolved to devote himself to preaching the gospel. During the remainder of his life, he was more and more deeply impressed with the importance of a faithful and serious use of whatever blessings or privileges he enjoyed. He was no idle dreamer following the vain fancies of his imagination. "All his mind was set, serious to learn and know, and thence to do what might be public good." He lived and labored "to promote all truth, all righteous things."

For such an one, life was not a series of years to be passed in the careless pursuit of worldly amusement or pleasure, with no higher thought. It was rather a period which should be spent in diligently cultivating all the faculties of the soul and the mind, and in earnest endeavors to benefit and improve mankind. Such was indeed the life of President Wayland. In these lofty and earnest views of human life we may find the secret of much of the success with which his labors were crowned. From this pure mountain spring flowed the clear and noble river of his life.

Another quality of President Wayland's character, which it would be well for young men to imitate, was his conscientious devotion to duty, or as he himself forcibly expressed, "a dogged instinct to do his duty." He entered on no new field of action, resolved on no new course of conduct until his mind was entirely satisfied of the right of the course he was about to pursue. But when he was thus convinced that he was acting rightly, he engaged in the work with all his powers of mind and body. "Steady, unflinching earnestness in the work immediately before him, was the rule of his life." All his tastes and inclinations, all the energy of his nature, all the well disciplined faculties of his mind, were subordinated to the one business of fulfilling, to the best of his ability, whatever trust was reposed in him. President Wayland's stern views of duty never allowed him to ask himself "what will be agreeable?" but rather "what will be right?" Self was left entirely out of the question. The sacrifices required to enable him to pursue this course were often very great; but so resolutely did he persevere in this rule of action, that in time, as will always be the case, to deny him-

self for the good of others and for the benefit of the cause in which all his energies were enlisted, became so completely the habit of his life, that any personal sacrifice demanded of him was made without apparent effort.

There is a growing disposition on the part of the young men of the present day, to undervalue the position in society to which they have already attained, and to regard themselves as qualified for the discharge of the duties of higher positions. Discontented with their present occupations, they perform their duties carelessly, looking constantly forward to the time when they shall stand on higher ground. They seem to think that it is quite unnecessary to begin at the foot of the mountain if they would climb to the top. Owing to the scarcity of men competent to fill positions of honor and trust in our country, such aspiring but unqualified persons far too frequently attain to these high stations. But these things ought not so to be. Well would it be for us, if our young men would listen to the lesson taught them in the life of President Wayland. With him it was a principle, adopted early in life, to do well whatever he had to do, and look not to the future. A minister who had held a number of public positions once remarked to Doctor Wayland: "Wherever I have been, I have always been thinking of something else, and preparing myself for another position." Doctor Wayland replied: "I have gone on just the opposite principle; whatever I was doing, I have always fixed my mind on that one thing, and tried not to think of anything else." This was the wiser course, as the success with which his labors were crowned abundantly proves. In pursuing this course he was preparing himself in the best way for broader and higher spheres of usefulness, since he was disciplining and training his mental faculties under the most advantageous circumstances, instead of weakening his control over them by allowing his mind to wander hither and thither, seeking after something which he did not possess.

In President Wayland's habits of study, we perceive the same earnestness and thoroughness, as in everything else in which he engaged. No part of his instructions while President of Brown University were more valuable to the student, than the knowledge he imparted in regard to the mind, and the proper methods of cultivating and using the mental faculties. The course he

advised his pupils to pursue was the same which he himself followed. While at College and the Seminary he was an "ingrained student." By this we are far from meaning that he learned to recite exactly the words of the lecture or of the text-book. Study was, with him, no effort to fill the storehouse of the mind with a mass of knowledge gathered from the various fields of science and literature. It was the nobler effort to cultivate, to strengthen, and to gain complete control over all the powers and faculties of his mind. He used his mind, and thoroughly digested whatever he learned from books, so that it became a part of himself.

To him certain knowledge alone was valuable. He preferred to apply himself diligently to some one subject and become master of that, rather than divide his attention, directing his energies to this subject a little and to that subject a little, without knowing any thoroughly. Hence President Wayland was never a great reader, but certainly was, what is far more important, a great thinker.

President Wayland was never weary of "urging upon young men the vital importance of continuous, conscientious study, of forming the settled habit of close attention to the work in hand." He, perhaps, more than most men of his time, possessed this power of continuous and close application, of concentrating, at all times, all the faculties of his mind upon whatever subject he desired. In his habits of study he exemplified, to a wonderful degree, the saying of Dr. Johnson: "a man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly about it." Doctor Wayland never asked himself whether he was in the best mood for this or that kind of mental effort. He never humored the passing fancy of the moment. "He had some duty assigned for every working hour of every day, and he compelled himself to undertake the allotted task with unflinching determination." How many young men, in every occupation of life, fail in this very respect! How many of us become almost powerless over our minds, from this evil habit of yielding to the fancy of the moment, rather than resolutely subduing our minds to the control of our wills! Let us listen to the instruction of this eminent teacher, and, following his example, prepare ourselves for the severe requirements and duties of an active and useful life, by

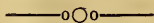
cultivating the habit, not only of occasional interest and effort, but of "constant and wakeful mental earnestness," and of bringing our minds, with all their acquisitions of knowledge and experience, completely under our control.

Doctor Wayland worked his own way in life. By steady, persevering efforts, he won for himself whatever of honor he enjoyed. "I never had any one to boost me," he used to say. He thus learned to leave nothing to fortune, or to the influence of friends, but to discharge faithfully and honestly the duties of each day. It was in this manner that he gained that independence of thought and action, that habit of relying on his own resources alone, which so distinguished him in early as well as in later life. Hence it was that he had so little respect for traditional wisdom, and persisted in forming his own opinions, and in making up his own judgments, rather than accept the opinions and estimates of others.

Although President Wayland was thus independent in forming his opinions and judgments, he was ever ready to profit by the wisdom of others, or by his own past experience. He always cheerfully acknowledged his indebtedness to his early instructors, Doctor Nott and Professor Stuart. Even when he had acquired considerable reputation not only as a scholar, but also as a man of sound judgment and practical wisdom, he sought and heeded advice or counsel which he thought would better enable him to perform the duties of his calling, or increase his influence over those with whom he came in contact. He was willing to learn from the humblest and lowliest in life, and could profit by the suggestions of the sexton of his church, as well as by the counsel of a college president. He sought to inform himself on all subjects, and "delighted to gain important and interesting facts from those whose occupations were far removed from the natural direction of his own studies." The advantages he thus gained were very great. Knowledge acquired in this way was often of the greatest value to him, and was made to subserve the most ends in the various treatises and lectures which he contributed to philosophy, science and education. May not the young men of to-day learn a lesson in this respect from President Wayland? Let us profit by his example, and search more carefully after the pearls of knowledge which lie strewn along the path of life.

President Wayland was deeply interested in the various political questions which from time to time agitated the minds of the people of the United States. The manner in which he formed his judgments respecting political events, or determined on the course he ought to pursue as a citizen, might be imitated by politicians and people alike, with great profit to themselves and the country. Here, as elsewhere, he adhered strictly to general principles. In this, as in all other questions of duty, it proved to be the safer and wiser course. He bound himself to no party. "He could never give to party what was meant for mankind." His sympathies were always with that body of citizens, which, for the time being, "sought to elevate humanity, and to promote the cause of equal rights."

Certainly we cannot, at the present time, afford to loose or to fail to profit by the example of one who exhibited so many of the noblest elements of the human character. He has gone from the scenes of earth. To his example and life we can look as we cannot to those who are still going in and out before our eyes. If the young men of our country who are soon to stand foremost in the ranks of society will learn from the honored dead and the illustrious living alike, the lesson of diligence, devotion to duty, earnestness and self-dependence, and thus prepare themselves for the strict duties of life, these noble men will not have lived in vain, and the country will gather a rich harvest as the fruit of their labors.



THE RESULTS OF THE BACONIAN PHILOSOPHY.

"For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age." Such is the last will of Francis Bacon. It proudly expresses his consciousness, that his own age could not appreciate the services which he had rendered to philosophy. That next age has come, and its regard for Bacon has shown the prophetic wisdom of the philosopher's bequest. His praises are in every land. But mankind have not yet reached the high eminence where he stood, and cannot yet survey the extent of his labors, or appre-

ciate the magnitude of their results. A more distant age must do his memory complete justice.

To no man is the world so much indebted for the freedom of the intellect, the extension of the sciences, the perfection of the arts and the progress of the race, as to Francis Bacon.

To him is to be ascribed the emancipation of the intellect from the prescriptive system, which had bound and crippled its energies for two thousand years. He removed the force, which for ages had repressed its powers, and its elastic rebound hurled into chaos the ridiculous notions of the ancient philosophers. He changed the course of human thought. Man no longer sits on the same bank of the same stream, washing forever the same sands for the scattered particles of golden dust, but passes up to its mountain source, where he opens an inexhaustible mine of the richest treasure. The inquiring spirit need no longer toil in fruitless wanderings in a labyrinth, where every step increases the intricacy of the mazes and every turn more deeply involves and bewilders the unfortunate victim, for philosophy has furnished a clew, with which the most intricate passages may be securely threaded. Prescriptive authority is dead, and the emancipated intellect has where to stand, and with the lever of a new philosophy it lifts the world. The predecessors of Bacon refused to science her legitimate province, the deduction of laws from the phenomena of nature, and sent her out in the vain pursuit of the subtle essence of mind and of matter. Lest she might subject their ancient theories and cherished notions to the test of immutable law, they persecuted her, until her only refuge was in the dusky chamber of the recluse, or in the damp cells of the cloister. Bacon set her free, and placed her over her own dominion.

Astronomy, whose dim flickerings once revealed only enough of light to make visible the dark realms she sought to explore, enough to excite the wild dreams of the astrologer, and rouse his excited imagination to the fanciful belief, that the fate and the character of every man are strangely linked with the star that beams in the horizon at the hour of his birth, now diffusing wide its glowing light, dispels the still lingering illusion of Ptolemy, and reveals world on world, and system on system floating in illimitable space, all bidding us read, not the destiny which controls us, but the immutable laws which govern them.

Chemistry, once the mighty wand, with which the fanatic alchemist disturbed the sleep of the wretched miser, and filled his dreams with golden images of transmuted metals, is now a living and productive science, performing wonders before which the brightest dreams of the alchemist fade away. She transmutes not only iron into gold, but barrenness into fruitfulness, danger into security, death into life.

But the results of Bacon's labors are perhaps most apparent in the improvement of the useful arts.

To classify the phenomena of nature and deduce from them the laws of the universe is to advance but one day's journey beyond the goal which Plato and Aristotle reached. Bacon indulged his imagination in no Utopian visions. He knew that resources undeveloped are as valueless as the gems, which strow the ocean bed; that the agents of nature, until subjected to the control and pressed into the service of man, are only his terror or his scourge. Hence the high estimation in which he held the useful arts. Neglected and scorned by the old philosophers, with no temple, with no shrine, the goddess of the useful arts had been driven forth to make her abode with the ignoble and the poor. Bacon was the first to erect a temple to her worship, the first to sacrifice at her altars. And richly has she rewarded the homage. She has yielded to man the keys of knowledge, placed in his hand a sceptre which controls the elements, given him a wand of such magic power, that it tames the wildest agents of nature and makes them his servants.

Such are the magnificent results which point back to the progression of the Baconian Philosophy. But these are only the first fruits. Who will anticipate the rich harvest that yet remains to be reaped? That the great founder of Modern Philosophy traced to its source every rivulet which finds its way into the mighty stream which he explored, we by no means affirm. That even Bacon's capacious mind could comprehend the wealth of the mine which he opened, we hesitate to believe. His was the energy and the interpidity of the pioneer; his the success and the glory of the discoverer. Man to the latest generation is to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Had there been no Columbus, the tread of Fernando Cortez might have never echoed in the halls of the Montezumas, and the arms of Pizarro might

have never conquered Peru. Had there been no Bacon, Astronomy might have had no Newton, Chemistry no Davy. Had there been no Bacon, England might have had no Watt, America no Fulton, the world no Franklin.



PRESIDENT SEARS.

[The following article has been taken mainly from Mr. Guild's "History of Brown University," recently published.]

In the summer of 1855, the late Francis Wayland, after more than twenty-eight years of faithful service, resigned the Presidency of Brown University. During his long administration the College had steadily advanced in reputation and usefulness, diffusing more widely from year to year the blessings of education. His own reputation, which as a teacher and a writer had become almost world-wide, was intimately associated with the reputation of the Institution over which he presided. Upon whom should his mantle fall? Who could take the College in this most critical period of its history, and conduct its affairs with increased power and efficiency? One man seemed to stand out before all others, preëminent for his great and varied learning, his large experience in all matters pertaining to education, and his rare executive ability and tact. To the Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., the attention of the Corporation seemed almost instinctively to turn, and at a special meeting held on the 21st of August, 1855, he was unanimously elected to the Presidency.

Dr. Sears was born in Sandisfield, Mass., on the 19th of November, 1802. His father, being a farmer in moderate circumstances, gave him such advantages for education as the district school afforded. Ambitions, however, for further culture, he sought the aid of a friendly clergyman, and in a few months he had mastered the Greek and Latin Grammars, and was fitted for College. In the spring of 1822, he entered the Freshman Class of Brown University, graduating in 1825, at the age of twenty-three. His class numbered forty-eight, being the largest that has ever gone out from the Institution during its entire his-

tory. The Newton Theological Institution was opened in December of this year, and Dr. Sears entered the Junior Class, terminating his course in 1828. He afterwards became a resident "Licentiate" of the Theological Seminary at Andover. In 1829, he became the Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Hartford, Conn., where he remained two years. At the expiration of this time, he accepted an appointment to a Professorship in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, now Madison University, New York. In 1833 he embarked for Europe, and spent several years in study at the Universities of Halle, Bonn, Leipsic and Berlin. While here he laid the foundations for his excellent library, and acquired that taste for the German language and literature which he has since cultivated with such enthusiasm and success. Upon his return to this country he was appointed to a Professorship in the Newton Theological Institution, where he remained twelve years; during the latter part of this period he was President of the Institution. Upon the resignation of the late Horace Mann, in 1848, he was made Secretary and Executive Agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education. This responsible position he filled with distinguished honor and usefulness for a period of seven years. In these several situations, all of them connected with the interests of learning and religion, Dr. Sears had become widely known to the public, and especially to the religious denomination to which he is sincerely attached. By his professional labors and published writings he had acquired a wide spread reputation for superior talents and the highest scholarship; while his persuasive eloquence and genial manners had secured for him in all quarters a host of admiring friends. He was thus preëminently fitted to become the successor of Wayland, and Messer, and Maxcy, and Manning.

Dr. Sears entered upon his duties at the beginning of the fall term. In his reply to the Chancellor of the corporation, who introduced him to the Faculty and Undergraduates, he gracefully struck the key-note of his administration — popular education, and an earnest devotion to the interests of young men. The various changes and improvements made in the University during the twelve years of his connection with it have all been effected with a view of rendering it more generally popular and

useful, while numberless acts of kindness on his part to the students, and a cordial, unrestrained intercourse with them from day to day, caused him to be truly loved and revered, to be regarded, in the truest sense, as their teacher, counsellor and friend.

The administration of President Sears extends through the financial crisis of 1857, and the long and terrible war with the South ; nevertheless, during this period the facilities for instruction have been increased ; an elegant and well appointed Laboratory, for the department of Analytical Chemistry, has been erected at the expense of liberal-minded citizens of Providence ; a system of scholarships has been inaugurated, for the encouragement and relief of meritorious students who may need pecuniary aid ; the lot on the corner of George and Prospect streets, formerly known as the Bowen estate, has been purchased at a cost of ten thousand dollars, and presented to the University by a member of the Corporation ; a debt of twenty-five thousand dollars has been extinguished, and a subscription of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars secured, of which one hundred thousand dollars, in addition to thirty-five scholarships, and an aid fund of five thousand dollars, has been paid over to the Treasurer and added to the productive investments of the College ; the Institution has been brought into harmonious relations with the governments of the city and the State, by liberal concessions on the part of the Corporation, in regard to the chartered rights of the Faculty respecting exemption from taxation ; the United States lands donated to Rhode Island for an Agricultural College, have been given to the University and sold for the sum of fifty thousand dollars, the income of the same to be applied to the teaching of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, under the general direction of the General Assembly. The "New System" introduced by Dr. Wayland has been very much modified. The same opportunities for practical education are offered as before, but the three years course for the degree of A. B. has been abandoned, and the prominence heretofore given to the partial course has been diminished. The course of study for academic degrees has therefore returned to its former order and limits. The Bachelor's degree is given, as at other Colleges, at the end of four years of prescribed study ; the Master's degree

is conferred in course ; while the Baccalaureate in Philosophy is retained as originally prescribed.

In the spring of 1867, Dr. Sears having been appointed General Agent of the PEABODY EDUCATIONAL FUND, and having accepted the appointment in view of the preëminence of the claims upon his services thus involved, and especially in view of his failing health and strength, which rendered a change of life absolutely necessary, resigned the Presidency of the University. His resignation was accepted by the Corporation at a special meeting held on the 17th of April, at which forty-three out of the forty-eight members composing the body were present. Resolutions expressive of their profound sorrow at his leaving, and of their gratitude for his watchfulness over the interests of the University, and for the great success which had crowned the labors of his administration, were unanimously adopted.

Before taking our leave of President Sears, we may be allowed to express the universal regret that is everywhere felt at his resignation. In vacating an office which he has filled with such distinguished honor and usefulness for the past twelve years, it is pleasant to record the unanimity with which he has been appointed to his present important position by men of the highest eminence from all parts of the land, and to reflect that while the University, and the community around it, for the time being, lose by this sacrifice, the country at large gains. It is pleasant also to observe the cordial endorsement which this appointment receives from the press. The Boston *Transcript*, in illustration, thus happily remarks :—

Thus by a combination of sagacity and good fortune on the part of those having the management of the Fund, the right man has been found for the right place. Dr. Sears, indeed, unites qualities for the position which, rare in their separate excellence, are rarer still in their harmonious combination. He is a scholar of large accomplishments and vigorous talents, and at the same time a master of the practical methods of education. One of the most indefatigable of students, he has none of the bigotry, pedantry and exclusiveness which sometimes accompany exceptional acquirements, but possesses his learning instead of being possessed by it. As Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, he amply proved his capacity to comprehend the wants of the common school system, and as President of Brown University he has shown no less facility in directing the studies of a college. A man of the highest moral and religious character, keen in the perception and resolute in the performance of duty, honest, manly and intrepid, he is still so dispassionate and unostentatious in his conscientiousness, and so simply bent on address-

ing the intellect and moral sense of those he desires to influence, that he never stings their passions into opposition to his teachings, nor rouses their willfulness to resist the reception of his views. He has, in short, all the reality of force, without any of its arrogance.



CUPID STUNG.

TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON.

ONCE as Cupid, pretty boy,
Bright coin of divine alloy,
On a bed of roses lay,
Tired of bow and arrow play,
A naughty bee, quite unseen,
Hid in leaves of red and green,
Pricked the babe's rosy finger
With its dart, sharp and slender.
Quick he rends the air with shrieks,
Flutt'ring runs and sobs and weeps,
Till the god to Venus came,
Fairest dame in Jove's fair train,
When he thus in wailing tone,
Op't his heart with frequent moan;
O undone! I die! I die!
Dear mamma a dragon fly,
Which a bee the farmers call,
Winged, and tipped with lancet small,
Stung me to the very heart,
O! dear ma, please cure the smart.
Venus, smiling, thus replied,
Cease those tears, you foolish child,
If a pretty little bee
So very deep can wound thee,
Causing Love to shed these tears,
Waking all these foolish fears,
Can't you think, what fearful woe,
He, that's stung by thee, must know?



USURY AND USURY LAWS.

USURY laws had their origin in a provision of the law of Moses, by virtue of which the practice of usury or taking interest was prohibited between Jew and Jew. It should, how-

ever, be observed, that where one of the parties was a foreigner, the Jew might both give and receive interest. The distinction was *political* rather than *moral*. Its object was simply to bind together by stronger ties the Jewish people. The practice was not regarded as wrong *per se*, but *per legem*. The Catholic Church not recognizing this important distinction, condemned the practice *in toto* as sinful, and denounced its defenders as heretics. To show the spirit in which it was regarded, it is only necessary to quote a single passage from Doctor Wilson on this subject: "For my part I will wish some penall lawe of death toe be made against these usurers, as against thieves and murtherers, for that they deserve death much more than such men doe; for these ursurers destroye and devour up not onlie whole families, but also whole countries, and bring whole folke to beggary that have to doe with them."

In Greece, to the honor and credit of that country be it said, usury laws never existed. At Rome, on the contrary, the subject was one of frequent legislation, and far too often became the source of sedition and anarchy, through the machinations of noisy, blatant tribunes, ever ready to raise some popular commotion. During the Middle Ages, owing principally to two causes, these laws were extremely popular: First, because according to the canons of the church, the receiving of interest was a crime against the laws of God and man. It is to this cause that Sismondi, with good reason, attributes the industrial inferiority of Catholic, as compared with Protestant countries; a condition still existing, though somewhat modified, wherever the Catholic still remains as the established national religion. Secondly, because money lenders as a rule were Jews. It is hardly possible at the present day, to appreciate fully the force of this latter fact. The very name of Jew during this period, was the rallying cry, the watchword for the most severe and unjust persecution. To make them the objects of especial hatred and torment was almost a fundamental doctrine of the Christian church, and the bounden duty of every upright and zealous Christian. Everywhere the Jews were subjected to the most ruinous and despotic extortion by government. Thus, King John, whose prodigality and avarice Sir Walter Scott so graphically describes in his "Ivanhoe," demanded at one time of a Bristol Jew, a sum equal

to more than one-sixth of the entire revenues of Great Britain ; and on the Jew's refusal to comply with a demand so unjust and outrageous, it was ordered that one of his teeth be extracted daily, until he concluded to come to terms. "Christians," says Bentham, "were too intent upon plaguing Jews to listen to the suggestion of doing as Jews did, even though money were to be made by it. Indeed, the easier method and the method pretty much in vogue, was, to let the Jews get the money anyhow they could, and then squeeze it out of them as it was wanted."

Seemingly sanctioned by the Divine Law, earnestly maintained by the Church, and acquiring additional prestige by their popularity in classic antiquity and during the Middle Ages, it is not surprising that usury laws have played an important part in modern legislation. To show the spirit of this legislation, it is but necessary to quote a single sentence from an Act passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1641: "It is ordered, decreed, and by this court declared, that no man shall be adjudged for the mere forbearance of any debt, above eight pound in the hundred for one year, and not above that rate proportionably, for all sums whatsoever, bills of exchange alone excepted; neither shall this be a color or a countenance to allow any usury amongst us contrary to the laws of God." This enlightened Legislature would have saved posterity a vast amount of trouble, had they had the kindness to have made known how they happened to select eight per cent., in preference to twenty or fifteen as the just legal rate of interest; and where in the Law of God, for which they profess so great a reverence, and upon which they would seem to found their law, they find any such distinctions made.

But by far the most surprising fact connected with this whole subject is that, despite the labors of political economists for the last hundred years, despite the great freedom existing in other matters of commerce and business, usury laws, a relic of ignorance, persecution and barbarism, still remain as a blot upon so many statute books. If now, after having ascertained the origin and spirit of these laws, we proceed to examine the testimony for and against them, it will be found, if we mistake not, that they are in point of fact, unjust, incompetent, inconsistent, and without any adequate foundation whatsoever.

An important office performed by usury laws, it is claimed, is the protection of the simple. It is urged that, otherwise, they would be liable to imposition from designing men, who, taking advantage of their condition, would demand more than a fair rate of interest. This objection might have some force, if such laws annihilated simplicity, if they created intelligence. But this they in no way accomplish. They leave simplicity as liable to be duped by the extortioner and speculator from evasions of these laws, as it would be without them.

It is also further claimed, that these laws protect the indigent. To this it may be answered, that if I wish to hire money, I am a better judge of its true value to me, than any man or set of men possibly can be for me. If it were not for my advantage, I would not borrow. With a few limitations, this rule is of universal application. Let us now look at the action of these laws in the protection of indigence. Suppose that the money market is hard, and I wish to borrow a certain sum to enable me to carry on my business. If, now, I cannot furnish as good security as a second borrower, as a matter of course, I cannot borrow at so low a rate of interest. If, now, the law does not, in consequence of its limitations, allow me to give an additional rate of interest, sufficient to counterbalance his additional security, I cannot obtain it, however much I may require it to carry on my business profitably, however advantageously I may be able to use it. He grows richer, I poorer, with no other consoling reflection than that it is all done according to law. Suppose, again, that one of this class has, by his industry and saving, accumulated one hundred dollars, and wishes to loan it. Suppose further, that the loanable value of money rises from six per cent., the legal rate, to ten. Watch now the action of this kind protecting law. It either robs him of the additional four per cent., forty per cent. of his right and just due, or if he takes it, the law arraigns him as a criminal. In either case it is unjust and injurious.

It is often advanced in favor of these laws, that if they were repealed there would be no one to borrow money but imprudent speculators and prodigals, since these would offer higher rates than prudent men would be willing to pay, or could afford to. Go to the money lenders of any community, and ask them which

note they would prefer, that of the sober, industrious citizen, offering fair or even no security at six per cent., or that of the schemer at ten. The reply is evident and conclusive.

While it is very desirable that the rate of interest be low, it should be remembered that this is effected by the increase of capital alone, and not by the enactment of usury laws.

The desire to protect the borrower rather than the lender, an idea strongly urged in usury laws, is radically unjust. He is no more deserving of the respect and protection of society, than the lender. Indeed, the presumption is rather in favor of the lender, since the very character in which he appears, pre-supposes labor, saving, industry and intelligence, all of which should receive every possible just impulse at the hands of society.

Still further, if we examine the contract whereby one man loans money to another, it will not be found to differ in its nature from other contracts. The lender renders a favor to the borrower, and is by right entitled to a just compensation. Now the loanable value of money varies under precisely the same conditions as any other commodity. It has its "ups" and "downs" in the commercial world, just like corn, wheat, or cotton. Why then, should not a man be entitled to the advantages resulting from these changes, as well in the one case as in the other. There is nothing in the nature of things why this should not be the case. For the law, therefore, to interfere and prescribe in this matter, is a violation of the freedom of contracts, as unjust and as flagrant as it would be for it to step in and fix the price of brogans, while the price of balmorals was left to regulate itself in the natural way.

In point of fact, these laws are a serious evil both to borrower and lender. The latter, in the case of a rise above the legal rate, they force to take less than his just due, or compel him to seek the full amount at the expense of violating a legal enactment and subjecting himself to whatever consequences may flow from it. The former they either drive from the market altogether, or compel him to seek a loan at the hands of sharpers and through circuitous methods, enhancing the rate.

We have already seen that these laws are incompetent, unjust and groundless. Furthermore, they are inconsistent. This appears from the fact, that in bottomry loans they allow the rate

of interest to be determined by the parties interested. But these loans do not, in their nature, differ from other kinds of loans. If, therefore, it is just in the one case, it is in the other also, and should be allowed accordingly.

Another important fact to be observed in this connection, is, that wherever these laws have been most severe and oppressive, there the rate of interest has been highest. In Greece, where there was no legal interference, money could be procured on the most hazardous voyages at a rate far below that paid by the farmers of Cyprus in the days of Cicero. So too in Constantinople, where the taking of interest is wholly forbidden, the customary rate of interest is thirty per cent.

But a far more serious objection to these laws is, that where stringent, they have a strong tendency to demoralize the business community. Habituated to the violation of unjust provisions of the statute, men soon lose much of their respect for those of a just character. This probably explains, in some degree, the cause of so much commercial trickery. But be this as it may, the general moral effect can be no other than pernicious.

Such appears to us to be the general character and effect of usury laws. Into their foundation and composition neither reason, justice nor right enters or has a place. Everywhere they have proved partial, unjust, inconsistent and incompetent, and, in view of these facts, we hope the day is not far distant; when they shall be numbered among the things that were.



COLLEGE MUSIC.

“Minuentur atræ carmine curæ.”—*Hor. IV: 2.*

“Do you sing the ‘MacGregors’ gathering’?” asked a graduate of ’32, the other night as we stood around the piano, singing “College Songs.”

“No, sir,” said I.

“‘Drink to me only with thine eyes’?”

“No, sir.”

“Ah! those songs are out of date, I suppose. We used to sing them when I was in college, and we still have them over at

every commencement." The old gentleman lighted up with quite a glow, as he spoke of these charming reminders of his youth; and his enthusiasm set me to wondering if hearing the college songs we have at Brown, would awaken any very lofty enthusiasm in my breast thirty or forty years hence. Would these pathetic lines, for instance, kindle a spark sufficient to light the train of sweet associations which links the present with the past?

The bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool—
 The bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool—
 The bull-dog on the bank, and the bull-frog in the pool;
 The bull-dog called the bull-frog a darn cold water fool.

Or this sweet refrain?

Though I vowed I never would leave her,
 She turned out a cruel deceiver.
 Rum tee tum tootle tum,
 Rum tee tum tootle tum,
 Rum tee tum tootle di day.

What sort of a figure would "Balm o' Gilead" make, seen through the hallowing mist of years? How would the pleasant facts "that her father's name was Moses," "her cheeks were red as roses," and "her shoes were out at the toeses," appear, among the lights and shadows of College days? And what sort of opinion would a company form of the musical taste of students in 186—, when such songs were their only representative music.

"It is an unfortunate fact," says a writer in the *Harvard Advocate*, "that there are very few real and distinctive College songs in existence in this country." And it does seem rather hard to dignify such a promiscuous collection as we now have, by the name of student songs. There are quantities of them, however, as the two Harvard song books, the *Carmina Yalensia*, the New York University song book, the songs of Williams, and Dartmouth, and Hamilton, and a host of others (but no Brown songs,) testify; and as any one can ascertain by going out to the chapel steps, most any pleasant September evening.

A few German student songs form the nucleus of the collection, and some of the best English ones have been added from time to time. The music of the latter has been forcibly

divorced, in many cases, from the words to which it originally belonged, and wedded to the "immortal verse" of poetical students. Thus "Fair Harvard," the rallying song of Harvard College, drew tears from the eyes of noble dinner-parties thirty years ago, under the name of "Believe, me if all those endearing young charms," sung by its author, Tom Moore. "Alma Mater," the great Yale song, is "Benny Havens" in female apparel, and the classic "Lauriger" is sung to an American air, whose baptismal cognomen was "Maryland, my Maryland." "Rolling home" is adapted to Weber's "O dolce concento."

Taken altogether these are few in number, and with them ends the list of the respectabilities of the college song-books. The rest are popular minstrel melodies, and comic songs of all sorts, which the student taste has rescued from the speedy oblivion which has overtaken their contemporaries in the popular favor. These are the interesting part of the repertoire, disreputable as they undoubtedly are when judged by a correct musical and poetical standard.

M. Le Brun describes a modern song as "either a soft and amorous, or brisk and Bacchic thought." These songs all come under the latter class. The worn-out old German choruses which have rejoiced the entering Freshman and saddened the departing Senior from time immemorial, are generally Bacchic, if not all brisk, and the disreputables of later date exhibit an exceeding briskness which is too often their only merit. There is not much besides briskness in such as the following, for instance :

Four and twenty men-e-en,
Four and twenty men ;
Four and twenty great big men
Rolling down the Bowling Green.

Chorus—Steady on your long tail blue-ue-ue,
O ! steady on your long tail blue,
I'll dress myself so neat and clean,
To meet my Johnny on the Bowling Green.

Some of the minstrel songs, however, add to the resistless dash of the measure, a very sweet, often pathetic melody, and frequently pretty words. "Ring the Banjo," "Kitty Wells," "Jingle Bells," and "Jim Crack Corn" have an untutored pathos which finds an echo in all true musical souls.

But the most popular class of songs, after all, is the one we get from the comic singer of the music hall. Here we have, in addition to a lively, pleasing air and a telling chorus, a narration, in brief, of some affecting story, in which the hero and heroine, instead of being cavaliers and *grandes dames*—troubadours and princesses, as of yore, are fishmonger girls and charcoal cartmen—artful grocers and the chief engineers of peanut stands—costermongers and stage-drivers,—and the fastidious tastes of college men, seem, *mirabile dictu*, to incline, like King Cophetua, to the beggar maid rather than the high-born dame.

Which of us cannot drop an imaginary tear over the pathetic story of "Mary Jane and the Charcoal Cart," and then enjoy roaring the goodly chorus? Who is not willing to transform himself for a few moments into a vagrant, in order to declare to the world that he is "A rambling rake," etc.? How delightful it is to ride occasionally, in fancy, in "George Henry's 'bus," with a "rip up and a skip up," etc. How melancholy is the story of the grocer, "Charles Augustus," and how touching the particulars about that "little grocery store"? With what a zest can one "too ri loo ri" and so on over the unfortunate Hamlet? And how delightful to share the luxury of woe caused by the cruelties inflicted on "my son Johnny"? And that anomalous importation from Brooklyn, with what a grand old "tra la la" it ends all that puerile twaddle about "the bull-dog on the bank and the bull-frog in the pool"?

Among the songs which unite the brisk and Bacchic qualities, may be found some of the prime favorites. The lively "It's a way we have at old Brown, boys," is by no means prohibitory in its tendency, especially in that verse which describes the journey to Seekonk and the return therefrom. And that strictly local lyric which accuses the president of Brown of being, ex-officio, fond of malt liquor, and throws mud on the character of each of the professors successively, would be put down as anti-temperance, even without the exceedingly vinous chorus, "Drink him down."*

Soft and amorous songs find no market among American students. If one does perchance get well rooted in college, it soon

*That Greek ode in which the hero asks the way round to What Cheer, is not included in the Bacchic class, as he *may* want oysters.

sprouts forth into some grotesque deformity. The "Maid of Athens" is now sung with its original beautiful words, but in what a form! Lord Byron, it will be remembered, addressed this charming lyric to Teresa Makri, the lovely Athenian girl, who had conquered the heart for which the proudest dames of Europe had contended. This is the way it is sung. The tune is indescribable.

Maid of Athens! Maid of Athens!
 Maid of Athens! Athens! Athens!
 Ere we part, part, part, part, part, part, part;
 Give me back, Give me back my heart.

If departed spirits can reanimate their fleshly cerements, the unfortunate Byron must have turned over in his grave when he heard that version of his most beautiful love song.

Poor Stephen C. Foster, that sweet singer, died soon after the following arrangement of one of his finest productions was introduced:

Vivace—Nelly was a lady; last night she died;
 (Hollered), SHE DID.
 Toll the bell for lovely Nell, my dark Virginia bride.
 (Do. louder, SHE WAS.

These are all very amusing and funny, and we can enjoy a good "howl" made of these materials, better than any other. To stretch one's lungs on the chorus of "Balm o' Gilead," or "Long Tail Blue," is as refreshing as a three mile walk just after sunrise; but we cannot disguise the fact, that the general run of our college songs has deteriorated considerably in late years, and that our songs, though jolly and pleasing to singers and hearers, are not quite in keeping with the classic dignity of our studies and surroundings, and though very appropriate when we "meet 'neath the sounding rafter," are hardly the representative of our musical tastes which we should choose.

The way to change this state of things is so obvious that it seems strange we have not before adopted it. We must have a living and working society to cultivate good music. One which shall take the lead in musical matters, and not only keep together and increase the collection of rollicking choruses, which is so indispensable to the enjoyment of a promiscuous company of students, but shall study and perform the productions of the

German masters, and the better class of American songs. We can prophecy, with some certainty, that this great want will be met before long, and there ought to be no doubt that the college will assist such an enterprise with its most cordial encouragement. It is societies of this kind which dignify the students leisure hours, and make his very pleasures a source of improvement. And it is *only* societies of kindred nature to this, which are needed to raise Brown to a position in manly sports and refining pursuits, as lofty as that she has always held in the acme of collegiate virtues—learning.

When a chorus of Brown students can render well the songs of Kücken, Abt, Schubert and Balfe, and such American songs as “Stars of the Summer Night,” “Fairy Moonlight,” the “Watcher” and others, we shall have reached a much more creditable standard than we now possess, and can produce college music which will be a credit to our institution, and an improvement to every one of her students.

At the same time we must have the Brisk Jingles for the “crowd” to sing, and when we shall have attained to some of the loftier productions to relieve their rather undignified effect, we can truly say of these old ditties which have enlivened so many good times:

“Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.”



COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

It is our purpose to present a plain statement of our experience and thoughts upon the subject of collegiate discipline. Perhaps our friends may be as much interested as they would be in a more elaborate, professional disquisition upon the same theme, just as they have often during the war, laid aside the official report for the unpretending sheet that contained the experience of the humble private.

College discipline is usually made to refer to *moral* culture, and we propose to consider it, first, in this more limited sense. The principle is gaining very general recognition at the present day, that the system of discipline adopted in our colleges should,

abandoning trivial rules and petty requirements, strict espionage and watchful distrust, aim at calling forth the native manliness of the student, at the development of the finer sensibilities and the higher motives of his nature, and at calling into constant exercise his sense of honor.

Such a system of government is perfectly adapted to the present condition of American colleges. Their present stage of culture demands it. The old laws, forbidding boys to play marbles on the steps of the University buildings in Cambridge, (England,) became, of course, dead letters when the standard of scholarship was raised, and an older class of students frequented the college halls. So with the regulations in the University of Virginia, proscribing boots, because they were sometimes made vehicles by which a shoemaker could convey liquor to the students. The higher requirements of our institutions, and the advanced age of those who enter them, call for a system of discipline somewhat different from that which has marked former periods of collegiate history. If the student is ever to be recognized as a man, he surely may claim that right at the present day. But we are not prepared to admit that even boys should be subjected to such rigorous training as characterizes many of our academies and colleges. For the true principle of moral, as well as mental education is to lead out (*educere*,) the nobler feelings and motives of our being. Southey tells us that Nelson, when a boy, was deeply impressed by his father's telling him, "I trust it to your *honor*." That principle of honor was the key-note of his career; struck in boyhood, its latest vibration was at Trafalgar, "England *expects* every man to do his duty." Another element of the adaptation referred to, is the fact that such a system of discipline is in harmony with our democratic principles of self-government. The character of any age is stamped upon all the institutions of that age. The Grecian system is not suited to our wants, nor do we look for the solution of our problem to the ascetic training of the monastery—the college of Luther's day. The American student should be made to feel that the main work of government and discipline rests in his own hands, and that in the experience of college-life, he is calling into exercise those principles which will fit him for the proper discharge of his duties as a citizen. It is

not strange that our own Rhode Island University takes the foremost rank among American colleges in the advocacy of these principles ; nor is it unjust to attribute much of the vigorous life and healthful activity with which she enters upon a new era in her history, to that bracing atmosphere of political and religious freedom which has surrounded her during the first century of her existence.

Not only is this system adapted to the present wants of American Colleges, but it also exerts a most beneficial influence on the student. Recognizing him as a man, it develops manliness of deportment and character ; it leads him to respect himself. Says a well known writer : " He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor." Self-respect is accompanied by self-reliance, which in turn insures the presence of that self-control which is the " secret of all other control." None will deny that the possession of all these qualities is indispensable to success in the world. One in whose character they have been studiously repressed during four years, is certainly not fitted to grapple with the realities of life ; nor is he a model architect who supports his structure by a scaffolding, the removal of which renders inevitable the fall of the edifice.

The system advocated favors, too, that intellectual culture which is the primary aim of all collegiate training. It does this, partly, by promoting mutual confidence between the teacher and the student, than which nothing can influence more the amount of instruction received, or of pleasure attending the process of imparting it. It accomplishes this, also, by its tendency to keep the object of college life distinctly before the mind of the student. The inestimable value of his privileges, concealed before in the dimness of his appreciation of life's realities, becomes more apparent to him. He looks upon college life as invested, not with the romance of an ideal existence, but with the intense earnestness of real life. He feels moral and intellectual obligations resting upon him, and stands more firmly by reason of their weight. Such views on the part of the student not only enable him to make a better improvement of his advantages, but also tend to raise the intellectual tone of a college ; for, as we fulfill more perfectly the requirements made of us, we erect a higher standard for ourselves. Indirectly, then, our system tends

towards that higher grade of intellectual culture in Academies and Colleges which is felt universally to be the greatest need of American Institutions of learning.

We have thus far considered our subject in a limited sense; in its widest meaning it includes the *symmetrical* development of all the parts of man's nature. It is a fatal error that college authorities have simply to educate the intellectual powers. We condemn the folly of placing a powerful engine, perfect in all its appointments, in a battered vessel, which would fall to pieces, if the full moving power were applied. Yet many young men go forth yearly from academic halls, whose brilliant mental energies are restrained by a shattered physical frame, that would find speedy dissolution, were the intellectual faculties employed without reserve. The importance of intellectual culture in our colleges is not often underrated, though in some cases its true aim may be lost sight of. The amount of actual information derived from a college course should be kept subordinate to the attainment of the ability to concentrate the energies of the mind upon any subject which may require their attention,—an end which, it is generally conceded, is best gained by thorough drill upon a few studies. Moral culture stands even higher in the scale of importance than mental. A writer has well said: "If we increase intellectual power without corresponding increase of moral and restraining power, we produce mischief, instead of good." The symmetry, then, so essential an element of perfection in Nature and in art, should not be ignored in the development of human energies. Neither the physical, nor the intellectual, nor the spiritual element of man's nature can be neglected without injury to the unity, the beauty, the usefulness and the strength of the whole. Every college which loses sight of this fundamental principle of all culture, as well as every student who neglects to act upon it, will surely be, as was the Roman artist to whom Horace alludes,

"Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet.—"



A Professorship of Anglo-Saxon is to be established in Cambridge, England.

INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

Character is the sum of those qualities which distinguish one object from another; in respect to man, it is the estimate that is put upon his actions. These actions spring directly from the mind, and are an unerring indication of its very nature. What those elements of the mind are which govern these actions, whether the emotions, the intellect, the conscience, or the three combined, we do not purpose to determine. It is sufficient to know that every person is endowed by his Creator with those faculties which are designed to direct his course in life. Independence leads a man to rely upon this power; in place of looking without for a guide, he rather looks within, and, conscious of his own dignity and power, he makes his own judgment the criterion of all his actions.

Yet plain and simple as this may be, we see violations of it constantly, and in the midst of party strife which now rages with so much excitement, in the midst of the present demands of society and of fashion, we rarely meet with a man who will tenaciously cling to his own convictions of right. Some, filled with a desire to please rather than to benefit, forgetting that they have any reasoning faculties of their own, agree with every person with whom they meet, without even stopping to find a single reason in defence of the opinion to which they so readily assent. They take no part in the formation of society, having neither any definite plan of their own, nor any stamina to support the opinions of others. They are like the chameleon, the color of whose skin always conforms to the object upon which it happens to be found. But little or no better are they, who, falsely thinking that the best way to succeed in life is to gain the support and attention of their superiors, lower their own dignity, and secure the disgust of those very persons whose respect they so earnestly covet. They are not contented to begin at the foot of the hill, and, relying upon their own resources, work their way till they come up abreast of those who at first were in advance of them. Acting the part of one described by Horace, they will greet their superiors with, "how do you do my dearest fellow," and declaring that "they have nothing

to do and are not lazy," will follow their supposed friend till accident or fortune comes to the rescue.

There is another class, perhaps having as little manly character as any, who are pleased with nothing so much as to know that they can fit themselves to the fashions and can conform to the requirements of society, forgetting that society was made for man, and not man for society. They would be more troubled and disgusted with themselves to appear in public with the fashions of the past season, than to be discharged by their employers on account of inability or inattention to business. They can see no merit in any one who does not dress according to the latest style, neither can any one see any merit in them except as animated fashion plates.

Another class that shows a want of independence, includes those, who, in all the leading questions of the age, are governed by the opinion of others. The political contests of the day reveal a large number of this class. Not having had the experience in the world that many have had, they readily believe what their political leaders may say, as though they were infallible, and never dare to express an opinion of their own, which is not sanctioned by the paper which they patronize. The same principle may also be seen in nearly every association or society, since in almost all bodies, of whatever nature, there are a few who control and give shape to the opinions of the many. They will each persistently maintain that they are independent and follow their own convictions of right, yet in reality they are governed very much as one "riding in his coach may be said to follow his horses, when his neighbor by his side holds the reins."

But in pleasing contrast to those who foolishly pervert the noblest gift of their Creator, we find those of an independent character, who, conscious of their individuality, adhere to their own judgment, and in place of looking to others and yielding to their opinion, look within and dare to follow their own convictions. Such a one will rise above the mists and errors of public opinion formed to a great extent by excitement, and will receive, as he deserves to receive, the respect of his fellow-men. "If a broken world falls upon him the ruins will strike him unterrified." Independence of character will develop and strengthen the mind. The vine which constantly clings to some support and directs its

growth only where this may be found, can never be strong of itself, nor reach a higher point than the support upon which it leans. So the person who is governed by public opinion or constantly yields to the advice or judgment of his associates, who looks to others and not within, can never possess any strength of character or rise to a higher level than the model which he may adopt. The student who can rise above the flattery of present popularity gained by a "high stand" in his class, and can look upon his studies as the means to fit him for the duties of life, has already gained one great object in self-culture. Conscious of his own weakness and of the work which he will be called upon to perform in life, he will have a stimulus to study, not for the sake of making a good recitation, but for the sake of a thorough knowledge of his subject.

An independent course, formed by following one's own convictions, is the only safe course. Man is unconsciously selfish. That which is best for my friend, may not be the best for me. Since his motives and aims in life cannot in all respects be the same as mine, he can never look upon all of my affairs from the same position as that from which I view them. Public opinion can never be taken as the correct guide, unless you destroy the individuality of man. Strict conformity to the latest fashions may become those who live for the sake of "being looked at." But what principle is there which compels all to conform to the present style of hats, when the latter changes the fashion twice a year; not for the sake of benefitting the purchaser, but for the sake of having more business for himself, and so of increasing his own wealth. Thus, if we consent to be governed by others, we foolishly give of our substance to cater to their wants. But the man of independent character, daring to cut loose from present popularity, which has justly been called the "echo of folly and shadow of renown," will find when all is dark without, a safe light within to illuminate his course. One's own convictions, formed in accordance with an honest judgment and an enlightened conscience, will always be true to his best interests.

Again, the demand of the age is for men of independent character. All great eras of progress in the history of the world have been marked by men of this stamp, or rather, we may say, that they have made these eras of progress. It enabled

a Luther to break loose from the long established customs and corrupt formalism of the dark ages, and in the face of an opposing world and the anathemas of the Church, to proclaim and defend the truth. The greatest benefactors of the world have been men of independent character, and we may well infer, reasoning from analogy, that such will be their character in the future.

There is no want of men to lead, if others will follow; yet we find that these very men who so earnestly advocate their views, seldom do it for the sake of truth or humanity, but for their own selfish interests. If we are ready to accept the theory of any one as true, without examining for ourselves, we are liable to sustain, not a noble principle, but the interests of a party. Dishonest men are found among the teachers of morals, in the marts of trade and among the rulers of the country; men of different opinions and conflicting views appear among the clergy; quacks are found in the medical profession. Everywhere men are found ready to wear any mask, to assume any disguise, for the sake of attaining their own interests. The man who thinks for himself must differ from many of the opinions now entertained; and he who conscientiously adheres to his opinion in his actions, will come in conflict with others.

It is by no means implied that the man of independent character will always differ from others; he may agree with nearly all with whom he meets, and conform to public opinion. But it does lead one to examine for himself, and have a satisfactory reason for his course. If there is an agreement in thought and in action between himself and others, it is not because he will conform to them, but they to him. If he be honest with himself, he will value his own convictions of right above the opinion of his companions, and will covet more earnestly the approbation of his conscience, than the applause of the world. When once he is convinced of the right, he will dare defend it; and if he is moved from his purpose it will be by appeals to his reason, and not by threats or bribes. To him the honest inquirer after truth will look, his friendship will be valued, his advice sought and his opinion respected. Public opinion, formed to a great extent by ambitious and selfish men, will as little disturb him, as the gentle ripples or the angry billows of the mighty deep will disturb the everlasting rocks.

Collegiana.

[LACK of space prevents the insertion of many items under this head. In future, with more room and a greater number of exchanges, we may make the "Collegiana" more interesting.]

HARVARD. The boat race with Oxford is expected to take place next September, if at all. Oxford refuses to row without a coxswain. The London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, says:

"Harvard and Yale have much to learn before they can meet an English crew on the Thames on even terms, and I for one hope they will pursue their education at home rather than here. If they would send one or two good men over here to look on, they might learn enough to reward them for the voyage, but they will pay dearly for the lesson if they prefer to take it by means of a public defeat that will be sure to be disgraceful."

YALE. The Yale Navy, in a recent meeting, formally disclaimed any responsibility on the part of the students as a body, for the disgraceful proceedings at the last regatta in Worcester.

DARTMOUTH. Washington's birth-day was celebrated by public speeches from three members of each class. An Agricultural School and a School of Architecture and Civil Engineering are soon to be opened.

WILLIAMS. The *Williams Quarterly* is one of the best college magazines we have seen. It is published by the Senior class, and contains from eighty to one hundred pages of good reading matter. The Philologian Society has challenged the Linonians of Yale to a prize debate. A new regulation has just been adopted whereby all students who are absent without excuse at the beginning of the term, are *fined fifty cents* for each day's absence. Williams stands upon its dignity as champion college in base ball, and demands that other colleges wishing to play for the ball shall come there. Williams' alumni associations have been formed in Boston, New York City, Northern New York, (Troy,) and Chicago.

UNION. The *Union College Magazine* contains an article on the "Conflict of Modern Thought," by our quondam fellow-student, E. A. Kingsley, who also took the first Sophomore prize in oratory, at the prize exhibition at Commencement.

BOWDOIN has one of the rarest and most valuable collections of paintings in the country. Vandyke, Hogarth, and Rubens are well represented.

HAMILTON is erecting a new library building and President's mansion. The "*Campus*" is defunct. H. R. Waite, '67, is compiling a new book of College Songs, to which twenty-one Colleges contribute. Brown is rather poorly represented. The book is expected to appear soon, and will doubtless be a valuable addition to our College music.

AMHERST. The "*Student*," a new fortnightly paper, published by the class of '69, is a welcome exchange. We glean much College news from its columns.

Amherst has great expectations of new buildings, a library, dormitory, etc. The *Student* laments the unsuccessful efforts of the College choir, "small in number, but great in resolution, striving to contend against the drawling bass of the assembled multitude." The new Beethoven Society, with new books and an able instructor, is expected to mend the matter. We sympathize with the description of the Chapel singing, and wish the "Beethoven" better success than our still-born "Arion." All the sufferers in the late hazing affray at the Agricultural College are recovering. We respectfully recommend the following decision of the Alexandria Society to our Corporation:—"Resolved, That Trustees of Colleges should provide billiard tables for students, as well as a Gymnasium."

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN. The catalogue of this young and flourishing institution shows the Faculty to number 35, and the students 1141, of whom 279 are in the full Academic Department. Its College publications evince a laudable enterprise. These are four,—the "*University Magazine*," a monthly of forty or fifty pages, published by the Seniors,—the "*University Chronicle*," a weekly paper, by the Juniors,—the "*Oracle*," a yearly paper, by the Sophs,—and the "*Castalia*," a yearly magazine, by the Independents, or furious enemies of the Secret Societies. From the last we gain the following items concerning Brown, which are certainly *independent*—of facts: "The University Buildings are seven in number, University Hall, Hope College, President's Mansion, Laboratory, Manning Hall, *Chapel*, and *Historical Rooms*." We would suggest the addition of the Library, the Halls of the Philermenian and United Brothers, R. I. Hall, the University Grammar School, First Baptist Meeting House, and Mr. Taft's Hot-house. We quote again: "The BRUNONIAN is published by an organization called the Gamma Nu. * * * * The examinations for admission are biennial." The Students' Lecture Association have contracted for sixteen lectures this season. The University has lately denied admission to ladies. A contemporary says its laws are two, viz.: 1. No student shall burn the College buildings. 2. No student shall on any consideration, kill any member of the Faculty.

MADISON has appointed to the Professorship of Latin and Modern Languages, Edward Judson, A. B., Brown, '65.

VASSAR must now be ranked as literally a *sister* institution, not only in the similar spirit and method of its studies, but in the enterprise and energy of its students. This is shown best in the college paper, the "*Transcript*," an elegant little production of eight pages; full of interest, not only in itself, but in its revelations of what has been done in a short time towards the establishment or adoption of those peculiar institutions, which among us have been the growth of many years. The *Transcript* records the existence of four class organizations complete, a musical society, a literary society of three chapters, a base ball club, and *ten boat clubs*! The prospect of competing with such rivals for the championship of America, should rouse our boat and base ball clubs to renewed efforts. With true feminine delicacy of taste, Vassar has chosen rose and silver gray for its colors. The *Transcript* has an unusual amount of good poetry, and one of its prose articles completely annihilates a poor Dartmouth "Philander," who dared to write to a college paper a description of a visit to Vassar.

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EDITORS FOR '68.

GEORGE R. CHASE,

JOHN M. DAGGETT,

WILLIAM C. POLAND.

EDITORS FOR '69.

ALVIN M. CRANE,

DURA P. MORGAN,

PRESTON D. JONES.

MIRABEAU.

It is the prerogative of revolutions to produce great and wonderful men ; men who, during a calm, would have passed along unhonored and unsung ; men whose genius might have slept, whose actions might have mingled unseen with the doings of the multitude, had they not been roused from their slumbers by the noisy car of revolution. This wakens them to new life, and they rush forth and act their part with an energy and success which excite the wonder and admiration of mankind.

Among those whose powers have been called into action by revolution, stands Mirabeau, who appeared, not slowly and gradually, like a star in the distance, but burst forth meteor-like, and became at once the ruling spirit of the French Revolution. So brilliant were his efforts and so burning was his eloquence, that all, as they witnessed them, stood amazed, and he carried that by storm and surprise, which he could never have overcome by reason alone.

But while we acknowledge the talents and power of Mirabeau, while we admire his signal displays of genius and of eloquence, we discern in him those qualities which give rise to far different emotions,—vice armed with the authority of genius, passions

unbalanced by reason, ambition inciting to a love of power, regardless of the means by which it may be gained; these we must acknowledge to exist, and these we must refuse to admire in the character of Mirabeau. What he might have been without his passions and unjust aspirations, we have no means of judging; but with them, he was feared and distrusted by all of his own time, and his character descends to us as one of doubtful cast, giving rise to mingled emotions of praise and censure, of admiration and contempt.

But we turn from a survey of his passions and impulses, to view him as the leader of the revolution in France. He may deserve some praise for the part he acted in that dread drama; yet when we sift his character, we find none of the attributes which are essential to the champion of revolution. Reason, calculation and prudence were wanting in him. His information was not extensive, and he ever contemned and ridiculed the teachings of experience as a hinderance to the progress of right. Wanting such qualities, and entertaining such opinions, how could he be expected to lead in the cause of revolution with wisdom and success. They greatly mistake the spirit and nature of revolution, who suppose that its true elements are confusion and highly wrought excitement. Nor are they guilty of a lesser error, who deem one qualified to guide the populace at such times, merely because his mind and character are suited to augment this confusion, and to feed this excitement. Such was Mirabeau. He could stir the passions, but could not control them. He could raise the storm, but could not direct its force. It has become the fashion of the times to praise Mirabeau and such as he, because of their real or fancied alliance with the cause of freedom and of humanity. Yet no good can result from this. It is after all, but the flattery of lawless ambition and of unbridled passion. Let us then abate our admiration for Mirabeau. Let us consider him as the child of passion and the subject to ambition, rather than as the man of reason and the friend of humanity.



Ambition sets one's life forward into the uncertain future; contentment makes him live in the present.

A TRIP UP LAKE GEORGE.

In the northeastern part of New York State lies a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by lofty and precipitous mountains. When seen beneath the midday sun of July or August, the lake looks like a great mirror of silver encased in a setting of emeralds, so brightly is the light reflected from its clear surface and thickly wooded shores. Beautifully do its waters wind in and out among the hills, and ripple around the little islands with which it is thickly studded. No wonder that the Indian, when standing upon the shores of this, his beautiful Horicon, should have thought that the Great Spirit smiled when its waters were tranquil, and was angry when its waves lashed one another in the furious tempest. No wonder that its holy discoverer when beholding it among the evening shadows of the festival of St. Sacrament, should have thought that its pure waters were worthy to be used in that other sacrament which Christ ordained by the sacred stream of Jordan.

It was our good fortune, during the past summer, to visit this beautiful lake, in company with a party of college friends. We had been passing a few days among the ruins of Ticonderoga, around which cluster so many Revolutionary memories. We had wandered about the crumbling walls, and sat upon the mouldering fortifications where Ethan Allen, surrounded by his Green Mountain boys, had demanded a surrender, in words never to be forgotten while American history endures. We had seen the grove of pines, beneath whose shade the brave Abercrombie had fought so heroically until obliged to retreat with the remnant of his shattered army. In fact we had seen and heard almost everything that was worth seeing and hearing about the old fortress, and on a delightful afternoon in August, we left the little village of "Ty," with its muddy streets and tumble-down houses, and were soon on board the steamer ready for a sail up Lake George. There was quite a party of tourists on the boat who seemed determined to enjoy the scenery; the sun shone brightly, the sky was without a cloud and everything bid fair for a pleasant trip. At four o'clock we left the unobtrusive landing which graces the lower extremity of the lake, and turned our attention to surveying the beauties of this

“Gem of American Waters.” Owing to a severe storm a day or two previous, the water was somewhat turbid, but still the pebbly bottom could be seen distinctly enough to give us some idea of the transparency of those waters under more favorable circumstances. The shores at this end of the lake were very precipitous, and in many places the moss-covered granite rose in a perpendicular wall from the edge of the water. As the little steamer, gliding swiftly by these places, blew her whistle, the echos came rushing back upon the ear from the numerous faces of the cliffs.

The first places of interest pointed out to us was Rogers’ Slide, a steep and lofty precipice, down which, the brave major is reported to have leaped when pursued by Indians. As we looked up at the rough and jagged surface of this slide, we were forced to agree with the savages in considering Rogers a plucky fellow, and one deserving to go uninjured if he had succeeded in clearing that height without a broken neck.

One of the chief beauties of Lake George consists in its winding course. There are numerous places where the observer thinks that the lake must come to an end. The lofty mountains rise abruptly on every side and there seems to be no passage to the right or the left. While you are wondering whether it does really end here or extend farther, the steamer makes a sudden turn and new beauties rise before your eyes. New islands spring from the tranquil waters, new mountains raise their lofty summits against the clear sky, and new cottages appear along the thickly wooded shores.

We soon came in sight of Sabbath Day Point, noted as the camping-place of Abercrombie’s army when on their expedition against Ticonderoga. Upon that narrow strip of land, more than a century ago, the British soldiers halted to take a few hours of rest. As they lay that night beneath the cloudless heavens, how must their thoughts have wandered back to distant homes and friends, and how sad must have been the hearts of many of them who felt that indescribable foreboding which told them that the coming conflict would be their last. Great is the change which a hundred years have wrought upon this scene. Then it was an unknown wilderness ; now it waves with growing corn and is dotted with the houses of the farmer.

A few miles farther on we entered the Narrows. This is the most charming part of the lake. The water is thickly set with little islands, each of which has its covering of verdure, each its little copse of trees. There are no dry and barren rocks among them to disfigure by their presence the picturesqueness of the scene. When we had emerged from this network, and were once more upon the extended surface of the lake, hotels appeared at different points along the shores. We touched at several of them, and from the numbers of people who thronged the piers, we judged that the beauties of Lake George were well appreciated. The water was dotted with pleasure boats, summer houses peeped from among the trees, and in many places natural landings were formed by the rocks which projected into the lake. Indeed everything was attractive and well fitted to make one long to linger about these delightful spots. And now the sun set behind the western hills, lighting up the sky with its glowing rays. The mountains seemed to be on fire and looked like huge volcanoes breathing forth their flames. But the brightness gradually faded, and crimson, orange, purple, and rose, quickly succeeded each other in the summer sky, until at last the dull gray of evening settled over the whole scene. The fires of the volcanoes had died out, and only dark and ragged craters remained. Soon Dome Island raised its beautiful curve above the water, and at the next bend in the lake the lights of Caldwell came in sight. As we approached the landing, a band, consisting for the most part of a drum and trombone, were vigorously playing before the Fort William Henry Hotel. From the style of music which they discoursed we concluded that they were endeavoring to drive all visitors over to the Lake George House. Nothing but the approaching darkness and the thought of a warm supper could have persuaded us to leave our seat upon the deck, where for three hours we had sat enchanted by the beautiful scenery. But yielding to necessity we bade a reluctant farewell to the "Minnehaha," and went on shore.

Such is a brief description of our sail upon this charming lake; a sail long to be remembered as one of the pleasantest experiences of our summer tour. And now, when once again we have returned to classic halls, and sit surrounded by dry lecture-books

and other unpleasant hints of college duties, we often travel back in fancy to that delightful region, where

“ In the deepest core
Of the free wilderness, a crystal sheet
Expands its mirror to the trees that crowd
Its mountain borders.”



THE SPIRIT OF DETRACTION; ITS MANIFESTATION, ITS SOURCE, ITS CURE.

“ The small wares and petty points of cunning,” says Lord Bacon, “ are infinite.” So might the same, with equal truth, be said of the spirit of detraction or slander. It manifests itself in a multitude and variety of ways, almost corresponding to the individual peculiarities of those who employ it.

Thus, in describing to us the actions of others, how often will men put some fact or facts which have an important bearing upon a full and just conception of the case wholly in the background, or even leave them out altogether, while they magnify others unduly and so create a wrong impression. If we take up any partizan newspaper in America for the last quarter of a century, we shall find it full of examples of this sort of detraction. It is, to such sheets, wholly immaterial that a public officer does his duty according to the best of his ability, he is directly charged with all manner of misdemeanor. To seek out or bring forward facts as proof is to them only a useless waste of precious time, besides it is far better to adhere to the general principle, that all their opponents are guilty as a matter of course, and supply the quantity and quality of material needed, from a fruitful though vicious imagination. Take away from American editors the privilege of abusing and calling each other *pet names*, and of misrepresenting public men and measures, and politically, the occupation of nine-tenths of them has gone.

It is one of the saddest characteristics of our fallen natures, that we oftentimes experience a sort of hidden and inward satisfaction at hearing and causelessly repeating the supposed wrong actions of another. We do not once stop to ask ourselves in a true, manly spirit, What were the motives that prompted this

action, and what the circumstances that attended it. Our first impulse is not to seek out the erring one, to try to reason with him and make him better, but rather to add additional fuel to the already enkindled flame, which is to consume an otherwise fair reputation. When we see men acting thus we may be morally certain of one of three things; they are either wantonly slanderous, or thoughtless or senseless. In either case their acquaintance and companionship is neither desirable, profitable, nor safe.

There is also another class of persons, who, under the guise and pretence of friendship, injure the good name of others. Thus *Hórace* remarks, "*Capitolinus is my friend, and we have lived long together and obliged each other by mutual endearments, and I am glad he is acquitted by the criminal judges; yet I confess I wonder how he should escape.*" Well may we say in the words of *Massinger*, of such summer friendship, whose flattering leaves shadow us in prosperity, only to fall away at the least gust, in the autumn of adversity,—

"It is a monster to be strangled in the birth, and not to be cherished."

This is a form the more injurious, because of its insidiousness. It completely takes away all suspicion of vicious intent. But while it does this, it also renders the sin the greater, for the detractor commits the double wrong of slander and deception.

In reading the laws of any commonwealth, we often come upon many sections which commence by granting the most sweeping powers, but end with a sort of provisory phrase completely modifying and changing the idea that was first conveyed to us. So do men often detract from the character and reputation of others. They will recount to us the deeds or actions of another in terms the most flattering and praiseworthy, but by some apparently careless or chance remark or seemingly honest criticism, will overthrow the whole structure they have reared, brand their victim with infamy, and leave us more unfavorably impressed than before. Says *Dr. Johnson*:

"The man who dares to dress misdeeds
And color them with virtue's name, deserves
A double punishment from both gods and men,"

But not less worthy of reprobation and punishment is that deceit

which would steal such gentle shapes as those of sincerity and fairness, and with a virtuous visor hide its deep cunning and malignity, while it inflicts sad and unmerited wrong.

"Two of a trade," says the old proverb, "can never agree." This is far too true. Men of the same occupation striving to attain similar ends and employing similar means thereto, naturally, if there is a trace of selfishness in their hearts, become envious and ill-disposed toward one another. Then slander and backbiting follow as a matter of course. There is no man who does not suffer in a greater or less degree from this source. Each storekeeper always has a far better stock of goods than his neighbor, even though they all purchased at the same establishment. Your doctor almost desires for you the services of some kind and worthy undertaker if you happen to consult another of the craft without his suggestion. If you attempt to awaken a more lively religious interest in the parish of another, there is a chance that your brother clergyman will consider you either an interloper seeking after proselytes, or a teacher of false doctrine.

There is a kind of detraction often indulged in by otherwise very good persons. Its manner is well described in Scott's "Lord of the Isles":

"O, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
Not soothes, but wounds the heart most broken."

It consists rather in thoughtless gossip to pass away time, and render oneself agreeable than in a real desire to injure. It is nevertheless, just as wrong and injurious for all that, and never should, nor will be indulged by persons of character. It finds its aptest illustration in the tea parties of years ago, which Irving so graphically describes, where middle-aged spinsters without prospects or good looks, and venerable dames in white caps, regaled themselves and each other by sipping tea and repeating, with many well-timed "ohs," "ahs," and "do tells," the petty abuse and slander of the neighborhood. Such conversation might seem at first, perhaps, merely insignificant prattle, unworthy of notice. But it should be remembered that such sounds, caught by the quick ear of the ill-disposed, never lose anything in their transition, unless it be in truth.

If we could only look deep enough into the hearts of many of our fellow-beings, we should find deep rooted in many of them, a strong love of contention and turmoil. It often manifests itself in tale-bearing, a sort of indirect kind of defamation and a course of countless evils. The character of this species of detraction, and the consequences which result from it, may be seen from the following lines :

“From door to door you might have seen him speed,
Or placed amid a group of gaping fools,
And whispering in their ears with his foul lips,
Peace fled the neighborhood in which he made his haunts.”

There is another class of detractors, who, too cowardly to use words, make use of other and perhaps even more effective instruments. Of such Swift says :

“They speak a language of their own,
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book ;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down.”
“Or, by the tossing of a fan
Describe the lady and the man.”

Still another class there is, worse than all the rest, who maliciously lie, both consciously and intentionally, injuring the reputation of others. “Such a false tongue,” says Jeremy Taylor in one of his sermons, “is like a poisoned arrow,” it makes every wound deadly and every scratch incurable. From such there is none upright enough to escape. They act from a natural love of the thing itself, and were one as pure as snow he could not escape the soiling of their filthy fingers. For such there can be no punishment too severe, either here or hereafter, nor censure too biting.

But even as the manifestations of this spirit are numerous, so are the sources whence it proceeds. We may say in general that it originates in the perverted passions of men ; or to be more specific, in envy, as when we slander another thinking to elevate ourselves thereby, or to gratify a mean desire for revenge ; in thoughtlessness or a desire to render oneself agreeable, as when we repeat the petty faults of others for the amusement of idle hands and idler heads ; in malice, in a spirit of intolerance and

bigotry. It may further spring from a feeling of conceit and self-sufficiency, which would make us assume to be the judges of our fellows, from a pleasure at beholding the mishaps of others, from a feeling of revenge, on account of some real or fancied injury, from a love of discord and contention and a desire to gratify the evil and perverted tastes of others. Men sometimes slander, as they say, in hope of working reformation in the faults of others. The remedy, however, is far from desirable, and, like the nostrums of many a quack, it kills far more than it cures. Such, in brief, are a few of the principal sources from which this spirit of detraction proceeds.

We consider in the third place, the means whereby it may be cured. If it is in ourselves that reformation is needed, then we should make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with our duty by studying our relations both to God and man. If, after fully knowing this, we in any instance fail to fulfill it, we should reflect upon our action till a proper sense of guilt is awakened. Bear the rebukes and upbraidings of conscience, till we become so thoroughly impressed with our own wrong doing and sin, as to resolve firmly never to repeat it.

If however, it is in others that the work is to be accomplished then there are four principal ways that present themselves, whereby we may bring about the change desired. These are

1st. By unfolding and impressing upon the mind of the guilty one, the moral law as it relates to the duties of men one toward another, and by appealing to his self interest and his sense of human justice, fairness and honor.

2d. By placing before him, in the clearest and most forcible light possible, the commands of God concerning it, as made known in the Holy Scriptures, and with these the penalties entailed upon the offender by disobedience.

3d. By treating him in all your intercourse with him in such a manner as shall plainly indicate your disapprobation of his conduct, and so that he may, if possible, be appealed to by feelings of self interest.

4th. By calling upon society to protect one's character and reputation, and by demanding the punishment of the offenders.

Of these the last two should be rarely, if ever, appealed or resorted to. The others are far better and more effectual. Men

rarely become so mean or low, that they may not be led by reason, kindness and Christian charity both to know and do the right, so that, at last, strong in the consciousness of right action, and happy in the joys of sincere repentance, they may put away all bitterness and wrath and clamor and evil speaking from them, and pray, in the language of Bishop Wilson, "May I never hear, and never repeat with pleasure, such things as may dishonor God, hurt my own character, or injure my neighbor."



THE FAIRY QUEEN.

As the setting sun leaves behind a flood of mellow light which rests upon the hills and waters as its parting benediction, so the imagination of Spenser has thrown a flush of beauty over English poetry.

The Fairy Queen is, to the admirer of Spenser, what Italy is to the traveller. Its beautiful legends are like her haunted palaces, and the quaintness of its diction like the moss and ivy of her crumbling ruins.

The chief characteristics of Spenser's genius were his rich and powerful imagination and his love of the beautiful. He was led, therefore, by the bent of his own mind, to choose a subject in the treatment of which he could display his full powers of imagination without restraint. His own education, and still more the taste of the age, induced him to adopt the allegory. He entered, like Prospero, an enchanted land and with a magic wand called forth ærial spirits to do his bidding. All the legends and fairy tales of Italian romance were at his command. He had only to reproduce them in his own language and they acquired a new interest and a new charm.

Without the vividness of his language and the rich coloring which he has thrown over the whole poem, it would have been impossible for him to have maintained an interest even in the first three books. But the melody of the verses, "Like the swell of some sweet tune," pleases the ear and lures us along until we forget the "dark conceit" of the allegory and the connection of the story. Like the lady Una and the Red-cross

knight in the beautiful forest, we wander along, "with pleasure forward led," until we forget where we are.

Yet this poem which was the dawn of a new era in English literature, and the delight of the chivalrous age in which it was produced, is now read chiefly by scholars, and by them too often merely to unravel its "dark conceit" and doubtful allusions. They look upon it as a "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," and make the reading of it a task instead of a pleasure. Like the works of the old painters it is admired by many but known only to the "favored few." One chief cause of its lack of popularity is the difficulty in understanding the allegory. "Many seem," as Hazlitt says "to be afraid of the allegory as if it would bite them." They look upon it as an object of wonder, like the huge dragon slain by Prince Arthur, but are afraid of taking hold of it. But the pleasure we receive in reading the *Fairy Queen* is not diminished if we do not understand the allegory, though the aim of the poet as a teacher of truth may be lost. We are delighted with the colors of a painting, even if we do not know what it represents. Indeed, we forget all about the cardinal virtues which Spenser intended to represent by his characters, and think of them rather as real persons. We do not think of immodest mirth in Phædria, but of a laughing, beautiful, bewitching woman; nor of temperance as a virtue, but of Sir Guyon as a man, bursting like a zealous reformer into the realms of Acrasia, and rudely disturbing the slumbers of "that wanton lady with her lover loose." In Shakspeare it is just the opposite; we think not of Othello, but of jealousy, not of Macbeth, but of murder. Spenser himself seems to have forgotten all about the allegory in his eager desire to make everything beautiful. His poetry is "all fairy-land." He painted everything as it existed in his imagination, not as it really was. He leads us away out of the world of fact into a gorgeous dreamland, where we listen, like Caliban, to "Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." Like the attendant spirit in the *Masque of Comus*, he dwells in the midst of aerial spirits.

"In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth."

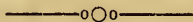
is not all romances the Fairy Queen is the most romantic; and, casting the allegory aside, it loses none of its power to please. A dreamy schoolboy was once drawing a picture with which he was greatly delighted. His teacher bending over him asked him what he was drawing. "A palace for fairies." "And where are the fairies?" "In the palace, sir," was the prompt reply. So it is with the Fairy Queen; the virtues are in the allegory out of sight. Like the schoolboy, we should leave them there, and be content to admire the palace in which they dwell. Spenser intended to make Prince Arthur the principal hero; but he is really an inferior character. Like the goddess in the *Æneid*, he appears when he is needed, and rescues the other heroes and then retires. The poem would have been much simpler and more entertaining as a story, if Prince Arthur had been left out entirely, and if each book had been made a complete tale without connection with the others.

The quaint forms of expression and antique diction also contribute to its lack of popularity. The metre which Spenser adopted often compelled him to make use of words oddly spelled, in order to complete the rhyme; but he often uses these forms when it is entirely unnecessary, and the odd appearance of the word on the page does not please the eye.

But notwithstanding all the obvious faults of the Fairy Queen they are more than balanced by the beauties of the work. The allegory is of such a character that the reader can often interpret it as he pleases. A little study will make him master of most of the old forms of words and antique expressions, and then there is spread before him a "perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets." The cadence of the Spenserian stanza, "musical as Apollo's lute," is an adequate compensation for all the bad spelling.

The Fairy Queen is like the famous scenes of the Alps. The way is long and sometimes difficult, but the beauties reward the traveller for all his toil. New scenes are met at every step. Flowers bloom by the side of the rugged and dusty road. Now the way is monotonous and unvaried; now broken by the appearance of the gloomy walls of the Cave of Despair, and the glittering heaps of Mammon. Now the laugh of the Lady of the Idle Lake is heard and the songs of the maidens dancing in

the groves beyond, and thus "The easy turns and quaintness of the song" lead us to the end. "Such tricks hath strong imagination."



THE JUST CLAIMS OF FICTION.

The Americans have been said to be a remarkably *silent* people. The same writer who makes this statement accounts for it by ascribing to us an extraordinary taste for literature,—or at least a national tendency to devote to the perusal of printed pages those hours which might otherwise be spent in social relation. Reading has usurped the place of conversation.

It is quite probable that this is true; but it is equally true, though perhaps to a less degree, of all the leading nations of Europe. There is not one of them but what will admit that times have greatly changed for the better since those days when the knowledge of letters was confined to the clerical orders; and the noblest and wealthiest esteemed it no disgrace to be ignorant of the art of reading and writing their mother tongue.

The universal prevalence of ability and inclination to read, which characterizes the present age, is abundantly proved by the flood of publications of all descriptions constantly issuing from the press. That demand must be enormous which must be supplied by the continual toil of steam, the mightiest agency yet subjected to human control. Let us pause and consider ere we decry this preference of reading instead of conversation, and stigmatize it as one of the innumerable manifestations of the degeneracy of the age; and, on the other hand, let us beware of undue elation in regarding it as a proof of our intellectual superiority to those who have lived in times gone by. There can be no doubt that, premising a judicious selection, more benefit is derived from an hour spent with books, than would result if the same time were employed in conversation. But is suitable discrimination always shown in the choice of reading matter? Is a proper use made of the literary advantages with which we are so abundantly provided?

A very large proportion of the literature of the present day

is fictitious. No other class of works is so widely read. Many authors have reached the height of their profession, who have gained their popularity from their success in fiction alone. The reasons of this are obvious. Most works of this description are ideal representations of life. We are attracted by what suggests, and perhaps in some degree reproduces, our own experience, and the connection and intimate relation of the events fixes our attention, while the conclusion, if not always consistent with ordinary life, is usually, at least, in accordance with our wishes and expectations.

Pure fiction is of rare occurrence in the specimens of early literature which have come down to us. There can be no doubt, indeed, that a large portion of the ancient mythology must be received with due allowance for the free play of imagination and love of romance, which seem to have prevailed in those primitive times. Nevertheless, it is probable that much or it was at least "founded on fact." Although many passages of the *Iliad* tax our credulity, the principal parts of Homer's narrative are matter of history. The same may be said of the *Æneid*. Even the dramas were mostly historical. The taste for writings wholly and confessedly fictitious is comparatively a late one. It may be said that some of the early travellers, such as Sir John Mandeville and Marco Polo, were endowed with a remarkable facility of invention, and yet of the travels of the former it is recorded, that "no work of the age was more popular"; but the public could not probably then distinguish the real from the unreal as readily as readers living in a more enlightened period. Now, however, fiction takes a most prominent position in the world of letters.

Considerable has been said and written on the subject of novels and novel reading. Its effects have generally been represented as injurious. It cannot be denied that there is reason for this, for too often it happens that such works have a direct hurtful tendency. It is to be hoped that this is seldom the case; but a large share of them fail to exert a beneficial influence on the mind. The chief interest consists in the succession of incidents and their dependence on each other, all contributing (supposing the plot well-regulated) to the final adjustment, which is notoriously liable to be correctly forestalled by the reader. The

style of conversation in ordinary novels is apt to become vapid and commonplace, and if emotional displays occur, they are overdrawn and melodramatic. The entire tone, therefore, is shallow and artificial, and incapable of producing any lasting effect. Consequently they may cause harm by occupying to no purpose time which might be profitably employed.

Another objection to be urged against this kind of reading is that it vitiates the mental taste and creates a disrelish of substantial and instructive literature, and if carried to excess even crippling the energies of the mind, and depriving it of the power requisite for continued and successful application. In such a case all information, to be palatable, must be administered through the medium of a narrative. It is to be feared that this state is becoming prevalent, for the large supply of such reading would indicate a large demand. As an author must write what the public will read, the literary market is flooded with tales of all grades and descriptions. We see the history of all ages rapidly assuming the form of the novel, which is almost universally the case with the books designed for childhood and youth, thus fostering incorrect tastes from the very beginning.

Fiction, however, is not to be wholly condemned and discarded; like most things, it is well enough in its proper place. When the mind is exhausted by continued and severe labor, it furnishes readily the needed relaxation, and in this way may be useful in the early stages of education; but it might be preferable not to employ it as a *means* of education. When the child reads a story, let it *be* a story, and not a diluted version of Scripture, or the still more familiar youthful marvel who always minded his mother, never stole jam, ate green apples, tore his trowsers, &c., &c., and whose promising career was nipped in the bud—a reward of merit probably unappreciated by the average juvenile. The absurdity of these is so evident as to have been noticed more than once. As some one said lately, writing on this subject, “When we have nonsense, let it be nonsense.” “Mother Goose,” it is to be presumed, is acknowledged by mature minds to be purely fictitious, yet who so hard-hearted as to wrest it from the tender hands of infancy? Here the Germans are wise; every one is familiar with the quaint and delightful legends, so attractive to the ear of childhood.

Fiction, however, may promote higher ends than those of mere amusement. It may contribute to elevate and refine humanity. It may awaken higher aims and aspirations by showing the blessings attendant on a life of virtue, or depicting the degradation consequent to a course of vice. It may appeal to benevolence and philanthropy, and enlist all hearts in the cause of the downtrodden and oppressed.



TARPEIA.

Beneath Jove's fane, wherein did kneel
The pious men of days of old,
Beneath the tread of iron heel
Wherewith was shod the Roman bold.

Within the green Saturnian mound,
Deep buried in its very heart,
The fair Tarpeia sits spell-bound
By mystic word of mystic art.

Nor Sabine wiles, nor Roman hate
Can penetrate this hidden seat,
And thus she sits in solemn state,
The Sabine gems beneath her feet.

Beneath her feet foul treason's hire,
The jewels and the Sabine gold,
The price for which she killed her sire,
The price for which great Rome was sold.

As thus she sits in magic trance
Within the inmost beds of ore,
About her flit in weird-like dance
The hopes and memories of yore.

What time in innocence she walked,
The fairest of the Latian girls;
What time with them she gaily talked,
And had not seen the Sabine pearls.

And so Tarpeia oft complains
Of agony and solitude;
And with her moanings and her pains,
The gentle hillside is imbued.

But when the Roman hears these tones,
Thus welling from this woman's soul,

A SNIFF OF MOUNTAIN AIR.

He says, "The fair Tarpeia moans;
She's weary of her prison-hole."

He knows the sad, weird tones arise
From out the sunless, gilded tomb,
Wherein Tarpeia's spirit lies
Forever pining at its doom.

Alas! 'Tis not alone o'er Rome
That these sad strains in sorrow float!
Alas! We hear much nearer home
The same sad moans, the same sad notes!

Nor can we say Tarpeia's part
Is never played on earth to day;
That never is the tender heart
For Sabine tinsel flung away.

Fair women now in Hymen's trance
Have sacrificed what was most dear;
We meet and pass them in the dance,
But know not of the secret tear.

They sadly sit in frescoed room
With tapestry like twilight haze;
And yet they only curse their doom,
They think of nought but vanished days.

The tender days of poverty;
When all unknown was Mammon's Mart;
When life was not a brazen lie,
When all unmortgaged was the heart.

But now they sit in Hymen's trance,
And moan as moaned the Latian maid,
While at their feet with sullen gleam
The shining Sabine gems are laid.

O Sabine World! Too late—too late
We see thy hollowness and lust!
The years go by with halting gait—
Thy shining gems are ground to dust!



A SNIFF OF MOUNTAIN AIR.

"This day dame Nature seemed in love,
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir the embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their Valentines.
The jealous trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly.

SIR HENRY WOTTEN.

One sweltering morning in last August, five hot and perspiring fellows might have been seen bravely plodding along the sandy, arid road which leads from Jackson Village, N. H., to the foot of Mount Washington. By the sun, that old-fashioned bull's-eye which never gains or loses a minute, it was now about eleven o'clock, and the almost perpendicular rays of heat seemed determined to bake all nature by dinner-time; but the patient pedestrians march speechlessly on, regardless of the heat, with a long loping stride, which tells of many a good mile of practice.

But hark! As they come, the silence of the dense woods around them is pierced by a distant noise of civilization. The clattering of pails and kettles, the tintinabulation of pans and coffee-pots is borne on the torpid air; and as it draws nearer, the rattling of rickety wheels and now and then the sound of a single *baritone-tenore* voice is heard.

Gradually the sounds approach, and at length, there wheels around a turn in the road a strange equipage, with a still stranger driver running beside it and urging on his reeking beast to his utmost speed. Pails of all kinds seem to fill the air in a halo about the light wagon and its heavy load—pails on top and pails underneath—pails tied on the tail-board and hung over the axle-tree, all flying about in the air and battering against the wagon and each other, making the woods ring again with their clatter.

The wagon contains a miscellaneous load, somewhat similar to a peddler's stock in appearance. Boxes of all sizes and shapes—a barrel of crackers—a tent with the long pole and other appurtenances—fishing rods—blankets, neatly strapped up in bundles—a guitar box—a banjo in a green case—a number of coats loosely flung on top—and, as the auctioneer's advertisements say, a variety of other articles.

A mild snicker passes round among the party at the enervated appearance of the reckless driver as he stops his fiery steed, and paces speechlessly onward with the rest.

And now another sound is heard—sweeter to those parching youths than the notes of grand orchestras or the voices of smiling girls. The peculiar hollow gurgling music of "Minne Ha Ha," "Laughing water," sounds through the trees. At this blessed sound the stride of the party quickens and even the tired horse picks up his ears and breaks into a wretched amble and

a rude bridge soon appears, made of unhewn logs laid crosswise, with a balustrade of the same primitive construction, and spanning a stream twenty feet perhaps in width, which bends a little above and below the bridge, until it seems to lose itself in the foliage of its own banks.

"What river is this, Bill?" asks the charioteer.

The gentleman addressed, the guide and commander of the party, after consulting a guide book to make assurance doubly sure, informs them that it is the "Glen Ellis River." He then commands a halt, somewhat superfluously it must be confessed, as his fellows are either already drinking from the river or stretched out on the grass near, while the horse has for some time been cropping the dampened herbage by the river side.

"Any fish in this?" asks a gentleman distinguished by a solferino colored shirt, and defective unmentionables.

"Oh, yes," said the captain.

"What do you say to fishing her up?"

"I'll do it."

"I'll be darned if I am going to put up the old tent for you," exclaims a member, noticable for a real Panama hat of prodigious size and ugliness. "I'm dish-washer, and I'm not going to do your business and my own too."

"Well, we'll sleep outside then," answers the imperturable commander.

"Oh! you'll help, Bob," puts in speaker No. 5, who is evidently the swell of the expedition, resplendent in leather boots, and a shirt collar, and wearing the only cravat to be seen in the party.

"No, Bob has 'nt finished Diavola yet; he's got to read that to-night," said a gentleman whom fatigue has kept silent as yet. "Look here! let's camp here. I want to go a fishing too. I'm cook, and I'll cook the fish for dinner."

"Yes!" echoed the dish-washer, "let's camp here."

The gentleman in solferino meantime, having got out a rod and fitted it, and the captain having done the same, they shouldered their light fishing basket and started up the river, while the rest of the party at the captain's orders, reluctantly started onward.

"What kind of a fly would you use, Bill," asked the solferino fisherman of his companion.

"A brown hackle is the best for this month," was the reply.
"Are you going to use worm too?"

"Yes."

"Well, hooray for the man that gets the first fish. It's a pretty good day, a little too bright, but we can't always have perfection. How's the wind?"

"A little east of south, I guess."

"That's good. You know what the old angler says: 'Leaves upon the willow, birds singing, bees humming, the water full and clear, the early flowers peeping through the grass, and a south wind blowing are signs that the trout are waiting to try our skill.' We'll just give those fellows all the fish they can eat to-night."

With that they disappeared round the bend.

* * * * *

That evening the cool breezes from Mt. Washington blew over a white tent standing at its foot like a cone of silver, glistening in the moon beams which ran to frisk about and lose themselves in the huge shadow of the mountain. Inside, reclining on skins and blankets, sat a luxurious party of young gentlemen capped, gowned, and slippered, smoking and talking over the events of the day.

"By George! my toe is sore," observed a gorgeously gotten up youth, who bears only a slight resemblance to the fatigued charioteer of the morning. "It's no fun, running after that darn horse."

"Nonsense!" cried the cook, "I never saw such a fellow as you are, L——y. The idea of making a fuss about a little walk like that. I could walk ten miles farther as easy as not." This remark elicited a roar of laughing, for the robust speaker did not, at that moment, look as if he had strength enough to rout an ordinary musquito.

"Those fellows that fished did walk ten miles farther," said the owner of the real Panama, looking up from the aforementioned "Diavola." "What kind of a time did you have?"

"Magnificent," ejaculated both at once.

"How many fish did you get?"

"A hundred and forty-odd."

"In a horn."

"We did, so help me Ben Butler."

"Let's see 'em."

The trout were duly brought and admired, as well they might be, as they lay in the basket pure and beautiful as their mother element itself.

"Where did you catch them all? tell us about it?"

"Did any of you fellows besides Bill, ever catch any trout?"

"No."

"Well you ought to catch some. It is the best sport in the world. I never remember such a delightful day as we have had in my life. When we left you this morning we started right up the stream and fished clear up to the falls. It's a beautiful river. You probably noticed how rapidly it ran, at the bridge. The reason it runs so fast is that in addition to the falls, (which we shall see to-morrow by the way,) which alone have a descent of fifty feet or more, and of course, add great impetus, the river is originally fed by streams which pour directly down the sides of the mountain. Like all these rivers, it is full of rocks all the way down, and in some places the whole channel is ragged rock. Sometimes it falls six or eight feet perpendicular; here and there a little beach of pearly white gravel projects from the gnarled bushes which line the bank; and such a white, furious, seething and boiling as it keeps up all around, you can't conceive of. It was like a little Niagara, so that when we occasionally were near enough to speak to each other we had to bellow right into the ear, or we could not hear at all.

You may laugh, boys, but I never felt so near heaven and so far above the weaknesses and foibles of human nature as I did then. It stirred every atom of sublimity in my nature. Imagine standing in one place I remember, on a high rock which divided the stream—here about thirty feet wide. The two divisions fall two or three feet into a dark pool, which soon reduces them to comparative stillness. On each side the trees and stiff underbush come down even with the waters' edge, and back of them, looming up through the clouds, are mountains all around. The might of nature towers everywhere, huge and resistless, and such a sense of littleness, such a contempt for men and their works as I felt then I hope I may never feel again.

But after a little spell of enjoyment of the entrancing scenes

came the sportsman's admiration of the hole below me. Deep, wide, of the rich brown color which river water sometimes exhibits, it looked like the ancestral home of the royal family of the trout kingdom. I fixed on my worm, looked at my tackle once more, and after making my cast, stood one moment in delicious expectation — only one — before a silvery flash and an electric thrill, beginning at the tip of my rod and going to my very heels, told me that I had struck a fish. I reeled up a little, and soon landed him flouncing and struggling with his beautiful bright spots, and white belly, and red fins, glistening and twinkling like a water sprite. After taking him off I made another cast, with the same result, instantly the flash, then a rush, making the line whistle off the reel, then I wound him up, and as the pole did not bend dangerously, pulled him quickly yet steadily out. That is the way to do unless he prove too big and powerful to be so unceremoniously treated, in which case he must be tired out by artifice. When he makes his rush hold pole and reel with

“A steady hand which feels him,
Yet to his furious course gives way—”

then gradually ease him in nearer and nearer, and he gets ever weaker and weaker, until the proper moment — then wish! the limber pole bends nearly double, the line cuts the water flinging off a feather of crystal spray and Mr. Trout comes whirling up in all his magnificence. I got more than a dozen good fish out of that hole besides small ones.

The worst part of it was getting up stream. Jumping from rock to rock, scrambling through stiff underbush, or threading a way among dense trees with pole and line, is no joke. I tumbled down in the water no less than three times. Did you tumble any, Captain?”

Sn-o-ore, says the Captain, and looking round, the narrator finds all asleep but him. He dropped his head upon a pound of candles and a pair of boots which served him for a pillow, and if anything more of consequence happened that day the deponent knoweth it not.

—oOo—

Education is the apprenticeship of Life.

AMONG THE MACKEREL-CATCHERS.

Freshman exercises were over, and the long summer vacation was before us. Weary of the confinement of the recitation-room, and the everlasting Greek verbs and Latin roots, together with the savory sprinkling of Algebraic formulas, the newly-fledged "Sophis" were glad to escape the tedium of college restraint in the hot weather, and to be away for a tramp to the mountains, a cruise down the bay, or the quiet retreat of a country home.

Being somewhat run down, (by hard study, of course,) I was advised to take to the sea to recruit; and not believing very strongly in homeopathic doses of anything good, I decided on a six-weeks' cruise mackerel-catching, provided, indeed, I could get a "chance."

The little propeller Geo. W. Shattuck, plies between Boston and Provincetown three times a week, in which the sail down Boston harbor has its attractions, to say nothing of the beauties (?) of those far-famed sand hills of Cape Cod. We left Commercial Wharf at 10 A. M., and following the winding channel of the harbor, passing Fort Warren, Boston Light, and Minot's Ledge, we were upon the broad Atlantic, and felt for the first time the long ground-swell with which Old Neptune demands a tribute from the daring landsman who has the effrontery to invade his dominions. We paid no heed to the old fellow, however, except to laugh in his face and feel an exhilaration in sniffing his salt breath, while some of our *compagnons de voyage* sought the realms of the stewardess below, with pale face and agonizing look, or perhaps more frequently the friendly support of the guards, then and there to settle their little account more hurriedly than agreeably. With an appetite such as the sea breeze alone can sharpen, we did ample justice to the viands with which the steward knows so well how to spread the table, and as we quietly smoked our after-dinner cigar on deck, the low sand hills of the Cape rose from the water before us.

Gradually the little specks widen and lengthen until far round to the south that long sandy arm of Massachusetts encircles us. The steeples of Provincetown churches and the cupola of the town-house are ahead of us, the hills of the Cape stretch round

to the right, blue in the hazy distance, and Plymouth and Monument fast sink in the western horizon behind. As we approach the Race Light objects grow more and more distinct. Here and there is a fisherman's hut, or the bare ribs of some old wreck rotting on the beach, while the sandy waste shows scarcely a stunted savin or low pine, barely nourishing a few whortleberry bushes and a sort of coarse, tough grass. We bear off towards the south, round the Point, and enter the harbor, a complete inclosure, protected from the sea by a wall of white, glistening sand, within which a thousand vessels can lie in safety against the fiercest northeaster, the largest and safest harbor in the world. A fleet of several hundred mackerelmen lying quietly at anchor here is a sight of not unfrequent occurrence in the autumn months.

On the north side, directly before us, lies Provincetown, built on a narrow belt between the sand-hills and the shore, and extending more than a mile from east to west, or in the vernacular "up along" and "down along." It is a very pretty place, of five thousand inhabitants — the jolliest and most social the traveller can find anywhere on the coast — and has become quite wealthy from its whaling and fishing interests.

As we jump on the dock, which extends fifteen hundred feet out into the harbor — the shores are so shelving that the steamer can approach no nearer at low water — our first thought is to secure a room at the Pilgrim House, and then look for a "chance" on board the numerous schooners lying high and dry, waiting for flood tide to float them off, at the various wharves about town. Our search is fruitless, and we retire disheartened.

Next morning, however, fortune was more favorable. The "Jos. Lindsay," familiarly known as the "Rocking Horse," came in from the "Bay," with her first trip of 340 barrels, and before she sailed again I was numbered among her crew. My first care, so the skipper told me, would be to get my outfit. He took me up to the "store," as I was something of a green-horn, and kindly assisted me in selecting a suit of oil-clothes, a heavy "sou' wester" well lined with flannel and padded to keep the ears warm, for rainy weather; thick flannels and socks for the cold northerns of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, mittens for

dressing fish ; a knife, hooks, lines, &c., and last, but not least, a pair of fish-boots, which looked much as if they had been made upon the "small end of an ox-yoke."

Well, I packed my kit and went aboard. Once on deck, I began to look about me. She was a good staunch schooner of sixty tons, well fitted out, stowed and provisioned for a six weeks' cruise. My "bunk" was in the fore-hold, on top of the molasses barrel, a clothes-bag for a pillow, a couple of quilts for a bed, while my feet hung over into the fore-castle. Everything around seemed strange; the crew (sixteen besides myself) all perfect strangers, and I destined to share their fortunes for the next six weeks. But "when in Rome one must do as the Romans do," so I took hold with the rest to get the vessel under way; and at six o'clock on Tuesday, the 25th of July, we were beating out of the harbor bound for the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In two hours we had rounded the Point and the Race, and were running under reefed foresail east by south for the shore of Nova Scotia, with the Highland Light astern growing dim in the distance. My "oil-ers" came into requisition early, for a heavy thunder shower overtook us just at dark, and when at ten o'clock I was called to stand my first watch on deck, the rain was descending in torrents. From ten to twelve I stood on the lookout peering into the darkness, or chatted with the skipper at the wheel. At twelve I "turned in" once more, and until morning was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" as soothingly as I had been years before in the little cradle at home.

In the morning we set all sail with a fair wind, and the next afternoon made the land under our lee bow. For three days we hung along the coast detained by head tides, calms and fog. The boys were all busy, however, running "jigs," and preparing for the campaign which was to open as soon as we reached "the Bay." The jig is a small hook with a piece of lead run upon it in a mould and then smoothed off in any shape to suit the taste of the owner. Some are heavy, some light, and others medium, to suit the condition of the weather and the water. The lines were rigged and coiled up under the starboard rail, each man's in his berth, splitting knives were sharpened and put in place, bait knives ground, and everything made ready.

Sunday morning we turned out in a thick fog, at the cry of

"breakers ahead." We were not long in turning our heels towards them, and spying an Englishman just ahead of us, sounding, we concluded to keep in his wake and let him pilot us out of our difficulty. Under his guidance we were soon in the smooth waters of Chadabucto bay, and at four in the afternoon came to anchor at Port Mulgrave, Great Gut of Canso, a dirty place of fifty houses, a dozen or twenty stores, a Catholic church, and innumerable geese and hogs. The next morning at three o'clock we weighed anchor, but owing to the light breeze we did not reach the fish-ground in George's Bay until four in the afternoon. My strongly awakened curiosity as to how it would seem to catch a live mackerel, was soon to be gratified. "Haul down the jibs!" from the skipper. "Ease off the fore-sheet!" "Come up with the boom-tackle!" "Stand by, one, to heave bait!" "Ease off the main-sheet and haul taut!" and the schooner was lying to, drifting with the starboard side to windward, the skipper at the bait-box with his lines over, waiting patiently for the first bite. While he is waiting let us look at the preparations that are making. First, the bait has been ground. It consists of salt porgies, found so abundantly in the Narragansett during the summer months. These are ground up in the "family hand-organ," which stands by the port main-rigging, and at which every man takes his turn grinding a barrel of porgies. When ground fine enough, the bait is put in the box at the starboard main-chains, and small quantities are kept floating in the water to retain the school of mackerel alongside. Meantime the main-hatchway has been opened and each man has an empty barrel, called a "strike barrel," standing directly behind his berth, into which he *strikes* the fish as fast as he catches them. The hooks are baited with small pieces cut from the throat of the mackerel, and ready for instant use. "Here they come! Fish, ho!" cries the skipper, and in an instant seventeen men are at the rail, each with two lines overboard. You feel a twitch on one of them. Haul in, hand over hand, steadily but quickly; lift him well from the water; don't let him strike the side of the vessel; now over into your strike barrel with a little jerk; he parts from the hook, and lies floundering in the bottom, while flip goes your jig again into the water. By this time there is one on the other line. "Haul in

quick," cries my neighbor, "and don't get your line tangled. There, I knew you would! Oh, confound it!" and fifteen minutes must be spent to get my lines clear, while the others are striking them briskly enough. But the skipper told me I had done well when I showed him *twenty-four* of the shining beauties in the bottom of my barrel as the result of my first attempt, while he struck one full barrel and part of another. They always go in schools, and sometimes will bite as fast as you can pull—and two lines keep you busy enough—and sometimes very slowly; sometimes all day long, and at others they will stop all at once, and though you can see them darting around your jig in the water, not a single one can you coax to nibble. When they bite slowly, about four or five fathoms of line are used, but as soon as they begin to come a little quicker, the lines are always shortened, even up to two fathoms, to save time and the danger of tangling. Oh, such sport as it is to take them then, when you can fill your barrel in ten minutes!

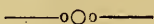
But the catching is the prettiest part of it, for after that comes the dressing. With a barrel-head and a splitting-knife, your expert, taking the fish in his left hand, tail towards him and back to the right, setting the knife firmly in at the nose, draws it quickly along the backbone to the tail. This operation he will perform as fast as one can hand the fish to him from the strike-barrel. He throws them into a "gip tub" — a box or half-barrel — to be "gipped," a process performed as follows: — take the fish in the left hand, head towards you, with mittens on your hands to prevent them from chafing, then by inserting the thumb of the right hand successively under the gill in each side of the head the inside of the fish is quickly removed, and he is plunged into a barrel of water. From this barrel he comes forth to go through a very peculiar process, by which a poor, lean mackerel is transformed into a good fat one. A fat fish when spread open will "crack" along the belly just at the ends of the rib bones. Now any blunt-edged instrument will make just such a "crack," and your "leather-belly" is *fattened* immediately. Then once more he goes into a barrel of water, and thence to a clean barrel to be salted. When a sufficient quantity have been taken they are headed up and stowed in the hold, to be re-packed at the wharves at home, weighed, inspected and marked, when they are ready for the market.

Our fish were all dressed at eight o'clock, and we willingly turned in for the night as soon as the watch was set. While on the fishing-ground we were called to breakfast by the steward every morning at four o'clock; hot biscuit and coffee and a fresh cod taken the night before, or perhaps some of those fine fresh mackerel. And such mackerel! Talk about your fresh fish ashore! Oh, ye epicures, if you could only know what a *fresh* mackerel is!

We had dinner at ten, and supper at four, and in the meantime were either cruising round trying for "schools," or, if the weather was bad, lying at anchor for it to clear up, or, perhaps, following the fleet to some other portion of the fishing-grounds. It was a pretty sight to see two or three hundred sail getting under way in the morning twilight, each one trying to get off before his neighbor, heaving at the windlass as noiselessly as possible, that he might not disturb some sleepy skipper who chanced to be at anchor along-side him; then, just as the sun tinted the clouds in the eastern horizon with his beautiful yellow and red and crimson, in ever-changing hue, to see the long line gradually lengthen out as one by one the graceful craft spread their white wings to the light morning breeze. All day we fished, or cruised, or lay about the deck smoking in indolence, till the sun gilded the western sky as he sank behind the distant hills, or dipped his bright disc beneath the waters, bathing old ocean with his floods of glorious light. Then we sought again the quiet harbor to chat awhile on deck, or board some friend in the fleet.

But space fails me to describe the cruise around Prince Edward's Island, the generous hospitality of its Scotch farmers, the oddities and contrasts which Georgetown presents when compared with a New England village, the dance up at Yankee Cove, our trip up into the Gulf, and the Dead Man's Isle, the pleasant hours passed in listening to the yarns of whaling voyages or West India cruises, which I repaid by recounting the various incidents of college life and its peculiarities, the lazy quiet smoke in our bunks while the vessel rolled soothingly at anchor, our tramps on shore, the tricks we played upon each other, and how we were tossed about at night when the sea was angry and put the "Old Joe" right upon her "rockers," our trip home along

the coast of Maine, and how good those low sand hills of Cape Cod looked when we saw them again, two days after Commencement at Brown had passed,—of all this I can say nothing more. I can only add that I was welcomed back to college, tanned to the color of a mulatto, and with fifteen pounds of flesh additional in seven weeks and a half from home, and if any one wants to enjoy a summer, let him take a trip mackereling along with Capt. B., in the “Old Rocking Horse.”



THOR, THE HERO-GOD OF SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

Of all the heroes and gods of the Scandinavian mythology, Thor, the Thunder-God, is the noblest and the strongest personification of the vigorous, robust character of the ancient Norsemen. Girt with his wondrous belt of strength, armed with his iron gauntlets, he smote with his terrible hammer,—that never missed its aim, and ever returned to his hand,—the giants that unceasingly waged war against gods and men. Thor, as the powerful God of thunder, seems to represent the irresistible, inscrutable force of Nature. His dreaded hammer is the thunder-bolt that, descending upon the gigantic mountain tops, parts asunder the dark frost-clouds, and drives away the chilly mists that hide the genial sun. His power, too, is seen when the icebergs, those towering frost-giants of the North, melt beneath the fervent heat of summer, just as it is when their crystal cliffs are shivered by his lightning-hammer, when their whole transparent structure, from lowest base to loftiest summit, trembles at the sound of his thunder-voice. Wherever the active forces of Nature contend with the silent frosts that bind the Arctic regions with eternal chains of ice, there Thor fights, hammer in hand, against the demon Loki and his dark bands of giants.

The heroic attributes ascribed to Thor by his ancient Northmen worshippers, give us an insight into their own physical and intellectual traits of character, and we may truly believe that the Scandinavian Thunderer is but the image of the valourous Norsemen of old, exalted and magnified to superhuman, god-like proportions. Possessed, like him, of a powerful and commanding frame, and of a stern soul, that, like his, knew no fear, the

hardy Norseman fought with the savage animals that disputed with him the possession of those dreary wastes, and battled with the keen, icy blasts of the long northern winter. The Norse mind, of that vigorous Gothic cast which manifests itself alike in the bold strength of its intellect, and in the quaint grandeur of its imagination, mirrors itself in the conception of the god Thor, its greatest and most characteristic production. It was, indeed, a sort of intellectual Thor, that hurled so long ago, with prophetic foresight, its strong thought far into the future history of the Gothic race. It has persisted with true northern vigor, for many centuries, among many races, and even at this day its influence is visible in the pages of our learning and science. When the astronomer gazes off from this little globe, and strives to measure the immense void that lies between us and the remote planets, he is like Thor drinking from the magic horn of Skrymir, and causing the bottomless sea to ebb. When the chemist lifts the corner of the vail that hides the secrets of nature from our eyes, he reminds us of Thor striving to drag from its dark depths the great Midgard monster, and raising it a little way from its ocean bed. When the philologist traces back his language to tongues spoken thousands of years ago, he is like Thor wrestling with some success with the old woman Age, before whom none can stand, who alone endures, while all things else pass away. Wherever knowledge contends with ignorance, wisdom with folly, or light with darkness, there our fancy can discern the bright form of Thor, the Thunderer, as he stands amid the rugged rocks of Scandinavia, shattering with his hammer the huge glaciers and gigantic icebergs of the North, and with his voice dispelling the storm-clouds and frost-fogs that whirl with their wintry darkness around his lofty head.



THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY IN COLLEGE.

A college gives the highest kind of preparatory instruction. For professional culture we must look to other schools. An education to serve as the foundation of any superstructure whatever must necessarily be solid and extensive. No single faculty

of the mind must be developed at the expense of any other, but the whole moral and intellectual being must be trained into a well rounded and systematical form. To accomplish this, the academic course must have completeness; and especially should it include those studies which cultivate the powers of observation, generalization, and combination, since these attributes more than the mere reasoning faculty contribute to success in every department of mental effort. The study of nature gives just this kind of culture. For the world in which we live is not an assemblage of conflicting and jarring interests, but a combination of harmonious and mutually dependent relations; and he who would study these relations as they are expressed in material forms, is not driven to the task of examining and arranging the disorderly accumulations of some old store house, but is placed in a gigantic museum where the representatives of all kingdoms, divisions, and classes have been arranged by Divine Wisdom, and where he has not to decide where this or that specimen belongs, so much as to see the characters that connect it with other specimens; the traits that unite these with others, the more abstract affinities that link one great group to another, and so on till he comprehends the harmony that binds the countless individuals into a single unit. The attempt to grasp such vast conceptions cultivates habits of accurate observation and of broad and comprehensive thought. But it is impossible to recognize the order and grandeur of this systematic arrangement, and fail to discern the evidences of the existence and character of a Supreme Being who planned and devised it. Says an eminent philosopher of our day, "It is only as it contemplates, at the same time, matter and mind, that Natural History rises to its true character and dignity, and leads to its worthiest end, by indicating to us, in Creation, the execution of a plan fully matured in the beginning, and undeviatingly pursued; the work of a God infinitely wise, regulating Nature according to immutable laws, which He has himself imposed on her."

We soon begin to imitate what we admire; and he who has gained an intimate knowledge of Nature's laws must show their influence in his life and character. How many eminent men could be mentioned who have thus practically confirmed Cicero's theory that men were created, "*ut essent qui cœlestium ordinem*

contemplantes imitarentur eum vitæ modo atque constantia;” and whose conduct seems ever to have been regulated by the motto which Linnæus inscribed over the door of his room,

“Innocue vivito — Numen adest.”

But Natural History is of value for the knowledge it imparts, as well as for the discipline it insures. He who has learned to read the book “written,” as Lord Bacon so aptly puts it, “in the only language that hath gone forth to the ends of the world unaffected by the confusion of Babel,” has gained a treasure of useful information that will increase with advancing years, and a sympathy with nature that lends a charm to every ramble, and makes the silent woods and barren rocks eloquent with voices that address the nobler attributes of his being.

It is a source of regret that so few American colleges give this instruction, and that among the educated minds of our day there is such a criminal indifference to the truths and beauties of nature. Would not this moral apathy in great part be prevented if Natural History was elevated to its true position in our system of education?

“For many years,” says Thomas Carlyle, “it has been one of my constant regrets, that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far at least as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged and wingless neighbors that are continually meeting me, with a salutation which I cannot answer, as things are! Why didn’t somebody teach me the constellations, too, and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don’t half know to this day? I love to prophesy that there will come a time, when not in Edinburgh only, but in all Scottish and European towns and villages, the schoolmaster will be strictly required to possess these two capabilities (neither Greek nor Latin more strict!) and that no ingenuous little denizen of this universe be thenceforward debarred from his right of liberty in these two departments, and doomed to look on them as if across grated fences all his life!”

The most apt illustrations, the fittest figures, the best metaphors that ever graced the diction of the pulpit, the bar, or the halls of legislation were drawn from the realm of nature. If

the college course shapes the thought and gives character to all after culture, surely it should not neglect a study so essential to the orator, author and teacher. It is a noticeable fact that those studies which store the mind with gems of truth are the ones that do most to awaken independent thought and lead to habits of correct investigation. The principles of Political Economy and the teachings of History, for example, awaken a deep interest in present issues, and the student's mind is almost unconsciously led into the investigation of the financial and political problems which agitate the times. The influence of such practical studies will extend throughout his whole life; and long after he has forgotten the majesty of Homer, and the wit of Horace, when the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the earnest words of Cicero have ceased to charm his ear, when the busy cares of life have driven from his mind the philosophy of the Greeks, and perchance only a stray fragment of Tacitus lingers in his memory; when all these and many more have passed from his mind, he finds himself returning again and again to the first principles of these practical studies. Every day brings fresh testimonials of their value; and among them all there is not one more charming as a study, more valuable as a means of culture, or more lasting in its influence, than Natural History. It will be a constant reminder of his college life; and with every recurring season will come pleasant associations of bygone days. In view, then, of its merits as a means of discipline, as well as its intrinsic worth, does not Natural History deserve a high place in the college curriculum?



Collegiana.

BROWN.

CLASS DAY. — Class day at Brown was inaugurated in the early part of Dr. Sears' administration by the class of '56. It was desired by the students in order that thereby their literary advantages might be increased, and opportunity given to collect their friends and present them some evidences of their mental training and culture. The plan was seconded by the faculty, and every encouragement offered to make it in its literary character a "high day,"

one upon which the bright side of the class should be presented — one upon which the college muses (not the college “nine” however,) her youthful Ciceros and Pythian goddesses in disguise should hold carnival — a day freed from the tedium and mediocrity of Commencement, and replete with the choicest and most finished efforts the students could present.

Richard Olney was the first Orator, and Francis W. White the first Poet. In '58, S. T. Harris, of Cincinnati, Ohio, delivered the oration, and John M. Hay, afterwards private secretary of President Lincoln, the poem. These are the earliest printed exercises to be found in the University library. Both were regarded as of the highest and most satisfactory character. The literary reputation of the speakers was, as far as such exercises could do it, established in a most flattering manner. So highly was the poem esteemed, that Major Hay, during the war, was invited by the college to deliver a poem at Commencement dinner — an invitation accepted, though the Major could not be present to read the poem he had prepared. Succeeding classes have presented similar programmes, with varying success — each class striving to add something new and more attractive than the preceding.

The unusually active reporters of the city papers have already presented the public with such complete and satisfactory accounts of Class Day of '68, that little remains to be said. The Com. of Arr. seem to have left very little room to future classes for improvement in programmes and invitations; the former might properly be styled unique. With a thoughtful appreciation of the wants of the inner man, and a full response to the promptings of his generosity, E. W. Mason provided all his classmates with a splendid breakfast at his residence. It was served by Humphrey in his most approved style, and was, to use one of the terms applied by a member of the “Fat Ups,” (a reliable judge of course) “the hottest old spread you ever saw.” The American Brass Band came to assist as usual in the exercises of the day, but from criticisms we have heard, they did not display such interest or excellence as they have usually shown, or such as is available from other cities with little or no additional expense. The entrance to Manning Hall was lined on either side with interested lookers on, as country meeting-house doors are wont to be lined on Sabbath day. Perhaps custom has made the breach of good manners here perfectly excusable, yet the aforesaid in many cases betrayed, we think our visitors might say, rather more curiosity than good breeding. The ladies, however, ran the gauntlet in the most unflinching manner, and came in large numbers to do us honor by their presence and approval. Chief Marshal G. M. Smith brought up the procession from R. I. Hall in elegant military style.

The introductory remarks of the President of the Class, John M. Daggett, were delivered in a very happy manner. Greetings, allusions, acknowledgements, statistics, regrets, and purposes were tersely and fittingly presented. The orator, Benjamin Cook, Jr., upon introduction, spoke upon “The False Glory of War.” His delivery was very graceful, his enunciation distinct, and while there was no brilliancy of thought or fervidness of utterance to electrify or arouse the audience, the oration was well received and listened to with much interest. The subject was brought out a little late, and then rather obscurely. Perhaps there was a lack of clearness in the statement of the several propositions adduced as proofs of the subject, and chance for a critical remark also upon the thrice repeated reference to that very indefinite personage, “the

poet," a selection from one of whom was not very elegant. "College Partings" was the subject of the poem delivered by William E. Lincoln. A pleasing production was expected by the audience, and they were not disappointed. The plan was very simple, the pictures of home and college life vividly drawn, the illustrations very choice, the allusions happy, and the versification musical and pleasing. No great depth of thought was reached or attempted. The delivery was well suited to the sentiment and gentle flow of the verse, and gained attentive listeners.

President Caswell inaugurated his college receptions in the "Presidential mansion" with good omens of kindness, cordiality, and substantial collations. The Promenade Concert in R. I. Hall was upon the old plan with the exception of dancing, which, hitherto forbidden, was now introduced quite unexpectedly by certain ones weary of the "old ways our fathers trod," and possibly desirous of displaying the skill acquired by last winter's drill. Whether the innovation will be tolerated is perhaps problematical.

Class tree exercises were excellent, and strikingly in contrast with the halting, fizzling style of last year. George R. Chase, in a neat speech, written and delivered in a pleasing and forcible manner, began the series of addresses. He was followed by Sabin T. Goodell, elected to fill the place of Mr. Stoddard, absent on account of illness. His remarks too, were well chosen, and well presented. James Scammon's address to the undergraduates was, we are sure, much above the usual standard of such speeches. He made some capital "hits" and "rubs," and gave a conclusion eloquent both in noble thought and forcible delivery. The remarks of President Caswell and Prof. Chase were characteristic, full of thought, kindness and interest. The elm was then treated to its shovel full of dirt by each man; then the class hymn, a very neat one in latin, composed and set to music by the poet of the class sung, and the company retired to the campus to listen to the usual free concert back of the library, where a few presented their favorite songs.

The campus was crowded, more than should hereafter be allowed, during the evening, by lovers of music and other accomplishments. In the "checked shade," the circling groups made their way along the walks and over the lawns, to the sound of pleasant music, till past nine, when class '68 called for its escort, and thus dispersed the throng. The procession was formed very quietly, compared with previous years, and in true style delivered its charge to the tender mercies of Mr. Griswold of the Manton House. Here, with "soups" and "raws" and "rares," and "fried in crumbs," and "jams and "jellies," and "wines," and "toasts," and "jokes," &c., the class passed the night. The history was given by L. O. Rockwood, the prophesy by G. W. Edwards, the ode by C. H. Smart, each very satisfactory. Much additional interest would be given if the history and prophesy of future classes could be presented to the public. What are the objections? They used to be given here, and are still given in other colleges. The next morning was made hideous, as expected, by a most untimely game of base ball on the campus, to the great disgust of all unsympathizing sleepers. The class was fresh and blooming at prayers, and more fully represented than before during the course, only two absent. To trace their history further would be immodest, and here we leave them, congratulating '68 upon its pleasant class day.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.—The object of this society, as its name indicates, is to present means for a more extended knowledge of the Missionary work and to awaken a more lively interest in its prosperity. During the past year, we are happy to say, the Society has made decided progress in this direction. Nearly all of the Baptist Missions have in turn been taken up by some one appointed by the President, and essays presented, or verbal reports given, stating their origin and progress; a work which has been both entertaining and profitable. In addition to this, they have raised among themselves fifty dollars for the Foreign Missionary Union. May not the question present itself to every student, whether it is not a duty which he owes to himself and Christianity, to improve these opportunities for gaining a more extended knowledge of Missions, and for enlisting more thoroughly his sympathies in the cause for life?

The annual sermon will be delivered by Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D., President of Crozer Theological Seminary, on Tuesday evening of Commencement week. We hope that this will be remembered by the students, especially by those who are members of the society, so that there may be a large representation from the College.

The officers elected for the following year are

A. M. CRANE,	<i>President.</i>
I. R. WHEELOCK,	<i>Vice President.</i>
T. G. FIELD,	<i>Corresponding Secretary.</i>
W. H. FISH,	<i>Recording Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
D. P. MORGAN,	} <i>Executive Committee.</i>
F. B. ANDREWS,	
W. F. MUSTIN,	

BASE BALL.—Since our last number increased interest in Base Ball has been manifested. This interest has been confined mainly to the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The annual match game between the Nines of these classes was played June 10th. The game was called at the close of the seventh innings with the following result: Sophomores, 36; Freshmen, 10. The reputation of the Sophomore Nine does not seem to be confined to the vicinity of the University, for its challenges to the Sophomore Nines of Amherst and Harvard, and to other outside clubs, have not been accepted. The Nine have been enabled, however, to cope with adversaries worthy of their best skill, and to evince most gratifying results of the thoroughness of their indoor practice during the winter, and constant playing during the spring. A match had been arranged between the Lowell Club, of Boston, and the University Nine. But as the organization of the University Nine was not satisfactorily perfected at the time appointed for the match, it was decided that the Sophomore Nine should play with the Lowells. The game was played June 17th, on Dexter Training Ground, and was witnessed by a very large assemblage. The Lowells, flushed with the uniform success which had attended them thus far during the tour which they had been making, entered the contest with the greatest confidence, but being met by good play at all points, they concentrated all their energies to the work before them. "Brown" led from the start, and, after a closely contested game were successful. In view of the importance of this game, we think that we are justified in appending the score:

BROWN.				LOWELL.				O.	R.
				O.	R.				
Munro, c.	.	.	.	3	3	Lovett, p.	.	4	2
Taylor, 3.	.	.	.	4	2	Joslin, 3.	.	3	3
Matteson, 1.	.	.	.	1	5	Rogers, m.	.	4	2
Bowker, 2.	.	.	.	0	6	Sumner, 2.	.	2	3
Fales, 1.	.	.	.	1	4	Jewell, 1.	.	3	2
Grant, s.	.	.	.	6	0	Alline, r.	.	4	1
Hitchcock, r.	.	.	.	3	1	Bradbury, c.	.	2	2
Herreshoff, p.	.	.	.	5	0	Newton, l.	.	2	2
Colwell, m.	.	.	.	4	1	Wilder, s.	.	3	2
				27	22			27	19
	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.
Lowell,	0	0	4	3	1	0	4	3	4—19
Brown,	4	5	0	2	1	4	0	2	4—22

The umpire was Mr. John A. Lowell, of the Lowell Club, and the scorers were Mr. George R. Appleton, for the Lowell, Mr. Daniel Beckwith, for Brown.

Since writing the above we noticed the following in the *Evening Press*:

A letter received by the "University Nine" from the Lowell club, states that the Lowells feel very much provoked at the article which appeared in the *Boston Post*, stating that they were "crippled" after their tour. They come forward nobly and say that the game was fairly won by the Brown boys, and speak in high terms of the kindness extended to them during their stay in Providence. It is rarely that a defeat is taken so honorably, and the Brown boys must congratulate themselves on the opportunity afforded them of measuring their strength in a friendly game, with such courteous and gentlemanly opponents.

BISHOP SEABURY ASSOCIATION. — On the evening before Ascension Day, May 20th, the annual election of the Bishop Seabury Association, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

GEORGE E. CRANSTON, *President*.

WILFRED H. MUNRO, *Vice President*.

WILLIAM BLODGET, *Secretary*.

E. F. CHILD, *Treasurer*.

On the following Sunday, the annual sermon before the Association was preached in St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, S. T. D., Rector of Christ Church, New York city.

In the absence of an anticipated article upon the new collection of college songs, we insert the following from the *Amherst Student*:

Just published, *Carmina Collegensia*, a collection of the songs of the American Colleges, with piano accompaniments. To which is added a compendium of college history—compiled and edited by R. H. Wait, (Ham. Coll.) This book seems to be very satisfactory. It gives the best songs from twenty-one colleges, and is by far the fullest compendium of college music that was ever published. It is printed in the best style, and is not expensive, for a book of its character. The best style gilt-edged and on fine paper, costs \$3; another style, on paper not so good, costs \$2.25.

HAMMER AND TONGS.—An enjoyable entertainment was given on the evening of the 17th, by the Hammer and Tongs Society, at their hall. The exercises were dramatic and musical. We take pleasure in recording the success of this society. Just before the close of the entertainment, the President of the society introduced Mr. E. K. Glezen, of the class of '66, who, in behalf of the young ladies present at the ball game of the afternoon, presented to the Sophomore Nine, a beautiful floral shield, as a memorial of their victory over the Lowells. He spoke as follows :

Mr. Captain, and Gentlemen of the University Base Ball Club :

I have, to-night, a most pleasant duty to perform. The task of rewarding a victor is always a delightful one, especially when the victory gained is the result of tough, indomitable "pluck" over an opponent flushed with the spoils of many a hard contested field. As one of the Alumni of this college, I might, in their behalf, thank you for adding lustre to the name of Brown University; but a pleasanter task, even, than that, is before me. In behalf of the ladies, whose presence lightened up the ball ground this afternoon, and whose encouraging smiles doubtless fired all your hearts—those ladies who exulted in your good "play," and deplored your misfortunes—who regarded you, gentlemen, as their champions, and thought that a victory for Brown was a victory for them,—I say in behalf of these fair ones, I present to you this shield, on which, in Nature's, sweetest printing, is the date of the greatest victory Brown has had; and I also desire to express to you their congratulations on the happy result. On this shield, formed of flowers, are the letters B. U. June 17th, 1868, a day memorable in the annals of this college, and to be forever marked with a white stone. Receive, then, members of the ball club, this token of remembrance, and may the good wishes of the fair donors which lie concealed in each flower, preserve it from ever spoiling by defeat.

Mr. Munro, as Captain of the Nine, made a brief and fitting reply; and the Nine, by a rousing Brunonian cheer, returned their thanks to the fair donors for the beautiful testimonial of their sympathy.

AGRICULTURAL AND SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.—The Rhode Island Assembly having received "in accordance with an act of Congress giving public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide Colleges for the benefit of agricultural and the mechanic arts," the sum of \$5,000, has established five scholarships in this University, and nominated men, citizens of this State, to receive them. After Aug. 20, 1868, they will be able to establish five more. Each scholarship will be worth \$60.

The Plato Class, by invitation, visited their instructor, Prof. Albert Harkness, at his residence on Cook street, Saturday evening, June 20. They were entertained in the most cordial and hospitable manner. Strawberries and ice cream were served in abundance. Additional interest was given by the presence of our late President, Dr. Sears, who arrived in the city that evening, and was the guest of the Professor. The occasion could not be otherwise than most pleasant.

BROWN NAVY.—We are glad to record an increased interest in aquatics. The University Boat Club has recently been reorganized, the boat house is now undergoing thorough repair, and negotiations have been entered upon for the purchase of a new "shell." We are confident that under the auspices of the new regime, two crews at least will be under training during the fall season, and the waters of the Narragansett brightened by the streamers of the Brown Navy.

"Why cannot ladies walk into the College' yard, without being yelled at from the windows, by the intelligent and gentlemanly sons of Harvard?"

We clip the above from the *Harvard Advocate*, from which we infer that the morals of our University compare very favorably with those of our sister. We have no knowledge of any such complaint ever having been made about the students of Brown.

THE PEABODY EDUCATIONAL FUND.—Last week Dr. Sears reported to the trustees that he has, in his visit to the Southern States, been received in a most cordial manner, and hearty coöperation in his work has been evinced; the extreme poverty of the South is painfully evident, and little assistance can be rendered by the people in the object for which Mr. Peabody donated the fund.

It is said that not a student at Cambridge would attend the exercises recently held there to confer upon our greatest poet, Henry W. Longfellow, the degree of LL. D. Are our English brethren thus bigoted?

The old First Baptist meeting house is receiving new paint from foundation to spire. A like renovation is going on within. It will be completed before Commencement. The cost will be, we understand, over \$5,000.

EXCHANGES.—We have received the following exchanges: *Yale Literary Magazine*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Williams College Vidette*, *Michigan University Magazine*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Amherst Student*, *The College Argus*, *The Trinity Tablet*, *College Days*, *College Courant*, *The Collegian*, *The Griswold Collegian*, *Union College Magazine*, *The Dartmouth*, *The College Courier*. *College Days*, is the apt title of the monthly issued by the students at Ripton College, Wis. The contents are in every respect creditable. *The Vassar Transcript*, a neat paper of eight pages, has been received. We think its literary merits reflect great credit on our fair sisters. *The Griswold Collegian* comes to us this week for the first time. It is a model of neatness in its typography, and gives us a very good idea of the literary merits of the College. *The Trinity Tablet*, *Collegian*, *College Argus*, are papers of interest, and we predict for them a successful career.

HARVARD. The Oxford Boat Club have at last accepted the challenge of Harvard to a race. They were evidently reluctant to meet the Americans, but all the points they raised have been yielded to them, and they can honorably evade it no longer. — The Harvard Nine propose a summer trip to play the prominent Nines of the country. They intend bringing out some of their college theatricals to lessen their personal expenses in the expedition.

YALE. The Gymnasium seems to be unusually well patronized at all hours of the day. The crews for the summer races are all hard at work, and the cultivation of "muscle" is "above par." — The celebrated collection of paintings, known as the Jarves collection, is at length thrown open to the public, the long expected catalogue being at length published. The Gallery is open, free, from 9—1 and from 3—5. All should make it a point to see these valuable relics of old masters. — The '69 Base Ball Club have refused the challenge sent by the '69 Base Ball Club at Harvard, to play at Worcester next July. Also the Class of '70 have declined the challenge of the Harvard '70, to row a race at the time of the University regatta. — President Woolsey lately received a mark of appreciation in the form of a supper given him by the Yale men of Cincinnati, which passed off very pleasantly with about forty present. — The Peabody Museum at Yale has received a valuable collection of fossils from Squankum, N. J. It is the gift of a gentleman in New York. — The splendid trees of the "Forest City" are out in full glory, and so are the worms!

WILLIAMS. The students of Williams College, Mass., celebrated the gift of \$75,000 by the State Legislature to that institution, with a procession, speeches and songs, last Monday night. — The students of Williams are "in times of peace preparing for war" by taking lessons in broadsword drill. Major Beatty is the teacher and the class numbers twenty or more.

UNION. We regret that it becomes our duty to chronicle the resignation of Dr. Hickok from the office of President of Union College. After a connection of sixteen years with the institution, over two years of which he has ably and well performed the duties of the office made vacant by the death of Dr. Nott, he has tendered his resignation to the Board of Trustees. — *Union College Magazine*.

The Brunonian.

VOL. II.

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NO. 1.

EDITORS FOR '69.

DAVID DOWNIE,

HENRY T. GRANT, Jr.,

FRANK LAWTON, Jr.

EDITORS FOR '70.

I. NELSON FORD,

ORLO B. RHODES,

ALONZO WILLIAMS.

MILTON'S TRAVELS IN ITALY.

As the sunbeams falling on Memnon's statue called forth music from its stony breast, so the glowing skies and bright sunshine of Italy awaken the genius and kindle the imagination of the poet.

Milton started for the Continent in 1638, soon after his mother's death, which deprived his rural home at Horton of its greatest charm, and passed through Paris, Genoa and Pisa, to Florence.

The golden dream of his youth was now a reality. He was in the land of story and of song, in the midst of the scenes that had nourished the genius of the great poets whom he loved.

All that is lovely in nature or grand in historic association was spread before his eyes to recall the images of poetry and the tales of romance which had delighted him in his earlier days.

From the leaning tower of Pisa he could look out upon the blue waters of the Tuscan sea glistening in the sunshine, and could watch the snow-white clouds rolling above them in the same serene heaven to which Palinurus trusted too much when the dream god beguiled him.

He wandered with fond delight

"Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,"

and lingered with a dreamer's eye and a poet's fancies among

"Fiesole's green hills and vales,
Remembered for Boccacio's sake."

The old legends of Italian romance had peopled every vale and grotto with fairies and "rustic gods," whom the poets visited and to whom they were indebted for their inspiration; and though the gods no longer dwelt on earth as in the days of Numa, the fanciful and superstitious Italians loved to think that "some gentle spirit" still hovered over the haunts of genius, investing them with peculiar interest and awe.

With what rapture must Milton have roamed along the classic Arno as it winds among the vine-clad hills, where

"Florence, beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower."

"The City of Flowers" was full of interest to the young poet. She had always been celebrated as "the fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome." Her name awakened the most sacred associations and memories.

Here Dante had passed his youth and from her gates had gone forth an exile. Here Boccacio had expounded the *Divina Commedia*. Two centuries before, Lorenzo de Medici had gathered around him a band of philosophers and poets, and had made her the centre of all that was refined in literature and art. From her heights the "starry Galileo" had read the "poetry of heaven."

The cool retreats where Dante had lingered in his hours of sadness, the murmuring waters, the soft twilight, and, above all, the solemn stillness of Santa Croce, consecrated by the ashes of genius, must have had a great influence on the imagination of such a mind as Milton's.

Even then Florence was the haunt of scholars and of poets. The learning of centuries and the quiet beauty of her scenery invited them to her "bower."

Milton was at once admitted to the private academies founded

by the Medici, and won the admiration and esteem of men of the brightest genius and highest culture.

Before he left the city he visited Galileo, who was then old and blind, and suffering in prison, a victim of the Inquisition. It must have been a touching picture—Milton in the vigor of manhood, courted and honored, standing in the presence of Galileo old and blind and friendless!

“Little then
Did Galileo think whom he received;
That in his hand he held the hand of one
Who could requite him—who would spread his name
O'er land and seas—great as himself, nay, greater;”

and Milton little thought that he too would soon be blind, deserted, and “from the pleasant ways of men cut off.”

He went from Florence to Rome where there was still more to excite his love for what was grand and sublime. He remained here for two months, gratifying his love for music, feasting his eyes on rich paintings and sculptures, and gathering amid

“Ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of some splendid dream,”

a wealth of classical thoughts and images which afterwards took shape in *Paradise Lost*.

From Rome he went to Naples where he was entertained by Manso the old friend and biographer of Tasso.

From him he learned the story of the poet's life, his imprisonment, his woes, his madness.

From the gardens of Manso he could look out upon the broad Bay of Naples, and could see beyond it Vesuvius with its cloudy summit, and the misty ranges of the Apennines.

On the heights of Posilippo he could linger by the tomb of Virgil and

“Gaze on his laurelled brow with fancy's eye
And hear his harp amid the ruins sigh.”

The same glorious beauties that nourished the genius of the Mantuan bard were spread out before the eyes of the young poet, and, in addition to all these, the

“Fallen towers, crushed temples, villas 'neath the deep
And scattered tombs where bards and heroes sleep.”

It is not strange that amid all these associations he should have been filled with joy in anticipation of the time when he should “take up the harp and sing an elaborate song to generations.”

From Naples he returned to Rome where he remained two months and where he did not hesitate to express his republican sentiments which he was too honest to conceal. At Florence he again remained two months, and then crossed the Apennines to Venice.

The Queen of the Adriatic, “bathing her feet in the sea,” was the city of luxury and splendor; and it is the strongest proof of Milton's virtue that he remained here only a month while he spent four months in literary Florence.

From Venice he went through Milan and along the shores of Lake Lemman to Geneva.

He remained here a few months in the society of scholars whose lives were spent in the Master's service, and a portion of their zeal and enthusiasm was, undoubtedly, imparted to the young poet, who, in one of his early sonnets, had consecrated his life to the service of his “great Taskmaster.”

After an absence of fifteen months he returned to his own country at that age when a man's character and sentiments are generally formed for life.

A sincere christian, a stern republican, a true poet, Milton entered the battle of life with all the qualifications necessary to enable him to win success and renown for himself, and for his country.

The poetry of every age and the learning of every land was feeding the flame of his own genius.

In the words of Reed—“There was no rash precipitancy, no forwardness of a misjudging ambition; but a reserve and dignity in which the voice of his genius seemed to be whispering that his hour was not yet come.”

A FOUR SIDED ROMANCE.

The other night the Quadrilateral had a midnight orgie at my head-quarters.

You must know that we four Quads hadn't seen one another since Commencement Day, '60, when we had exchanged the Quadrilateral grip under the shadow of the Old First, and had parted in silence. Eight years had drifted by, and never a word had I heard of my fellow Quads. But here we are again! The magic bond of the Quadrilateral had defied the twin ogres Time and Space. We stood together and we said "Eight years!" How had this hiatus been filled? With stern tragedy or with light comedy? Had the years brought with them no pain, but only fulness and peace? Had our lives been deepened by bitter experience?

The roll was called at nine. We all answered Adsum—Capt. Jack, Charlie Crayon, Max, and your humble contributor. The boys had made a sudden raid upon my quarters, but I did my best to make them comfortable. When I say that old Shrewsbury was the caterer, you are assured that the *spread* was a stylish one. I brought out the old Quadrilateral *patera*, *supplex Campania* to be sure, but capacious, well scoured, rich in historic suggestiveness. I arranged the chairs in the ancient quadrangle. I had Capt. Jack distill one of those prime Jamaicas, which we used to have on Quadrilateral nights, and we all vowed that nothing had so tickled our palates since the days of yore.

The first toast was The Quadrilateral, and we jingled our glasses in the same devil-may-care way that we used. We tried to sing "Lauriger," but the last line

"Rixae pax et oscula,
Rubentis puellae,"

choked us all. Huskiness became prevalent. We manifested all the nervousness of *débutantes*, and yet we used to round off that chorus famously, when over our wassail bowls, in orgies wild as those of the Mousquetaires, we theorized on feminine psychology.

Then feeding our pipes with fragrant fuel, and taking our mixture lovingly, we fell to talking about the old time and the new. Great Babel, how we gabbled! Babbling Rumor, had she been there, would have been content to whisper

“Let Silence, like a poultice come,
To heal the blows of sound.”

But underneath all our talk lay a stratum of reserve. Of our college days and of our present manhood we spoke freely, but of the interregnum of eight years, not a word was said. There seemed to be a tacit understanding not to trespass upon this ground. The years since the bright college days might have been crowded full of bitter experience. We respected possible wounds. Even sympathy had no right to renew possible distress. How could we sing together the Reaper's Song, when possibly we had harvested only apples of Sodom? We had parted with happy memories—we should have met in merrier mood. There was a ghou! at the orgie—a *bête noir* which none of us could exorcise.

At last Capt. Jack's ringing tones smote our several tympanums. “Order! Fellow Quads! Order! Secretary please read the Constitution!”

The constitution of the Quadrilateral was not a formidable document. Charlie recited it from memory:

“At every session of the Quadrilateral, each Quad shall recount his latest exploits, and shall exhibit a photograph of his most recent sweet-heart.”

The Captain spoke:

“The Great Spirit permits us, my braves, to smoke together the pipe of peace. We have fought apart on distant hunting grounds. Let us don our paint, sound our war-whoop and follow the trail. Metaphor apart, as we are to hear the history of eight years in the heroic lives of each of the four Quads here assembled, our autobiographies can't be aired too early in the evening.”

We assented and gave the Captain the floor.

He had had no end of adventures. He had put a girdle round the earth at a gait, which if inferior to the tricky Puck's, was at least Dexter-ish. He had been all but scalped by the Sioux,

he had kissed the Moorish Caaba, he had been swindled by camel drivers, and smothered by Siberian sledgers. In '62, he was among the Boys in Blue. How the old boy's eye snapped as in his graphic way, he described the marches, the retreats, the battles, the starry bivouacs, and all that! How I envied him his heroic experience! While his had been the larger life of glorious Rome, mine had oozed and trickled away lazily amid the traffic of penny-loving and counter-jumping Carthage.

As the Captain was lingering over his army life, Max spurred him on by asking—"What did you do, Jack, when the regiment was discharged?"

The Captain, voluble enough hitherto, now stuttered badly. "I went to China," he finally drawled out, "for my health! Consumptive tendencies, you know!" (Incredulity sat enthroned on every face. A healthier looking man never had his feet under my mahogany.) "So I speculated in Hyson, took cobblers with the Tycoon, flirted with the Chinese Small-feet of the maiden gender, and so on."

Charlie Crayon next took an innings. Charlie was a born artist, you must know. His mathematical designs on Tutor Cypher's black-board always had an artistic finish, an architectural symmetry, and as for caricatures, you ought to have seen that portrait of old Prof. Syllogism, that day when the boys—*revenons à nos moutons!* Charlie had been in Europe eight years. He had been copying in the Louvre, he had sketched the Coliseum, he had seen the Sistine Madonna, he had floated up the Bosphorus, he had lived among the Tyrolese. His brain was packed full of images of the Past. With fairy visions and tender voices on every side, he had learned the higher significance of Art; he had learned to give shape to holy dreams and spiritual ideals.

"*No affaires de coeur?*" I asked.

"Merely a flesh wound."

Then it was my turn. I hadn't much to tell the fellows. My life had been terribly dull with hard, distasteful work. I had been driving a quill to keep my two orphan sisters in respectable millinery. All the romance had been ground out of me. Is book-keeping the chief end of man? It certainly was not the sunny future to which my eyes had turned in my early days.

We had now all over-hauled our logs, except Max. So we loaded our pipes to the muzzle and waited patiently for him to spin his yarn. I had noticed that he had been very quiet, occasionally asking Ganymede (Shrewsbury's small boy did the Ganymede for us,) to bring out the Four-year-old from the Sabine jar, and smoking like a spiteful steam tug, but not vouchsafing many comments on our talk. But he always was a queer fellow. No one ever knew how to take Max. At last he began :

"Now, fellows, you've all heard the Constitution. We are not only required to count the scalps taken on the trail, but also to exhibit vignettes of our squaws and papooses. *Arma et amores!* Our loves—which we in our sappy days thought must run smoothly! When you fellows have made a clean breast of it, I'll explain to you the hydrostatic phenomena of my *amores*."

The opposition organized. We all protested. "We had n't had any love affairs—Heaven, no! Were we not comfortable in Bachelordom? We were not so infatuated—he might be—but—"

"Hold!" cries Max. "Why wast thou, O Mirror of Chivalry, packed off to China? Why didst thou, Præ Raphælite, talk so tenderly of that Tyrolese peasant girl,—that capital model for a Madonna? Why didst thou, O model Thaliarchus, curse so terribly the Roman Catholic Church? Answer, all!"

We were cornered. The Captain first hoisted signals of distress. "Well, Max, I'll confess."

He handed us a photograph which we examined curiously.

Max said—"It reminds me of a painting of a Norse sorceress luring men on to death. She is beautiful, Jack, but was she not disloyal?"

No indignant protest was made. Years ago had a Quad hinted at woman's disloyalty, three lusty Bayards would have thrown down the gauntlet, and the tenderest sympathy would have been expressed for the insulted sisterhood of woman. Ah, that was in the days of our ideal knight errantry,—when everything was *couleur de rose*. What had chilled our enthusiasm? Naught but Sin—Sin that taints the purest.

"You are right!" said the Captain. "I loved Circe—yet was she fair."

There was a tenderness about the old hero's eye as he said this, but this soon deepened into a hard, revengeful look. I like not to tell his story. In our college days he was *facile princeps* at "Brown." The finer forces of his nature created a kind of personal magnetism. He was like Sidney—brave, chivalrous, poetic. After he was graduated he drifted passively with the tide. His rôle in life's drama had not been assigned. He needed an influence from without which should call him to his life's work. At length it came. It was Circe. He was no longer drift-wood on life's main. His life was now shaped by a guiding purpose. He must live for Circe, follow her, die for her, if need be. He was blind. She spake the word, and he left his father's house with his father's curse. He laid his heart at her feet and she did but trample on it. Circe was ambitious. She wished, like Aspasia, to have generals and statesmen at her feet. "Go, my Hector," said Circe, "win laurels on the battle-field. I am no whining Andromache, but a true Spartan woman." The Captain for four dreary years fought for glory. He came back at last to lay his laurels at the feet of love; but Circe had fled, leaving behind proofs that the kiss, the smile, the love, which he had thought his own were cheap things, which all the world had shared. The Captain was a strong man—but Sin weakens the strongest! His hopes and faith withered forever and his love congealed to hatred. He became Nemesis. His was

"The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

Two years he followed her like a bloodhound. He hunted her down at last, but there was the old loveliness, the old fascination. He cursed her and went his way. The habit of travelling had grown upon him. He continued his nomadic life and had only recently outgrown Ishmael.

Such was the Captain's tale. We sat in silence, brooding over the perfidy which had embittered and empoisoned the Captain's life. At last Max turned upon Charlie.

"Rise from thy rose leaves, son of Sybaris, and tell of thy love for a rosy cloud."

This banter relieved us. Perhaps the effeminate Charlie was

to introduce us to more gentle scenes, after the harsh tragedy of the Captain.

Madonna had been too much for Charlie. They had walked together in the yellow moonlight, on the banks of the Inn. "I had the rare luck" said Charlie, "to be loved by a saint, and I had the foul villainy to betray that saint." And so it was. One night in October, there was a grand ball at Innspruck. The Countess Laura was there with "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." A waltz or two on the floor—a tête à tête in the deserted music room—and all this time Madonna was standing alone. From Innspruck the Countess journeyed to Prague, and Charlie went with her, and all this time Madonna's heart was bleeding.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold,
Thought her proud, and fled o'er the sea;
Filled I was with folly and spite,
While Ellen Adair was dying for me."

Twelve months afterward, Charlie wandered through the Tyrols. The solemn stars looked down upon him with stern un pitying eyes. A sullen mist shrouded the vague mountain lines. A white stone gleamed under the great still moon. It was a place where the moonbeams loved to nestle—Madonna's grave. The door of love was closed behind him, and he was forced out into the world alone.

Then I had to admit that my commonplace life had been varied by a stray ray of romance. When Messrs. Jones and Smith assumed the millinery liabilities of my orphan sisters, I visited Montreal. At the Gray Nunnery, the sudden doom of love befell me. Among the fair penitents who knelt there solemnly, counting their beads and repeating Pater Nosters, was one fairer than them all, pure as the rich mists of sunset that drifted through the oriel windows. Here was fulfilled the type of my youth. I became a lover at once. All the aspirations of my youth were crowded into sudden intensity. In three weeks we were in Cuba—my wife and I. But what had I done? I had dared to trans-plant a flower consecrated to God, and to graft it in its purity into my heart. The contact with the world of Sin, shocked my little nun. One day a priest called her an

impure vestal. That broke her heart. "Mea culpa," she cried, and left me forever. Her life became an expiating prayer in a convent, and there she is now, counting her beads and repeating her prayers, as in the olden time."

We now turned savagely upon Max. Was he satisfied with the contents of the three skeleton-closets which he had caused us to ventilate?

"Well, fellows," said he, "when our Quadrilateral adjourned *sine die* on the college green, in '60, I set my face Southward. I went to Mobile. Whom do you think I met there?"

"Mandeville '59!" said Jack.

Max shook his head. Mandeville was a prime fellow. If the Quadrilateral could ever have been developed into a Pentagon, he would have constituted the additional side; and that was no small thing, so high was our *esprit de corps*.

"Flora Dunbar!" said Charlie.

"Hogarth has n't forgotten his Newport sweet-heart. It was n't Flora!"

"Pious Tommy," said I, making a shrewder guess and giving the *soubriquet* of one of Brown's valedictorians. Pious Tommy's only debauches were over Thucydides and Tacitus. In his Seventh Heaven all hope was crowned by a gigantic figure 20.

"Pious Tommy was the man," continued Max, "and he married the woman whom I loved. You must know that after a series of desperate flirtations with Miss X., I resolved to bring sentiment to a focus. But you all know my diffidence. Ask a woman to marry me,—me, the aforesaid? I could n't do it. I determined to woo by proxy. Pious Tommy knew her intimately; so I asked him to be my deputy, and urged him to break the thing very delicately. Tommy was never overburdened with tact, but on this occasion he betrayed his utter incapacity for diplomacy. 'Miss X.,' said he, 'there is one who loves you truly. Will you,—can you give him a part of your heart?' Miss X., gentlemen, never did anything by halves and she did n't then. She threw her arms around Tommy's neck and told him he (antecedent Thomas aforesaid) was welcome to her whole heart. Tommy felt the necessity of a change of base. He came to me and told me all, adding, 'Barkis is willin'!' I gave him *carte blanche*."

"Yes!" said Charlie, "but old Gov. X. would demand ducats for his daughter. I remember the old fellow! *Auri sacra fames* was written on his face."

"Tommy was a teller at the Planter's Bank. I boosted him by my capital so that he was made cashier, and I gave him my house as a wedding gift, when I entered the Southern army."

We all stared. I am afraid that we would have sharpened stilletos or mixed poisons.

"Were you drafted?" I asked.

"No! but Tommy was, and he could n't buy a substitute. As the day drew near when he was to leave his wife, I saw that the poor girl was drooping in mind and body. So I took Tommy's place in the army and Tommy's bird brightened up."

"Why, man!" spoke the Captain, "if he had entered the army he would probably never have returned, and you might have—"

"Hush, Captain! If he had died it would have killed her. What was I to stand in his shoes? As I loved her, I must keep the man she loved by her side."

This was a more exalted love than we had ever dreamed of. It seemed almost superhuman; and yet Max did not seem to think himself heroic, or even unselfish.

"Where are they now?"

"In Italy."

"But are they not in reduced circumstances?"

Their little boy is very sickly, and Tommy himself has a pulmonary complaint. I thought they ought to go—but their expenses are not heavy—Tommy is very frugal."

"Does she know of your love?" I asked.

"No."

Charlie trolled the old couplet in his pensive way,

"He locked the secret in his breast
And died in silence, unconfessed."

There was a pause. Life was a purer, grander thing than we thought. We felt in ourselves a great awakening. The romantic talks and chivalrous resolves of the old Quadrilateral days had given to our lives a certain crude momentum, but friction with our lower natures had crippled this motive power. Max alone had reaped the grander fruition of the grander days.

The Captain spoke :

“ The last toast, fellow Quads ! Health to the only hero of the Quadrilateral ! Our love, Charlie and Thaliarchus, has been an appetite. This man’s love is a living martyrdom.”

We drank *cyathis plenis*, and thus the Quadrilateral adjourned.



NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

“ How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou God of our idolatry—the PRESS.
By thee, Religion, Liberty and Laws,
Exert their influence and advance their cause;
By thee worse plagues than Pharoah’s land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell;
Thou fountain at which drink the good and wise;
Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden’s dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.”

—Cowper.

Americans are essentially a reading people. Newspapers are to them what beef is to the Englishman and beer to the German. No one who is conversant with the number of newspapers and periodicals published in this country, and their vast circulation, can deny that they form an essential part of the daily wants of the American people. They have become one of the first necessities of our social life. A man who does not take at least a weekly paper is considered as without the pale of civilization—as behind the age. They are acknowledged to be the most potent engine for forming and directing public opinion on all subjects. Religion, politics, literature, science, all make use of their influence. And it is not too much to say that, in our country, all the other professions are subject in some manner to the Press.

The growth of the newspaper is one of the wonders of this fast age. Nothing is more demonstrative of the great march of intellect which has taken place in the present generation. The first newspaper published in this country, was issued considerably less than two centuries ago. It is amusing, at this late

day, to read that its publication was declared contrary to law by the colonial legislature, and that it contained "reflections of a very high nature." It was accordingly immediately suppressed. The projectors little knew of the mighty engine they were calling into being. From this beginning it has spread with the increase of the population, until there is scarcely a town or hamlet in the land that cannot boast of its daily or weekly paper. Instead of the single sheet of fifty years ago, we have the metropolitan daily, with its eight pages, each measuring a square yard. At the present time, in our country alone, there are more than five thousand regular publications, with a weekly circulation of about seventy-five million copies. Great Britain, with nearly the same population, sustains but about one-fourth of the number of publications that we do. This single comparison can but show the great superiority of the American people in intelligence, over those of any other country.

Most persons have but a vague and indefinite conception of the internal mechanism of a daily paper. Some look upon it as wholly originating with the office where it is published. Others suppose it to be a careless mass of rubbish offered, by voluntary contribution, to one mysterious person called an editor, who illuminates it by a leading article. Everything in a newspaper is paid for. Even voluntary contributions, as a general thing, are dearly paid for by the discredit which they bring upon the paper; so it has come to be a well established axiom, that every unpaid contributor is an ass. Then it is considered by the majority, one of the easiest things in the world to run a newspaper. Doubtless it is, if it is to be "run into the ground." But to make it a permanent organ of public opinion, requires a combination of talents rarely found. There is no profession where it is so easy to give offence; where it is so necessary to be "all things to all men." "The man who once becomes a journalist," says Mr. Hunt, "must almost bid farewell to mental rest or leisure." It needs constant application and assiduous care to keep in operation the intricate network, stretching all over the country, by which information is gathered, sifted and prepared for publication.

In directing our inquiries into the influence of newspapers,

we will first glance at their influence upon the moral tone of society. They are, in a certain sense, the indicators of this tone. Depravity in the one shows depravity in the other. But the favorite assertion of some persons, that the press is the retailer of private slander, and therefore injurious to private character, is completely the reverse of the truth. A story is put in circulation, defaming the character of some individual. It is whispered from ear to ear; talked over in the club-room and in the coffee-house. But it is utterly useless for the victim to attempt to refute it. These rumors are neither tangible nor punishable. At length the story finds its way into the paper. It is now brought to the knowledge of the accused and an opportunity offered him to make a public denial. Thus newspapers are useful in affording a correction to false and injurious rumors respecting private character, and are the means of clearing the social atmosphere of one of its most baneful evils. They are always under guarantees for their correctness, and if their reports are erroneous, the correction can be made as widely known as the mistake. So they exert a salutary rather than a pernicious influence upon the morals of a community.

The press has been truly called the "glory of a free country." And it is only under a free and enlightened system of government, that it can attain to its full powers. Under such a government the press must necessarily exert a wide influence on political affairs, as the power springs directly from the people, the majority of whom are absolutely led by the journals in the formation of their opinions. The cheapness and dispatch of newspapers, render them a valuable part of the political machine. The invention of the magnetic telegraph and the modern system of reporting have greatly enlarged their influence in this department. The statesman, as he stands in the legislative hall, knows that every word he utters will be flashed by the telegraph to the remotest bounds of the country, and by means of the press, laid before the people. "The newspaper," says Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, "informs legislation of public opinion and informs the people of the acts of the legislature." Thus they maintain a constant line of communication between the government and the

people, and therefore inevitably exert a tremendous national influence.

Newspapers are the best civilizers in a country. They do more for the intellectual advancement of a people than any other kind of publication. It is impossible that any people, within whose reach are good journals, can resist the temptation to letters. There is no one so learned, no one so ignorant, who cannot find something in them suited to his capacity. They are, in fact, the instruments which enable an individual to avail himself of the experience of the whole community. All will find in them something which concerns their interests and pursuits, something which enlarges their ideas and exercises their reason. "The newspaper," says Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, "is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink." They contain within themselves, not only the elements of knowledge, but the inducements to learn. They convey instruction, not only by the inculcation of opinions, but by training the reader in the habit of looking beyond his own narrow circle to the results of a more extended observation. They are, in fine, the People's Book.

The press of the present day, we confess, is far from being perfect. Instead of being a free and independent record of passing events, aiding the dissemination of knowledge, and instructing the people, it too often descends from its high estate, and, in the hands of designing men, becomes the vehicle of party strife and feuds, and allows itself to be flattered into a betrayal of the trust reposed in it by the people, for a glittering alliance with power. This is greatly to be deplored, when we consider the almost omnipotent influence which it exerts in shaping public opinion, on all subjects connected with civil government and society. If the press means to serve the people faithfully, it ought not to link itself, too closely, with any party, but maintain a watchful, jealous, independent and honorable guardianship over all. We know that politics are almost inseparable from the daily newspaper. But this does not prevent discussions from being carried on in a fair and honorable manner, and the doing

away of those petty bickerings, which only serve to bring out the baser nature of man.

There is another great defect in the press, which detracts much from its influence. This is the connection of personality with it. Far less weight is attached to the articles of a paper where the authors are known than where they are unknown. The nearest approach to getting rid of this defect has been exhibited in the "London Times." By merely keeping secret the names of its editors and contributors, it has more than doubled its influence and wielded a power not even second to the government itself. But we doubt if the press generally; at least in this country, will ever be able to take advantage of this system of management.

But, with all its imperfections, we can but regard the press as the bulwark of freedom, the brightest jewel in the crown of liberty. Wherever it exists unfettered, there tyranny cannot thrive, and wrong and injustice must shrink back abashed. It is a power which, if rightly directed, can do more than anything else human, to raise humanity up to a higher and nobler standard. It is the rock of civil and religious liberty. It has been the means of establishing liberty of opinion and liberty of conscience and thereby ameliorating the condition of the great mass of the people. Wherever the liberty of the press has become permanently fixed, mankind has become both happier and wiser. Where it is under a strict surveillance, true freedom of opinion can be but little appreciated. As Americans value the freedom which they now enjoy, let them guard the "liberty of the Press."



A PERSIAN IDYL.

'Twas in the stillness of the night
 That Hussan Bey awoke ;
 His moan of pain—his cry of fright
 A grisly dream bespoke.
 The fragrance of a cresset bright
 Breathed through the rich divan ;
 In cerements white of cold starlight
 Lay silent Ispahan ;

While through the vine-clad lattice bars,
He saw the cold, white, solemn stars.

Up sprang his Highness, Hussan Bey,
And pale as death was he ;
As if his soul from land astray
Had drifted out to sea ;
Where never mortal man had been,
Where never sun nor star is seen,
A dark, unsounded sea.

"A grisly dream!" said Hassan Bey,
"O curse the Dream-god's art!
Zuleika in her sleep to slay,
Had I the hand—the heart?
Zuleika false? The Dream-god lies!
She's true as Allah's word!
She's true—I swear it by her eyes!
Yea! By the Prophet's sword!"
Hush, Moslem! 'Tis a fearful risk,
And faithless is thy odalisque!

By hands unseen the Moslem's drawn
Beyond the rich divan.
Embosomed in a velvet lawn
A gravel terrace ran ;
A marble arch-way half reveals
A garden of Delight ;
While o'er his soul in silence steals
The solemn calm of Night.
All day a breeze from spicy leas,
Whose fragrance it has robbed,
Sore home-sick for its native seas,
It's monotone hath sobbed ;
Till soothed at last by gladsome glees
Of fountains, as they leap,
The southern breeze, in minor keys,
Hath sobbed itself to sleep.
The shadows of a stately mosque,
Are brooding o'er the gay kiosk.

But what now palsies Hassan Bey ?
He halts—all petrified !
What gorgon horror in the way ?
Is it dread Azrael's bride ?
Not Death's, but thine, O child of Fate !
Thy bride—thy own fair bride !
Blind was thy love—now learn to hate
The darling of thy pride.

She sits within the cool kiosk,
Beneath the shadow of the mosque.

—He does not come—her Selim fair!

In patience sweet she waits :
An opiate fragrance in the air
Her senses suffocates.
He does not come—the night grows old;
She will not think his love grown cold.

O'er leagues of sand from Samarcand
Now creeps a caravan ;
With lavish hand, an Eastern land
Enriches Ispahan.
From sands remote in cadence float
The camels' silver bells :
O sweeter is the silver note
Than lover's fond farewells—
E'en those farewells which Fable tells
Once drifted o'er the Dardanelles !

He does not come—his vows to keep !
She sings a few sweet words ;
And as she sings, she falls asleep
Among the flowers and birds.
She knows no ill—she sweetly sleeps :
But nearer now the husband creeps.—

“ The dream was true—no painted lie !
Mashallah ! She must die ! ”
O mournful was the Moslem's cry—
Each word a moaning sigh !
“ Zuleika's false ! My sword alone
Zuleika's folly can atone.”

He paused—for all his grisly dream
Came quickly back to him—
His moan of pain—his sudden scream—
The cresset burning dim.
For far above him in the skies,
He saw the cold, white stars :
As cold, as keen, as when their eyes
Looked through the lattice bars.
“ Remorse,” so spake the stars in air,
“ Will never save thee from Despair ! ”

The Moslem poised his Syrian blade
Upon her ivory throat.
It floats in air—no gash is made—
This is Love's antidote.

He breathed a prayer, he left her there,
 Still sleeping in the shade :
 The winds were playing with her hair,
 The stars did kiss the blade.
 But when the fair Zuleika woke,
 The first thing she did feel
 Her husband's patient love bespoke—
 It was the cold, blue steel.
 Still poised in air the sword did float,
 The fulcrum was her own white throat.

And when she found her rightful lord
 Upon the sloping lawn,
 She gave him back the shining sword
 In naked glory drawn.
 Back to her lord the sword she gave :
 Beneath his feet did kneel ;
 And thrice she called herself his slave,
 And thrice she kissed the steel.
 Brave words she said, and vows discreet :
 She 'd be a faithful wife ;
 The penitential words, so sweet,
 Did call him back to life.
 Adrift upon that sea he 'd been,
 Where ne'er the light of love is seen.

He clasped Zuleika to his breast ;
 He kissed away her tears.
 Her trembling heart now found a rest
 From all its troubled fears.
 And as she looked up in his eyes,
 She saw that smile she used to prize.



UP AT WORCESTER.

In the leafy month of July, when the trees have put on their freshest green, and the skies their softest blue—just when nature has fully prepared herself for the luxurious rest of midsummer, and the pleasing languor of the midday begins to forewarn of the scorching August weather—the student leaves his well studied books and his seat in the tedious class-room, and betakes himself to the breezy hills of Worcester, to see the Regatta and to strive with lungs and muscles for the honor of his Alma Mater.

Nor is a welcome wanting to the pale faced burner of the mid-

night oil. Worcester calls together her prominent citizens a few days beforehand, and no expense of trouble or money is spared to welcome the college boys. The Bay State throws wide its hospitable doors. The Spy takes a sudden and intense interest in college matters. The Worcester Brass Band and the Brigade Band, of Boston, are engaged to cast music's sweet influence over the festivities. The policemen put the annual load into their revolvers, shine up their breast plates, and re-varnish their billies. Seats are put up at the Lake and the Ball ground;—and the ladies, dear creatures, buy new bonnets and put on their sweetest smiles for the benefit of the collegians.

The programme for the first day is the Worcester city races. These are always rather sparsely attended, and this year was no exception to the rule, although the six-oared race, in which the Wards beat the Harvards, in the astonishing time of 17.40½, made it an occasion of unusual interest.

On the second day the students appear in force, and staid old Worcester begins to sparkle and effervesce like a freshly opened bottle of champagne. Jaunty youths fill the streets, dressed in suits of the latest cut and most fastidious taste, sporting the nobbiest of beavers and most dapper of canes, winking and grinning at the Worcester beauties, and chaffing the shopmen, who sell them their unlimited soda water and bushels of magenta and blue ribbon. All around the Bay State House is a scene of excitement which gradually pervades the city. The whole population, from the small boy who vends the daily papers to the pompous merchant who rolls by in his carriage, hang out a scrap of magenta or blue to show a conviction on the great question of the relative superiority of Harvard or Yale. Woe be to the man who depends on restaurants for his meals at Regatta time. On going into one for dinner we were reminded of Dickens' painful story of the kitchen boy, who went mad under the press of business, and we could not help expecting, every time the dumb waiter came up, to see a scrubbing brush and a pickled onion served up as in that case. The room was crammed with hungry and vociferous students, all bawling for the delicacies of the season, and the proprietors and waiters,

stunned and confused, were vainly striving to command their senses in the midst of the fiendish din.

The Freshman match of the afternoon was no better and no worse than Freshman matches usually are. The Harvards were about as much superior this year as the Yales were last year, the game standing thirty-eight to nineteen in favor of Harvard.

The Regatta concert, which took place on this evening, fell rather flatter than usual, for want of the splendid choruses, with which the Harvard Glee Club has entertained the guests in other years.

It was on this evening also that the riotous proceedings occurred which have called down such a storm of objurgations from the press, not only on students, but on colleges, education, and civilization in general. The real facts when compared with the representations which have grown out of them, seem really insignificant. The papers tell us with all the gravity in the world, that one hundred and three policemen were required to quell the riot. One hundred of these were made up by the joint efforts of Boston and Worcester, and the additional three, who were necessary, were procured from Providence. We also learn that besides regulating the drunken pandemonium which raged for some hours in the hotel, this whole force was necessary to protect the terrified citizens and their property from the outrages of the maddened mob of students. The facts were, that after a period of harmless noise in the Bay State House, a party sallied out thence about midnight for some fun. After bothering the proprietor of the Waldo House a little, they stole an old wagon from a barn, and a gilded wooden watch from over a watchmaker's door. The wagon they carried up one of the steep streets to the very highest point, and started it down from there at full speed. Rattling down the slope with tremendous momentum, it was dashed in pieces against an iron post at the bottom. After this proud deed, they repaired again to the hotel, where the police were found, waiting like Micawber, for something to "turn up," and in no small perturbation at the prospect of a row. As the students, however, did not make any demonstrations more ferocious than mocking the command-

ing officer, and imitating the somewhat clumsy evolutions of these warriors, it was determined to arrest some of them. Two men, small and feeble in body and mind, were seized and marched off to the receptacle in which Worcester confines her drunken negroes and other excrescent population. But they went not alone. The blood of these scions of aristocracy was "up," and reflecting that Great Harvard was at their back, and that no Worcester official would dare to harm a "Harvard man," they determined to show their sense of the ungenerous conduct of the officials, by chivalrously accompanying their innocent but unfortunate comrades to the Worcester "Jug."

We regret to close the story of such magnanimity by stating that the judge rewarded their noble conduct, next morning, by fining nineteen out of the twenty, twenty-seven dollars each, and committing the unwary "ragger" of the watch sign, to stand his trial for petty larceny. The hundred and three policemen were dismissed to their several homes at the proper time, much fatigued with their labors.

Such was the Worcester riot, of A. D., 1868, and insignificant as it was, we cannot help blaming seriously the vanity and pomposity of these men, who, coming from the pent up Utica of Cambridge, think that if they steal and smash the wagon of some poor laborer, or deprive an honest mechanic of his business sign, all Worcester and all the world will cry, "Io triumphe!" What smart men they raise in Cambridge! We say Cambridge, for the actors in this farce were all Harvard men, excepting four Yalensians, who were led astray, no doubt, by the bad company they found themselves in. The operation reminds us of an apt saying of Dr. Johnson's, "An Athenian blockhead is the worst of all blockheads." The Boston Advertiser, wishing to shift some of the blame from the modern Athenians, stated that Brown men participated in the performance, but the assertion is without foundation, and we cannot but think that every Brown man, even in the lowest class, would know too much to disgrace his college in such a childish manner.

Whatever unpleasantness had thus far occurred, had resulted from the neglect or misconduct of the students, but the elements themselves frowned upon the University Base Ball game which

was to take place Friday morning, and the large and enthusiastic assemblage was obliged to leave the ground in a pelting rain, after seeing one innings only of the much anticipated game. It will be remembered that the Williams and Harvard match was interrupted in precisely the same way last year.

On Friday afternoon occurs the great event of all,—the college boat race,—and all Worcester and all the visitors rush to the Lake to view the great struggle. All who can get carriages, do so, but the great mass of people traverse the intervening five miles in immensely long railroad trains. These trains disgorge their passengers at Lake station, which is the nearest point to the course. The train into which the writer was jammed, could not have contained less than eighteen hundred people. The train, after emptying, rushed off with a shriek, to obtain a new load, and the long procession began slowly winding over the hillsides, towards the Lake. Falling in with the line, a walk of five minutes brought us in sight of the water. Leaving the crowd here, to follow the road to the grand stand, a short cut through the thick trees and brush, which skirt the road, opened to view an active and an interesting scene.

Scattered about the boat houses, which are situated here at the head of the Lake, are some of the greatest boating luminaries of the United States, and many college celebrities in other lines.

The dark, handsome fellow, yonder, so neatly and stylishly dressed, is John Tyler, who is to commence the sports of the afternoon by a race with the loose-jointed Arab, who lies extended at the foot of yonder tree. He is the great Cold Spring man, John McKiel. The low-browed man with the immense shoulders, who is talking to the crowd about him, is Walter Brown, the greatest single sculler in America,—perhaps, in the world.

Here come the Wards, in costume,—dingy flannel shirts, white handkerchiefs, and old boots and trowsers. Since the Fourth of July, they have won, in prizes, about eight hundred dollars. To-day is the twenty-fourth. That's a pretty good three weeks' work, when you come to add the glory, and the perquisites, in bets, gifts, etc., which amount to as much more, in all probability. They are all brothers, but one, and you see in them the marked

resemblance to each other, which a fine race always bears. The same clear eye, aquiline nose, and firm-set mouth, make each one look what he is, a sensible, honest American man. The very heavily built, middle-aged man, is Josh, the bow. He is the largest of all, next to Gil. It is customary to put the lightest man in the bow, but the Wards defy all custom, and all competition. That stringy, little, old fellow, is Hank, head of the family, and stroke of the boat. There are the Harvards, listening to Bill Blaikie, the celebrated single sculler, and stroke of the '66 Harvard. The mighty back and shoulders, turned to us, belong to Simmons, No. 3, in the Harvard crew, and the strong man of the college. One hundred and seventy pounds of the best bone and muscle in the universe. The tawny, resolute man next him, is Loring, considered by competent judges, the most artistic and unapproachable stroke in the country. In the knot of students around them, are some not unknown to fame. There are Willard and Smith, the great base ball men, and that big fellow, yonder, is the man, who, you will remember, shot his chum through the door, in his Freshman year, thinking it was the Sophomores, coming to haze him. Fortemque Gyan, Fortemque Cloanthum.

We pass on to the grand stand, brilliant with beauty, and bristling with magenta and blue. No more appropriate spot could have been chosen for the annual college race, than this one. Scott nor Cooper ever painted a more romantic lake, than this little Quinsigamond. Nestled in a cosy nook, among the tall hills; no bare beaches, nor reeking swamps, disfigure its borders, but far as the eye can see, the bending trees dip their thick, drooping foliage, in its waters. Nor can a speck be seen on the pure surface, except where, here and there, patches of the broad leaves and beautiful flowers of the pond-lily ride on the tiny waves.

The grand stand is erected on one of the most projecting points on the lake, and from here the lovely dames of Worcester and New Haven, of Boston and Cambridge, can see their respective favorites as they start; watch them as they round the point; and encourage them as they return toward the goal, tugging at the laboring oar.

The professional races, which came first on the programme, aroused considerable interest in special cliques; but the mass waited in impatience, for the contest which was to decide the relative superiority of Harvard or Yale boating men.

The shot which called the boats into line, roused, in the vast concourse, a deep hum of expectation, which continued till the starting gun caused every heart to jump with excitement, when a breathless silence ensued.

The grand stand is placed some distance from the starting point, and the start could not be seen from there, but after a few seconds, the beautiful shells burst on the view, leaping like greyhounds up the course. Almost exactly even, they approach, the Harvards nearest, with the massive muscles heaving on their bare, brown backs and corded arms; and the Yales beyond, in white shirts and the blue handkerchiefs. As they came opposite, the Harvards, stimulated by the tremendous cheers of their partizans, put on a great spurt. For a moment, their boat seemed to live. There was that utter unity of action, which is the perfection of human effort. The boat seemed urged by a single will. Loring quickened to forty-eight per minute, the mighty backs rose and bent as one, and, under that magnificent stroke, the boat seemed flying. Yale strove well, but appeared to stand almost still, as the "Harvard" actually rushed two lengths ahead. Gaining rapidly, as they flew up the lake, the Harvards rounded the stake, ten lengths ahead, and when they again became visible at the stand, Harvard was fifteen lengths ahead, and still rowing in perfect style,—the strokes falling and ceasing with the absolute oneness of the cut of a knife. At this splendid sight, the air was all a Harvard yell, and the earth was all a magenta flame. Frantic enthusiasm took possession of all Harvard sympathizers, and the great body of students, which had rushed to the very water's edge, went wild with the madness of the moment. They laughed, shouted, hugged each other, and yelled "'rahs," as a Harvard student can, at a Worcester regatta. On the announcement of the time, the tempest again broke forth, the time of the Harvards being within eight seconds of the great Ward time, and the best ever made in any college race. The Harvards, this year, made seventeen minutes, forty-

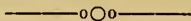
eight and a half seconds ; the time of last year, which was better than any previously made, being only eighteen, twelve and three-quarters. Yale made, this year, eighteen, thirty-eight and a half, which is their best time ; last year's time being only nineteen, twenty-five and a half. The usual presentation of flags and medals to the victorious crew, was accompanied by the infallible shower, which has drenched the crowd, annually, for some time past. The flags were presented by Mr. Blaikie, with a speech, which was doubtless neat ; and Mr. Chamberlain presented the massive medals, on behalf of the city of Worcester.

The regatta sports virtually ended here, though a number of enthusiasts waited to witness the ball game, which had been deferred to Saturday. The game resulted in the victory of Harvard, as is known.

Taken together, we cannot regard this year's regatta as an entire success. The action which the city authorities were forced to take, does not reflect much credit on the student's name ; and the presence of the Ward crew, in itself, the source of much interest, became, under the circumstances, an unpleasant feature. We should have preferred seeing one or the other college crew come off complete victors in the *College* regatta. In the six-oar race, of the first day, the champion college crew was beaten by the Ward crew. The facts that other crews were left far behind, that the time was unparalleled and that the victors have spent their lives at the business, palliate, but do not alter, the unpleasant fact, that the honors of the week are with the professionals, rather than with the college men. The introduction of professional races, on the last day, just before the University race, we do not consider an improvement, either. It gives a low, sporting tendency to the affair, which has never pertained to it before, and draws the professional gamblers, a class which does not mix well with the cultivated ladies and gentlemen who have yearly honored the games with their attendance.

For these reasons, we think the influence of the festivities, has, this year, been a trifle less healthy than in other years ; still the pleasant nature of the reunion, which has made it an institution, will require much to counteract its influence. In spite of much

more grave *faux pas*, than those of this year, the college world would continue to anticipate, as the grand event of the Summer vacation, the "Worcester Regatta."



Home Matters.



The beginning of another college year, has rolled around, opening to every student of Brown, new and loftier ranges of study, and marking a step in his advance, in age and intellect. Since the last term, cultivated and pleasant friends have graduated from the college circle, and strange, new-comers are crowding others into the high places, which the absent ones have left vacant. Scarcely have we had time to become accustomed to the novel feeling of senior dignity,—scarcely have we ceased to miss,—sadly miss,—the pleasant, old faces of the class of '68, before we are called upon to fill the wide chair, and to undertake the pleasant, but responsible duties of the editor of the "Brunonian."

With this number, some innovations are presented, which, we hope, may prove acceptable. The character of the main articles, is somewhat lighter than has been the case in past numbers; and the department of which these remarks are the initiative, is intended to give a more local tone to the magazine.

For the future, the editorial corps, will do all in its power; but its efforts must be energetically seconded by the college in general, to insure the growth and improvement of our infant quarterly. First of all, we want articles to be sent in. A great many of them. Members of the editorial board, ought to be at liberty to devote their whole attention to local matters, and to clipping, selecting and compiling. They should not be obliged, as they have sometimes been, to furnish nearly the whole of the copy itself. Another thing. The greater the number of contributions sent in, the higher will be the standard of the paper. For the editors—we whisper it in your ear—have sometimes been obliged to insert articles which they did not think quite up to the standard of the magazine, by the indomitable fact, that there would be nothing to take their place, if rejected. So, scratch your heads, all you gentlemen of the quill, who truly love your Alma Mater, and contribute something, to swell the pages of her representative magazine,—her only representative. We want something from everybody, irrespective of class, society or age. Even a freshman, may be able to write something, which shall breathe forth the simplicity and vivacity of his kind, although it will, of course, lack the almost oppressive perspicuity of the sophomore, the junior's staid elegance, and the ponderous,

classic purity of senior productions. We know of several college papers, which have numbered some of their best contributors, among the "novi homines." Reflect, too, oh, freshmen! that first productions are generally rejected, and think how much better, to get through that disagreeable formality in freshman year, before the dignity has become too rampant.

The distinguished President of a leading Theological school, says, that he can detect the Brown men, in a new class, by their superior style of composition. There is no reason why the Brunonian should not be distinguished from all other college magazines, by the same peculiarity, if its contributors will put into it a little of the surplus energy, which is now wasted on cards, or some similar occupation. Be careful, however, not to strike upon a wrong tone of articles. Magazine essays should be the entremets and dessert of literature. The light puffs and jellies, the fruits and sauces, are what we want in the Brunonian. Imitate Goldsmith, DeQuincey, Wilson and Lamb, rather than Butler's Analogy, or Locke, on the Human Understanding. Lord Bacon's essays are objectionable, for the tremendous condensation of the thought in them, which produces a feeling of oppressiveness. Now, do be careful, gentlemen, not to oppress our poor brains with the weight of your thoughts. "Draw it mild," if we may be pardoned for an expressive colloquialism. The fact is, we want you to be original. Deep research you can save for your future works on "The Wealth of Nations," or "History of Civilization," or kindred topics. We want another thing altogether. If you have got any imagination, write us some poetry. If you have not that divine spark, you can let loose your fancy. Get astride of some of your hobbies, which are of general interest, and let us know what you think about them.

Now, gentlemen, we have come to the second year of the Brunonian's existence. The college yard is breezy and romantic, and lovely as ever. The catalogue is full of the names of good fellows. We have a large and fine freshman class, and all promises splendidly for old Brown. All we want is lively interest, on the part of all. Don't leave college matters to a few hard-worked, unappreciated enthusiasts, but come forward, and take your share of the work.

As not the least important part of your duty to your Alma Mater, we ask your support for the Brunonian. Go and subscribe for as many copies as you can afford, and then read it, and above all, write for it. It is well worth one's time to write down his thoughts. "Studium sine calamo somnium," was the maxim of the ancient schoolmen. "No one," says Dr. Wayland, "can attain to a high degree of mental cultivation, without devoting a large portion of his time to the labor of composition."

Nor will the contributor be without illustrious exemplars. O. W. Holmes, N. P. Willis, and probably many other great men whom we do not know about, published their first efforts in college periodicals. Imitate their example and "Forsan et vestrum miscebitur istis."

The Hundredth.

Although our shoulders are pretty heavily burdened with the multifarious duties imposed upon us, as editors, we shall endeavor not to do injustice to an event of such paramount interest as the *One Hundredth Annual Commencement* of our Alma Mater.

The sun rose clear on the morning of September second, and all nature smiled upon the sons of Brown, who were gathered from far and near, to enjoy the pleasant reunion among old college associations. At an early hour, the college grounds afforded an interesting spectacle. There it was that men of every stage of life—from silver-haired old age, to manhood in its prime,—had hastened, that they might live over again in imagination, the happy days spent at college. But we cannot dwell upon this picture, for there is too much remaining to be told.

At ten o'clock, the old bell which swings over University Hall, pealed forth the signal for forming the procession. Here we may observe, that too much praise cannot be awarded to the marshals of the day, Messrs. Daggett and Bliss, of '68, for the ability displayed in the formation and management of the procession. The classes formed into line, undergraduates and alumni, followed by the Faculty and President, and inspired by the martial strains of the American Brass Band, proceeded down College street, to Market Square, and thence through North Main, to the First Baptist Church. Here they opened ranks, and allowed the Faculty, President and graduating class, to pass through, into the building. *Crowded*, is not strong enough to express the appearance of the interior of the venerable structure. All the morning, the fair lady friends of '68, had been pouring into the galleries, until not a vacant spot was to be seen. Messrs. Thompson and Mason, acted as ushers at the church, and economy of space, by them was reduced—collegiately speaking—to a *fine point*.

Order and quiet at length established, the band gave an exquisite rendition of the "Bronze Horse," after which, prayer was offered by President Caswell. Without entering into a critical examination of the several orations, (which space forbids,) we merely append the order of exercises:

1. Latin Salutatory Lucius O. Rockwood.
2. Christianity of Paganism William E. Lincoln.
3. Sir Walter Scott's Works, a Tribute to his Patriotism. Edgar E. Stoddard.
4. Liberty, the Offspring of Oppression Xenophon D. Tingley.

Selections from Grand Duchess Band.

5. Christianity in Modern Civilization Henry W. Allen.
6. Morally right, Politically wise George R. Read.
7. Weimar, in Goethe's time F. W. Douglas.

Les Clair, Romanza Band.

8. Cretan War George R. Chase.
9. Bismarck, the Richelieu of Germany S. T. Goodell.
10. The Function of Antagonism in Government C. D. Belden.

Selections from L'Africaine Band.

11. Roman Law—Its Relations to American Institutions.. James Scammon.
12. The Rewards of Literary Effort C. H. Smart.
13. Activity, the True Philosophy of Life W. C. Poland.

Inaugural Galop, (D. W. Reeves.) Band.

The President then proceeded to deliver the customary latin address, a commendatory feature of which was, that Sophomores required no equine appli-

ances for helping their understanding. At the conclusion of this effort, the diplomas were awarded to the graduating class. Seventeen gentlemen received the degree of A. M., in course, and the same degree was conferred, as honorary, upon Albert Carey Morse, Esq. The title of D. D., was conferred upon A. Judson Huntingdon, Professor of Greek, in Columbian College; upon Rev. James McCash, President of Princeton College; and upon Rev. Howard Osgood, Professor of Crozer Theological Seminary. The title of LL. D., was given to James B. Angell, President of Vermont University; to S. G. Howe, M. D., Superintendent of the Blind Asylum, Boston; and to Nathan Clifford, Justice of U. S. Supreme Court.

William H. Lyon then delivered an oration upon "The Sphere of Independent Thought," with the valedictory addresses.

After Prayer and Benediction, the long procession reformed and marched back to the College, to partake of the huge piles of good things which were in waiting at that famous *tent*.

As soon as the alumni had taken their seats under the tent, President Caswell called the assembly to order and the Rev. A. J. Gordon led in prayer, after which an attack upon the tables was ordered. It is in vain to talk about the ceaseless rattle and clatter of knives and forks; the hum of voices engaged in gay and familiar conversation; the repeated outbreaks of wit and humor,—our readers are too familiar with it all.

The banqueting at length subsiding, the President once more called the assembly to order, and deeming it appropriate that the State in which the college was located should be heard from first, proposed "The State of Rhode Island."

Gen. Burnside responded to this sentiment and closed by introducing Gen. Van Zandt. After a few happy remarks by the General upon the relations existing between the State and the college, President Caswell proposed "The City of Providence."

In the absence of the Mayor, Dr. Caswell responded to the sentiment himself, in a few words, and closed by proposing "The honorable and honored representatives of Rhode Island in the National Congress."

Senator Anthony responded, and spoke of the debt of gratitude which the Alumni of such an institution owe to their Alma Mater.

Professor Gammell being called upon, entertained the audience with an interesting historical account of the college, especially with reference to its foundation, and closed by an earnest invocation for the blessing of Heaven to rest upon the University.

After an address by Professor Fisher in behalf of the Sons of Brown, the President delivered a stirring address upon Education. In the course of the speech he read a letter from Hon. R. G. Hazard and his son, R. Hazard, the one an honored patron, and the other a graduate of the University, who offered to endow a professorship in the college, with an appropriation of \$40,000. The announcement was received with tremendous applause.

S. L. Parker, Esq., here announced that he was ready to give \$1,000, to the funds of the University, and Hon. George King, of Class of '50, stated that he would add a like amount, and hoped that the funds for the college, would be raised in this manner, rather than by larger donations from few individuals.

Judge Wilson, of Chicago, Class of '38, spoke in behalf of his class. The speech abounded in humor and racy anecdotes, and was received with continued laughter and applause. The Class of '40, was called, but there being no response, Senator Foster, of Connecticut, took the floor. He graduated forty years ago, and his address was able and interesting.

Here the President arose and suggested, that "as the Goddess of Poetry is always young, and they who worship at her shrine renew their youth," the audience now listen to the Poet of the day, Hon. Charles Thurber, Class of '37.

Mr. Thurber's poem, was upon the theme—Old Age. The sentiment which pervaded it, was very much after the manner in which Cicero sets forth the bright side of old age, in the "De Senectute." The opening stanza, was as follows:

"When we were boys—we're boys to-day—
But younger than we are at present,
We thought that folks were old, if gray,
And fancied 'twould not be so pleasant.
But now we find, as we among
Our fellow-sinners, daily mingle,
Folks may be gray, and still be young,
And youth's warm blood within them tingle."

The spirit of the piece was, throughout, after this happy style. That although age may take possession of the body, the thoughts and feelings of right-minded men, will ever be preserved, fresh and youthful.

"My theory is, that age and time,
Not always march along together,
Age may be in its very prime,
While time, stands waiting at the river.
It treats us, as we pass along,
A good deal as we mortals use it,
Used well, it keeps us young and strong,
And shakes us, if we dare abuse it."

We cannot pass over the following happy application :

"Show me the man, who has not been
To Brown, for many a gay September,
And I will show some bone or skin,
Too shrunk for classmates to remember.
But show me one, who, on that day,
Is always present, absent never,
And I'll show one, who although gray,
Is yet, at heart, as young as ever."

After this poem, which was eminently successful, the Rev. Mr. Dennison read a poem, which was a glowing tribute to the memory of Dr. Wayland.

The Hon. Amasa Walker, of Brookfield, Mass., followed with a speech upon the immense popularity of Dr. Wayland's works.

The exercises closed with singing the ever fresh, and, on this occasion, eminently fitting, "Old Hundredth," after which, the company dispersed about the grounds.

Many of the classes established headquarters in various rooms in the college buildings. The Class of '64, had a large class banner, suspended from the windows of No. 8, Hope College, and their jubilant songs, within, attracted a large audience to the vicinity.

The Commencement, of '68, must be regarded as a success, throughout. No circumstance happened to lessen the enjoyment of the day. The present thriving condition of old Brown, is calculated to make us feel proud to welcome, at any time, the Alumni, to her halls; but more especially may we congratulate ourselves, upon the demonstration of her prosperity, on the second of September, last.

The beginning of the new college year brings important changes in the Faculty. All have been pleased at learning that the high culture and faithful services of Messrs. Clark and Appleton have been recognized by the Corporation, and that these gentlemen have been advanced to professorships in their special branches.

We hear pleasant things from the Junior and Sophomore classes concerning Mr. T. Whiting Bancroft, who comes as a stranger among us. This gentleman is a graduate of the class of '59, and had been teaching since his graduation, making for himself a first-class reputation. He has been principal, for some time past, of the Newtonville High School, a place which he leaves to take the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature.

Arnold Buffum Chace, the new instructor in Chemistry, was salutatorian of the class of '66. He has been studying in the laboratories of Paris, during the greater part of the time since he was graduated. Mr. Chace is already known to the members of the Senior class, who will envy their more fortunate successors their Chemistry tutor.

The Dunn Scholarship.

The friends of the late reverend Professor Dunn, wish to found a rhetorical scholarship, which shall be called the Dunn Scholarship, in honor of his memory. The plan is to obtain one thousand dollars, by subscription. The income of this amount is to be given to that member of the junior class who, shall have attained the highest standing in the rhetorical studies of the year.

The project was a favorite one with Professor Dunn, and its completion will be the fittest tribute to his name. The circular which sets forth the above facts, bears the names of Dr. Edward P. Caswell, Col. Horatio Rogers, and John Peirce, Esq. Contributions may be handed to Mr. Guild, at the library. The seniors contribute as a class, and some graduate classes do the same. The amount of each contribution will not be made known, and it is hoped that individuals who are interested, will not be backward in sending even the smallest gift towards this good cause.

From '68.

No one who has not yet passed through it, knows the feelings of mingled pleasure and pain, which the graduating student experiences. Commencement day is one long looked forward to, and—if we may judge from the testimony before us—it is also one looked back upon.

Four weeks have scarcely cast their shadows upon us, and yet, already, we hear from old 'Sixty-eight, *faint* expressions of longing to be back at Brown. We have seen several epistles from our lately graduated friends, and, thinking that they may be of interest to the readers of the "Brunonian," we subjoin the following extracts:

N——, Sept. 14, 1868.

Dear Friend:—Here am I, perched on my stool, writing to our dear old "mush" mixer of White Mountain fame. Oh, heavens! Why did I ever leave College, Providence, and all its *fair* attractions, to sit here from morning till night, driving a quill for miserable stamps? I give it up! It's a conundrum I have put to myself fifty times a day at least, during the past week, and failing to obtain a satisfactory answer from my own muddled brain, I now look to you.

* * * * *

How is the *Hammer & Tongs* prospering? I would give all my old boots and shoes, (if I had not already sold them at an immense loss,) to be with you all once more. Even now the howls of the "Deutcher's Dorg" are ringing in my ears, and I see, in fancy, Mrs. Bouncer, the favorite Mrs. Bouncer, the bewitching Mrs. Bouncer,—she of the "belle petite" figure, and other charms too numerous to mention, that were wont, at every appearance upon the stage, to draw forth the unbounded plaudits of the admiring audience. As I picture, in imagination, all these old by-gone scenes, I am moved by an almost uncontrollable desire to be back among you.

If you should happen to visit N——, come round to see me. Ask to see the most important man in the establishment, and they will immediately point to me."

Sixty-eight is doing a very heavy business in the school-teaching line. We have heard that fourteen of them are now engaged in that occupation. One of them very recently astonished his friends, by assuming the direction of a district school, of fifty members. We have permission to take a few extracts from some letters he had received, relating to the subject.

Hillside, Sept. 1868.

"My dear Schoolmaster:—This is a little ahead of anything I ever heard of. Will you look around and find a school—perhaps two of them—for B——, and me? Look here, John, take the advice of one who has been thrashed, and don't flog those young ones too much. I know your disposition, and my pity for the scholars is only equalled by my wonder at the master.

Another piece of advice,—*don't wade out too far*. You know you are incautious, and a *trifle feeble*, and some of those Rattleberry fellows will get you out beyond your depth. Any girls in your school? Do you fit for college? If

so, how many? Did you have to pass an examination? I don't know but that it would be a good thing for me to teach, a year or so."

Here is another, on the same order:

H——, September, 1868.

"Dear ——:—So you have gone to pedagoguing it, have you? That makes fourteen of us who are directing the young idea how to use the pop gun. Your 'shooting gallery' being a country school, and probably requiring the use of the birch and rattan ramrods, must contain several *breech*-loaders. My scholars are quite well-behaved, and I don't expect to have to load that end of them. I like my place much better than I expected I should. The scholars, especially the girls, are good looking and smart, as a general thing, though there are several decided blockheads among them. We have a piano, and the girls sing and play finely, which of course suits me. The boys are not so bright or attractive, (of course.) I have to keep a tight rein over some of them. But I have too lately been a school-boy myself, and have too much sympathy with their pranks, to come down very hard on them. One little chap, with red, bristly hair all down his gray eyes; a speckled face, and mouth like a hole in the wall, sets me in a continual cachinnation, several times a day, while I am trying to lay down the law to him. Imagine me slinging fierce looks and withering language at the heads of offending youngsters.

H—— is a very pleasant place: not very social, I should think, among the inhabitants, but still having many fine people. I have not been here long enough to make many acquaintances, and have not seen many people I care to know. But in a small town like this, the school teacher comes next to the lawyers and doctors, so that I find myself the object of some attention, which is hard on a modest man. I have been so busy that I have had no time to feel home or college-sick. Yet, once in a while, I *do* wish I was back in old H. C., or loafing in some '68 room. For all that, it is somewhat queer that I have never once felt as if I would like to be cramming history, or laying down the moral law to our dear old Prof. Once in a while some old college song comes into my mind. The other night, I sat down to the piano and played 'Pretty Jemima,' and 'Sparkling, Sunday night,' in quite a melancholy manner. But I suppose we're all right, and will enjoy ourselves the better when we meet again, as I hope we shall often. We ought to have a '68 flag, to hang out of some college window, about Commencement time.

I am expecting a letter from the 'Parson' about our class matters. Do you know what Eben is doing? I should like to pop in on Scam, and see him laying down the law to the youngsters, like Goliath to David. I suppose it does come hard on poor —— to work right along. If he uses up the oils of the firm as he used to demolish the hair oil, good-bye *profits*. But I must stop here. I'm glad to have heard from you. Give me another, soon, of the same sort.

Yours ever in '68,

P. S.—Your P. S., telling me if I didn't get your letter to let you know, reminds me of the Irishman who wrote at the end of his epistle—"If you don't get this, write me the date of it and I'll bust the postmaster's eye."

Hammer & Tongs.

This society has entered upon its second year with good prospects and full numbers. It is intended, not for a mere burlesque as the name might lead one to imagine, nor, on the other hand, for a heavy literary society; but for a central social organization. It is intended to be the source of pleasant, seasonable amusement; to cultivate the arts of Rhetoric and Logic, as well as to woo the muses; and to give to its members, by association with one another, that external and internal polish, that true refinement of mind and manner, which should be one of the tendencies of our college life. This refinement is wanting among us, and the most decided mark of its absence is the fact that we do not generally know, even, that it is wanted. The healthy association of a large society is the best way to obtain it, and it was with this view that the H. & T. was started. It is for this reason that the Faculty approve it, and for this aim that it deserves the respect of the community.

The elections are made on strictly impartial grounds, and any good fellow who makes himself a man of mark in college matters, may expect to become "A Hammer and a Tong."

Base Ball.

The principal event in base ball thus far this term, has been the game with Harvard, played on Saturday, the twenty-first of September. The score was as follows:

BROWN.					HARVARD.				
	O.	R.				O.	R.		
Munro, '70, c.,	5	1*	Smith, '69, 3,			3	4		
Herreshoff, '70, p.,	3	2	Peabody, '69, 1,			2	6		
Fales, '70, 1,	4	1	Eustace, '71, r.,			4	3		
Woodworth, '71, 2,	3	2	Bush, '71, c.,			4	4		
Taylor, '70, 3,	2	2	Willard, '69, s.,			5	2		
Smith, '69, s.,	1	3	Rawle, '69, m.,			0	6		
Jewell, '71, l.,	2	1	Shaw, '69, l.,			3	4		
Colwell, '70, m.,	5	1	Austin, '71, 2,			3	5		
Hitchcock, '70, r.,	2	2	Soule, '70, p.,			4	3		
	27	15				27	37		
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brown,	0	1	0	1	0	9	2	0	2—15
Harvard,	0	7	5	3	0	5	2	3	11—37

Umpire—Mr. John A. Lowell, of the Lowell Club.

Scorers—Mr. J. P. Mason, for Harvard, and Mr. Daniel Beckwith, for Brown.

In justice to our club, we ought to say, that the very reprehensible carelessness of one of their number, obliged them to put an inferior player on the nine, on the morning of the game, and to move several fellows out of their regular places. Besides this, the catcher was almost disabled by a lame arm.

As besides these drawbacks, some very exceptional bad and careless playing

was exhibited on our side, we persist in thinking that a game where all should do themselves and the college justice, would have a very different result.

By the courtesy of the Harvards, the nine enjoyed the trip immensely, notwithstanding their defeat. After the game, a superb entertainment was partaken of by the nines. Our steady, old pitcher, who did wonders in the game, was not too much fatigued, to astonish the natives by his display of prowess at the dinner; and report says that the nine, in general, were not behind hand at the festive board.

Return matches with Harvard and the Lowells, are expected to take place within a month.

The College Boat Club.

Boating matters in the college have received a new impetus this term. By the praiseworthy efforts of Messrs. Brown, Beckwith, and others, the boat club has been reorganized and largely increased in numbers; the boat house has been enlarged and renovated; the wharf has been repaired; and two six oared shells (second-hand,) have been procured for practice. Two crews now practice three hours daily, laboring hard to acquire a knowledge of the noble art of rowing.

It is certainly desirable that this most delightful sport of rowing should become a custom among us. Its natural fitness as an amusement for the students' leisure hours is evident. It is the pleasantest and most effectual way of taking that daily exercise which each of us has found to be so necessary to his existence.

We are glad that the unsurpassed aquatic advantages afforded by the pleasant Seekonk are to be improved, and we hope the stout boatmen may soon learn to

"Feather their oars like jolly young watermen,"

for the honor of old Brown.

We notice a sensible improvement this year in the singing at prayers. This is due to the better balance of the parts, owing to the departure of some very heavy bass voices with the class of '68, and the addition of a number of tenors from the Freshman class. The bass last year was so powerful as to be oppressive at times. Our chapel singing is mass singing in the true sense of the word. Everybody joins, not with the feeble pipe so common in devotional amateurs, but with the full strength of young and powerful lungs. The result, as a distinguished visitor once said, is "massive and grand."

A Reading Room.

In a college which is so exceptionally literary as Brown, it is especially necessary that the students should have access to the current literature of the day. This is the best antidote for the book-worm tendency which a mad is so

likely to acquire in groping among the delicious fastnesses of the dark ages, and the works of fascinating authors who died centuries ago. Newspapers stir him up and keep him reminded of the practical side of life which is to turn so abruptly towards him when he leaves the still old walls which have for four years protected him from the knocks and stern requisitions of the world. They tend to make him a live man of his own generation, rather than a misplaced member of another age of society.

In many of our colleges this want has been felt and supplied. Amherst, Yale and others have one or two college reading rooms. Here the students can read the productions of those who have finished the course of culture in which they are engaged, and mark the reception which is accorded them by the work-a-day world. Here they can read the histories of to-day, in which the study of the history of other days is fitting them to take a part. Brown, however, has no such institution. The religious reviews which stand uncut on the library table, and the odd numbers of the *New York Evening Post* and *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which sometimes appear there, are the only current literature to which the Brown students have access. We except, of course, Mr. Guild's private daily paper, the *Providence Herald*, for which there is a great rush every morning.

We do not wish to imply that the library should be supplied with the daily and weekly papers and monthly magazines. By no means. It would be a manifest incongruity. Who could enjoy *London Punch* or any such irreverent production, in the classic atmosphere of that delightful old cloister. We do, however, propose and suggest, at the instance of some of the most enlightened men in college, that a Reading Room Association be at once formed, which shall satisfy this imperative demand. A room would be gladly furnished by the faculty, which would suffice for the beginning of the project. Then suppose one hundred subscribers at the rate of seventy-five cents per term, and we have seventy-five dollars. Allow twenty dollars for stove and fuel, and five dollars for chairs, and fifty dollars remain to purchase papers. With this we can procure for six months the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Putnam's*, *London Society*, *Cornhill*, or some standard English magazine, *Punch*, *The Round Table*, *The Nation*, *Every Saturday*, *The Tribune*, some Democratic daily, (if anybody wants one,) *The New York Evening Post*, *Providence papers* and others.

A move in this direction will be made immediately, and we believe that it is unnecessary for us to bespeak for it a hearty reception by the college.

Bishop Seabury Association.

An interesting pamphlet will be published at an early day, under the auspices of the Bishop Seabury Association. It will contain an Introduction, by the Rev. Dr. Waterman, of Providence; a letter by Bishop Williams; and and two sermons preached before the Association, by the Rev. Drs. Dix, and Ewer, of New York. This publication will command an extensive sale outside of those immediately interested in the Association.

President's Prizes.

The names of the successful competitors for the President's prizes, are as follows:

First prize in Latin, W. S. Liscomb ; second prize in Latin, J. E. Crane, Jr. First prize in Greek, J. E. Crane, Jr. ; second prize in Greek, L. M. Barber.

We regret that we are unable to give an extended account of the first meeting of the Alumni, on the day before Commencement. This new movement is fraught with much good for the University. But no decided action could be taken at the first meeting, except to consider the state of the institution and the relation of the Alumni to it, and to appoint committees to confer upon the post graduate scholarships, the improvement of the library and the other matters which were brought forward. Although no decided action was taken, the meeting was a most satisfactory one. The tone of the speeches, the vivid love for the college which was breathed in them, and the lofty character of the men who were present, both as speakers and listeners, were calculated to warm the heart of every true "Brown boy" with a glow of satisfaction. It may be depended upon that the action of the Alumni next year will amount to something.

Lectures.

There exists in this University a want which has been felt and expressed by several, and which is unconsciously evinced by many others. It is the want of more lectures, and the hope that a little agitation of the question will secure them, leads to the present expression of this feeling.

We by no means wish to be understood as endeavoring to hint that the lectures in Greek and Latin, which the catalogue modestly promises shall be furnished in these departments during the Sophomore year, are not intensely interesting, complete, and delivered at a time best fitted for awakening interest in the study of the authors in hand, and for fastening knowledge permanently, rather than simply for cramming a few of the best students so that they will appear well at examination. Let the voluminous lecture books, so neatly and studiously preserved on these subjects, testify upon these points. We refer now to another class of lectures, just as practical, and, at present, it would seem, entirely overlooked by our able Professors. To secure well-directed labor, and consequently highest success, each Freshman class needs a course of lectures, which shall fully explain the nature of the work upon which it enters, the relations of the studies to each other, habits of study to be secured or avoided, the use of the library, what to read and how to read, college relationships, and other subjects of this nature. We need an observatory, a gymnasium, a library building, a reading room ; but even these wants are scarcely more pressing than the one to which we now call attention. Most students here come with the purpose of doing much hard work. They intend to employ faithfully every advantage afforded. But under the present system there is, according to the testimony of many upper-class men, much ill-directed labor, simply because the students are left to gain, by experience,

through two or three years of study, what a few hours of teaching would give them. Perhaps those who have fathers of literary culture and habits, and who have been brought up in the midst of libraries, understand on entering college the subjects referred to, but a large proportion, we venture to say, are ignorant of them, not from any chronic mental weakness, but simply from lack of what are termed literary advantages.

How much more zest and interest would be imparted, could the student have unfolded to him a knowledge of the curriculum of study upon which he enters; if he could be lifted for a few moments above the lowlands of Freshman inexperience and ignorance, and placed upon the heights (comparative) of Senior experience and knowledge! Very many students do not know how to study, how to fasten a lesson and make it tell rapidly on the stock of knowledge gained. Some are foolishly afraid of studying too hard, do not want to strain the energies of their youthful minds, and hence they lose the immense advantages gained by concentrated, intense study for a limited period. But perhaps no lecture in this contemplated course is more needed than one upon the use of the library. It is without doubt true, that no college library is more used than ours, a fact due to the manly, confidential way in which the books are presented to the free examination of the students, and to the energy, industry and gentlemanly qualities of our librarian. Yet with the superior facilities in these respects, there is too great ignorance of the contents of the library. Sometimes it is long before one finds out that there is an index to the reviews; or before he finds that the bound catalogue is very incomplete, and that a manuscript one is accessible. In many cases, too, the little green placards hung at the entrances to the alcoves unduly drive away the unsophisticated. It takes time to learn that they are like the college laws—serving as scarecrows rather than requiring obedience. Modesty prevents many from asking for a book, even when curiosity or desire is awakened to read it, and the most valuable knowledge is lost, because men do not know how and where to get it. If some one of the Professors or the Librarian would devote an hour each year to this work, the advantages reaped would be immensely increased. The library would cease to be to many a great storehouse of tools whose beauty they admire, but of whose use they are ignorant: or a grand temple where they reverently worship, caught up on the inspiration infused by beholding so many monuments of man's genius, instead of being also, as it ought to be, a vast assemblage of teachers, at whose feet they may joyously sit.

College and class relationships are very imperfectly understood by many. Some good men lose respect by holding their heads too high, and find a change of college scenery most conducive to their happiness; while others let their modesty overcome them, still submit to the nursery regulations of their childhood, and creep along so low, that their power is lost, and sometimes pity, and even disgust excited for their lack of genuine manliness. Some overestimate the advantages of society, and give to its excitements time demanded elsewhere, while others overlook it almost altogether, and foster a diffidence, and an awkwardness which will debar them from valuable situations, otherwise easily accessible.

Many other topics might be presented, but the foregoing will be sufficient to vindicate the want which evidently exists. A general expression of this, we

are sure, will meet with a supply, since it can be furnished so easily. Lectures of this kind are given at Harvard, and at other institutions, and even if they were not, the propriety and necessity of having them, are too obvious to need discussion. Other lectures of a different nature might be given to the other classes. There is a lamentable want of thought and discussion here. We need something to awaken us.

Reading on these subjects would not accomplish much, but a little plain talk from some of our honored Professors would do much toward removing these errors, which are oftener of the head than the heart. No new lecturers need be brought in. Abundant ability is known to exist in the present Faculty, and we only desire a comparatively small amount of additional labor from those who now so ably instruct us in the class-room. Can it not be furnished?

The Editor's Window Seat.

The *Round Table* claims that Prof. Harkness has a rival in Mr. William Bingham, of North Carolina, the author of a series of Latin text-books, recently published in Philadelphia. It would appear that the new series is a development of the synthetic plan of beginning the study of the classics, borrowed from the German, by Dr. Arnold, and introduced into American schools by Prof. Harkness, to supersede the old analytic method of the grammars. Whether Mr. Bingham, aided by the results of the labors of Spencer and Harkness, has surpassed his predecessors, the *Round Table* does not affirm positively, but claims superiority for him, mainly in the more rapid development of the verb, better rules for the genders, and a more condensed form. The *Round Table* speaks of Harkness' Grammar, as "the best grammar, take it for all in all, that has thus far appeared in our country."

The *College Courant* of Yale believes in small wit and plenty of it. Under the head of Pepper-box, ("Pyxis Piperis,") our friend waxeth very facetious over the recent gift of the Messrs. Hazard to the University. "R. G. Hazard," it says, "and his son, Howland Hazard, have just given \$40,000 for the endowment of a professorship in Brown University. Poor Brown! An institution of learning is certainly to be pitied when it has to resort to Hazard for endowments." The mis-spelling of Mr. Rowland Hazard's name in the first line is intended for a joke, no doubt. There was a splendid chance for another joke there, if the *Courant* had only seen it. Why not call him Howling Hazard, and ask why Brown would insist on Howling besides her Hazard?

"But is it moral or commendable," proceeds the *Courant*, in a strain of exquisite sarcasm, "to maintain a professorship by Hazard?" "Or," with a final outburst of fun, "is the professorship itself a Hazard?"

It is very hazardous, for more reasons than one, for the *Courant* to inaugurate such jokes as these. It should remember Yale has a name, and according to this system, anybody or anything which has a name, is liable to be tremendously peppered. This style of joke can be produced in any quantity. Our devil suggests the following specimen: Why may New Haven students be said to prefer malt liquor? Ans—Because they are great at (Y)ale, but feeble on water.

At the recent Chinese reception, in Boston, the only references to contemporary educational matters, singularly enough, were to the works of Brown boys. Mr. Burlingame, speaking of the great scholar, Tung Tajen, mentions as his great work, the translation of Henry Wheaton's International Law, into Chinese; and Mr. Emerson spoke with high praise of Hon. T. A. Jenckes' bill which demands that candidates for public office shall pass a literary examination.

International celebrations are pleasant places to hear from our graduates.

A distant western exchange directs to "Brownian University!!" Why don't they stick on another syllable for euphony? Brownianist would sound still better.

Gentlemen of leisure upon the campus, were somewhat startled a few mornings ago, at seeing a cradle brought to the south door of "Hope." The class infant of '72, soon appeared and solved all doubts, by shouldering it and carrying it to his room. Sweet be his Freshman sleep in the wavy little couch!

Who shall say that this is not an age of progress. Out on the Pacific railroad, cities, such as once took centuries to grow, come springing up in a single night, like Aladdin's palace. Young folks now know more at sixteen than their parents at sixty; and the great Mrs. Henry Wood writes nine thousand words in a day, while such poor old poky fellows as Oliver Goldsmith could only write seventy-five.

There is a certain student, who may always be seen on Westminster street, Saturday afternoon. He has attracted a good deal of attention by his regular habit of spending that afternoon there. The reason will be evident from the following effusion which he has had the temerity to send in. Any repetition of the act will be punished by exposing his name.

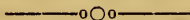
I love a girl of sweet sixteen;
 Dewey lip and dancing eye,
 Rounded ankle, dimly seen,
 When the wind stirs her drapery.

She has not learned to simper and sigh,—
 The "German" does not fill her brain;—
 If she says she likes you, she does not lie,
 •Nor plight her troth to break again.

I love the bright, pure air of morn—
 I love spring grass, so fresh and green;—
 But lovelier still is life's full dawn,
 As it shines in the eye, at sweet sixteen.

Breath of perfume and heart of gold,
 Unsullied yet by the world's hard dints;—
 I loved one first when eight years old,
 And I've loved one or more ever since.

The article on "Haze," is rather too nebulous, and requires a careful revision. The author of "The Student's Dream," evidently got to napping over his work.



Collegiana.

HARVARD has \$230,000 toward her Memorial Hall.—At Commencement, the graduates numbered seventy-six. The degree of L.L. D., was conferred as follows: Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, of Concord; Admiral Charles Henry Davis, Andrew Atkinson Humphreys, Evangelus Apostolides Sophocles, James McCosh, President of Princeton College.—The *Round Table* speaks thus disrespectfully of Commencement at Harvard: "A better display of unmitigated humbug and downright puerility in the name of learning, and under the sanction of reasonable men, could not be well imagined.—Next year Commencement will come in June—the Tuesday after Class Day—and all the festivities of the college will be condensed into those two days.—Jacob N. Knapp, the oldest graduate of Harvard, died at Walpole, N. H., on the 27th of July, in his ninety-fifth year. He graduated in 1802. Of one hundred and twenty young gentlemen just admitted to the Freshman class, only fourteen entered without conditions.

YALE. The whole number of applications for admission to Yale this year was one hundred and ninety-eight. Of these, sixty-seven were admitted without conditions, one hundred and sixteen were conditioned and fifteen were rejected. The class will probably number one hundred and seventy-five.—A Connecticut Democratic paper stated that Gen. F. P. Blair is a graduate of Yale College and the *New Haven Journal* explains: "Gen. Blair graduated at Yale quite prematurely. It took him less than a year to 'go through' college."—S. F. B. Morse, Esq., has given to the theological seminary at Yale, the sum of ten thousand dollars towards the erection of a new divinity hall.—One of the students will marry no one but Anna Dickinson.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY. On a beautiful hill just rising above the town of Ithaca, New York, and sloping gradually down to the edge of Cayuga lake, there is now rising a University which is expected to rank at the outset among the great ones of the world. We have succeeded in making almost everything quicker and better in this country than it can be done in any other, and Cornell University represents this principle as applied to colleges. The arrangements for the institution are of the most magnificent order. In the main college yard five grand halls, built of the native blue granite, are in an advanced stage of construction. To the rear a large laboratory is to be built, and across a fine river which flows near, another dormitory building stands completed, which is alone capable of containing three hundred students.. The main

college buildings are arranged precisely like those of Brown, and on a similar eminence. Back of them is the splendid farm, given by Mr. Cornell, extending over two hundred acres. On this farm, Mr. Cornell intends that indigent students shall work at a fair rate of wages, to defray the light expenses of their course. On this farm may be seen grazing, the finest herd of cattle in the country, the gift of Mr. Cornell to the Agricultural Department.

The immense sums of money requisite for carrying on the institution, on such a scale, have been obtained by an agreement between Mr. Cornell and the State of New York, by which the former secured all the New York State College lands to this one institution, through the promise of a large additional gift from his own resources. Some other private individuals have aided, but the great bulk of the property of the college, is the donation of Mr. Cornell, and of the State. The State gave its educational lands to the college, just as Rhode Island recently gave her lands to our University—on condition that one student from each of the hundred and twenty-eight educational districts of the State, should be yearly received free of tuition fees. The students to be selected from their respective districts for superior scholarship. These lands are one million of acres in extent. They will probably average one dollar and a half an acre in value; making the State endowment worth one million and a half of dollars. Mr. Cornell's gifts amount in all to about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The faculty, again, shows the power of the almighty dollar. Some of the greatest men in the country have been engaged to perform the various duties of the University. The resident professors have been chosen with great good judgment. They are all young men who will grow with the University, and can and will make their reputation there. The President, the Hon. Andrew D. White, LL. D., is himself a very young man, about the age of Dr. Wayland when he became President of Brown. These are the men who are to bear the burden and heat of the day, but among the non-resident professors who are to put the finishing strokes and fine touches on the work, we find names of very different men,—men who have already made the world ring with their fame. Among these are Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Gov. Holbrook, of Vermont, James Hall, State Geologist of New York, James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis and Theodore W. Dwight.

President White has been in Europe for some time, procuring books and apparatus for the institution. The Jewett collection of Paleontology and Geology has also been purchased. In the arrangement of every department, the greatest judgment and most unlimited generosity have been displayed. The college is now under the direction of a board of trustees, of which Mr. Cornell is chairman.

We have no doubt that this grand project will meet the success which it deserves. We shall await its opening with great interest, and further particulars will appear in the next number of the "Brunonian."

AMHERST. At a recent meeting of the Alumni, it was voted to erect a mural tablet, and \$1,500 is to be raised by them for that purpose.—Amherst has lately had a gift of \$30,000, from William Stearns, son of President Stearns, a wealthy merchant of Bombay.—The treasurer reports that the institution is now worth more than a million dollars, and free from debt.

WILLIAMS. Williams has a monument to her sons who fell in the war. The freestone shaft is sixteen feet high, and is surmounted by a bronze figure of a soldier. It is erected by the Alumni, at a cost of between eight and nine thousand dollars.—The Freshman class number forty-five. Various changes have been made in the faculty, course of study, time of vacations, and text books. The Yale plan of a long summer vacation has been adopted, much to the satisfaction of the students.—The reign of tutors is over at Williams; henceforth all instruction is to be given by Professors.—The late Prof. Dewey, of Rochester University, has left to Williams his extensive and valuable collection of carices, one of the best in this country, and also his library on the subject of the carices, including Dr. Bott's great work, in four volumes, worth \$60 a volume. Williams is going to have an art gallery, with two large halls for the open library societies, to be erected just west of the gymnasium; and the frame building now on that site, is to be removed and converted into a college boarding house, on the common system.

PRINCETON. The 27th of October has been fixed upon for the inauguration of Dr. McCosh, as President of Princeton. Gov. Pollock, Senator Stockton, and others will make addresses. The occasion will be one of great interest.—The funds of Princeton have, by earnest efforts and generous liberality, been increased till they reach an aggregate of \$250,000, of which \$150,000 has been raised during the last three or four years. Of this amount \$60,000 has been raised during the past year, as an endowment for the support of the President. This has been contributed by about twenty men, in New Jersey and also in New York. Besides this, \$6,000 have been raised for refitting and furnishing the President's house. Both these funds have been raised with direct reference to his support and comfort.

MADISON. Edward Judson, the new Professor of Latin and Modern Languages, in Madison, is a graduate of Brown University, Class of '65.

TRINITY. There is a curious custom at Trinity, of handing down a "lemon squeezer" from class to class. It was begun in 1857, and the "squeezer" is given to the class whose records show the greatest number of college adventures. The presentation takes place with appropriate ceremonies.—Trinity has two political clubs, fully officered.

DARTMOUTH. Dartmouth has graduated over three thousand five hundred and fifty persons. The degree of LL. D., has been conferred twenty-four times, and D. D., one hundred and six times.—Professor Joel Parker, of Cambridge, has been elected Professor of Law in Dartmouth, though a course of annual lectures will comprise his duties for the present.—John C. Proctor, of the class of 1864, has been appointed tutor in Latin and Greek, and Charles F. Emerson, of Chelmsford, salutatorian of the class of 1868, will give instruction in mathematics, and take charge of the gymnasium, in place of Professor Welch.

EXCHANGES. We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: *Harvard Advocate*, the *Dartmouth*, *Yale Lit.*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Williams College Vidette*, *Amherst Student*, *Michigan University Magazine*, the *College Argus*, the *Trinity Tablet*, the *Collegian*, the *Griswold Collegian*, *College Days*, *College Courier*.

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EDITORS FOR '69.

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HENRY T. GRANT, Jr.,

FRANK LAWTON, Jr.,

EDITORS FOR '70.

JOSEPH C. ELY,

I. NELSON FORD,

WALTER C. HAMM.

TENNYSON'S POWER.

The question is often asked, who is the greatest poet of our day. It does not receive the same answer throughout any one city or village. Different temperaments require different food; different tastes are pleased with different styles of thought; different life experiences demand different strains of consolation; and so on this question men differ. Perhaps in the opinion of a majority Tennyson holds the highest rank. Very many will be found who affirm that he of living authors has the finest and best tempered poetic genius. Longfellow, who constructs melodiously tinkling rhyme and often gives us fine sentiment; Whittier, whose verse is made strong and ringing by practicality and manly heartiness; Lowell, the "faultily faultless," the scholar but not the genius; Matthew Arnold, who, though having much grace and delicacy of thought, fails to reach the common heart; and Robert Browning, who is condemned as too philosophical to attain the highest success in poetry; these are perhaps the only poets of the present day that can compete with him for the palm of superiority. Each of these authors has a retinue of admiring courtiers, who worship him as the kingly poet of the age. But Tennyson differs from these in style both

of thought and expression. He surpasses them all in originality, a quality which constitutes the most important distinction between genius and scholarly finish. We find in his writings a somewhat of peculiar richness and poetic grace. While reading, our interest reaches deeper than the characters portrayed or the story told, and we are drawn toward the man himself. He wins his way to the heart, which is the poet's proper home in our natures, even if he does not stir the mind by giant thoughts. He is an exemplary poet, if not a keen logician or philosopher.

By all who have a taste for the truly poetic, Tennyson is held in high esteem. It is not easy to tell what constitutes the power, by which he gains this favor, but it has several obvious elements which may be pondered with profit. Its most apparent feature is a fine command of the English language and good taste in its use. No reader can fail to notice that Tennyson has uncommon skill in fitting the right word to its place. He is an expert and tasty workman in mosaics. He employs words derived from all the elements that make up our language, but the Saxon is by far the most common. The presence of this element gives great force to his verse. His range in the use of words is very broad, yet he never sins by unlawful coinage. He may compound words oddly, he may employ some that have not been penned since the days of Spencer, but he never introduces those that are new or questionable. In speaking of Tennyson's *command* of language we mean more than a knowledge of our tongue. Others perhaps have been as well acquainted with the language, as doubtless were Gray and Byron, but neither they nor others, for at least a century, have put their knowledge to as good practical application. The proper use of language is a more important element of a writer's success than it may be esteemed. However rich, beautiful or powerful a thought may be, its power or beauty will be lessened, if it be not well presented. Just as in dress, beauty of person is detracted from by ill-fitting clothing, so beauty or symmetry of thought cannot appear to good advantage, if it be not robed in appropriate and fitting expression. Then too the writer, who cannot state a thought directly and pungently, who is forced to employ circumlocutions, fails to impress his readers. Such dilation always

results in dilution, and such a writer's style is sure to be clumsy and lacking in sprightliness. Hence it is that we speak of our poet's command and good use of language as an important element of his success.

Tennyson's descriptions add greatly to his power. Ability to describe is one of the chief requisites for success in poetry; since poetry is in part the language of the imagination, and since of necessity the imaginative demands nicer and more vivid description than the real. The latter needs but suggestions and the mind can complete the scene from memory or judgment, but the former is to the reader new and strange, and cannot be accurately surmised. Our author's descriptions form a characteristic feature of his poetry. They are always remarkably clear and vivid and yet are never far protracted. Many, when first they saw the picture, now so common, of Longfellow's Evangeline, as she sits in the lonely graveyard and looks sadly and hopelessly out toward the sea, said within them that it was different from the picture of the same scene, drawn by their own fancies. The description in the poem, though beautiful, is not exact. Hence different pictures might illustrate this scene. But Tennyson is never thus indefinite. His descriptions are minutely precise, and by some such artifice as a metaphor, expressing more than many lines of plain comment could, all minds are confined to nearly the same conception of the scene. And hence, when looking at Doré's illustrations, we find that they in the main correspond to the conceptions our own minds have formed. The poet Laureate's sketches of scenes and places are all drawn by a few masterly touches at proper points, just as a picture is clearly outlined by genius with a few strokes of the brush. In fact painting and poetry are near akin, and we should not be very inaccurate, did we call Tennyson a painter, though perhaps he never touched the palette. Poetry is painting animated, endowed with thought and passion. The last part of the third paragraph of "Elaine," where Arthur finds the diamond crown, well exemplifies what has been said about our author's vivid delineation. There is one peculiarity about Tennyson's sketches. The scene of a story is seldom fully drawn at the beginning or at any one place in the poem, as is done by most writers. The

description of the scene and the development of the plot move on together, and the former is not complete, till the latter ends. Review his narrative poems and you will find few paragraphs in which the place is pictured apart from the story. Yet even after the first reading, you had a clear and definite conception of the scene. To describe is a difficult task in itself, but it is far more difficult to thus weave in the different threads separately, look upon our work with the eye of an unacquainted observer, and realize that it is all there. For skill thus displayed, our author deserves additional credit. Tennyson's descriptions have then, besides their vividness, this peculiarity in the arrangement of parts.

A poet's ability is judged in part by his use of figurative language. If we examine our author by this standard, we find his merit as great as in other respects. His Tropes assist greatly towards that power of description just considered. They never seem labored, are never borrowed or common. He inserts no simile or metaphor simply because of its beauty, but these always add to the vividness of the scene or the force of the thought. His metaphors are all so natural and applicable that he may almost be said to think in them; so little planning do they seem to receive from the constructive Reason. We cite several, as examples. They are taken at intervals from his poems. In *Maud* he speaks of drowning the heart in "the gross *mud-honey* of town." How forcibly and compactly does this express the alloyed pleasure which city life affords. The heartless belle is said to lure her victim on by "a moist mirage in desert eyes." Geraint, after a combat, with the scowl of battle still lingering on his face, is described as smiling "like a stormy sunlight." The next is especially good both from the beauty of the metaphor and the density of the description.

"———Often o'er the sun's bright eye
Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud."

The eagle stands on a lofty mountain crag and

"The *wrinkled* sea beneath him *crawls*."

When the maiden leaves her home to become a wife,

"———hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes."

In addition to the intrinsic beauty of the next, it must be remembered that the man, to whom the pronoun *he* refers, is himself a bankrupt and in the autumn of his life.

“And out he walk’d when the wind like a broken worldling wail’d,
And the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drove thro’ the air.”

These are but examples and by no means the best among the many that are good.

Poetry must not be considered simply discourse in verse. It is a style of *thought*, and does not depend on the form of expression used. (If we do not assent to such a view, how shall we interpret Emerson, where he calls Daniel Webster one of the two greatest of American poets!) The proper sphere of poetry is to give expression to the dreams of the fancy, to the emotions of the heart, and to all that in thought is rich, graceful or sublimating. An author’s imagery, therefore, and his success in portraying the sensibilities must constitute his chief claim to superiority of poetic genius. Tennyson’s imagination is by all acknowledged to be preëminently rich and original. The examples given under the previous head illustrate its force. His delineations of the sensibilities are truthful and natural. He understands the strength and the weakness of human nature, and imparts this knowledge in an attractive manner. All the emotions and passions, of which poets commonly treat, we find exemplified in his poems. The affections of the heart, both pure and base, its bitter grief, its swelling joy, its hopeful longings, its fears and its darkening doubts are all portrayed, sometimes with such new combinations of lights and shades, that the emotion seems new to us, though we know it is the same that the human heart has ever felt. In *Maud*, a fragmentary poem, is given us a sweet dream of human love,—a portrayal of the bitterness of disappointment, made more poignant by the remembrance of former happiness, and of a strong, manly will rising in might to conquer passion and despair. In the “*In Memoriam*,” is expressed the poet’s grief at the death of an intimate friend. How truthfully here are all the ebbing and flowing tides of grief portrayed.! First there is the groping blindness that ensues upon the loss, then the struggling endeavor to rise above the sense of loneliness, the yearning and the

depression caused by grief, until at length the chastened soul comes out from the darkness into the full light of the triumph of will and of faith. In these and other poems we think we trace in a measure the experience of the author's own life. Especially as we peruse the one last mentioned, we realize that we are reading, not what the poet surmises others must feel in bereavement, but the heart experience of one whose own lips have pressed the bitter chalice. Herein is one element of his success, for the writer who would move others himself must know and feel. Thus far we have spoken only of those feelings, that are common to the verse of all poets. But Tennyson has some passages that touch upon feelings and passions not often depicted in books. Thus in section XXIII of *Maud* is given a fantasy of the insane. Few others have attempted so difficult a task, none with better success. We cannot read this passage slowly and attentively without realizing, in some degree, the horrors of insanity. Then too, our poet has some out-breathings of thoughts and feelings, which we are almost startled to find upon a printed page, which we imagined none but ourselves had ever experienced, or which perhaps we never realized to be our own, until reminded by another. It is a difficult task for a painter to truly represent upon the canvas the fleeting cloud-shadows that float across a landscape, but far more difficult is it to portray in truthful and recognizable manner these light, fleeting shades of sentiment and feeling that float dreamily across the vista of the soul. Our poet possesses this power in an uncommon degree, and it is by this especially that he wins our affections. For these delicate and peculiar feelings, being common to author and reader, tend to cause in the latter's mind belief in a similar life experience. Such a belief creates sympathy, and sympathy is the germ of love and friendship. Perhaps no one poem better displays thorough acquaintance with the human heart than *Guinevere*, the last of the *Idyls of the King*.

Tennyson's style is very direct. He expresses a sentiment in the fewest words, relying upon the thought for success. Whenever in the course of a narrative some general feeling or attribute of our nature is exemplified, its generalization from the one character in the story to all men is given with the brevity of a

maxim. Some are not pleased with this. They prefer that the thought should be fully developed and illustrated, as is done by many others. Yet upon this pithy directness depends true success. The writer's aim should be to strengthen a reader's mind. The profit that one derives from reading, does not consist in the fact that by reading he is furnished with ideas, but rather in this, that he is set to thinking for himself. The writer's thought should guide, but the reader's mind must debate the thought presented, if it would gain strength. Hence to say that Tennyson does not trace out his thoughts to their farthest limits is commendation rather than disparagement. In all his narrative poems our author carries the story directly forward. He never turns aside to generalize a thought not fairly illustrated in the plot. His amplification of a sentiment or truth, being thus derived without effort from the plot, gives at once an illustration of the thought generalized and a proof of its truth. Thus, in "Enid," when Geraint was riding unaccompanied, he was suddenly assailed by a caitiff knight with a large band of followers. Death seems inevitable. But the hero sets his spear in rest, charges upon and overthrows Limours, the caitiff knight. When the boon companions of the Earl see that their leader is cast down, they flee in terror and leave him lying in the public way. Then without warning, ado or further expansion comes the generalization ;—

"So vanish friendships only made in wine."

Great power is imparted to this thought by its pith and direct applicability. Simplicity gives strength to all our author's poetry. Though all may not be persuaded of it, it is yet true that simplicity of language is power and often sublimity. The less a thought is bundled up in words, the more forcibly does it strike. The less it is arrayed in gaudy apparel, the more does its natural beauty shine. What richness, by the very simplicity of expression, is imparted to the following lines, with which "Enid" closes. Such words remain in the reader's mind and often return to him again, ever sweet as music he has heard in dreams.

“ But rested in her fealty, till he crown’d
 A happy life with a fair death, and fell
 Against the heathen of the Northern Seas
 In battle, fighting for the blameless King.

There is a peculiarity in some of Tennyson’s verses, that we do not find elsewhere in writings of the present day. This is the use of paradoxical and directly antithetical expressions. What force is thus gained may be seen by examples. Maud is described as

“ Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
 Dead perfection, no more.”

In “Elaine” we find this couplet. It refers to Launcelot’s guilty love for Guinevere.

“ His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.”

Thus we have considered Tennyson’s power. Looking at results rather than sources, we have touched only upon its obvious elements, and those, the consideration of which is profitable. An appreciation of his genius can only be gained by study of his works. This then must be left to the reader. Our endeavor has been simply to examine into such features of this poet’s power, as are indicative of the cause of his success and popularity.

WITH ARBUTUS.

Wandering o’er the hill-sides brown
 Beyond the suburbs of the town,
 These little flowerets I espied
 Striving beneath the leaves to hide.

Quickly I knelt upon the place
 To sever them from close embrace;
 I plucked the buds from mossy bed.
 Then held them up, and to them said

“ Go little flowerets, haste ye, go!
 Your simple fragrant beauty show
 To her, who is beloved, as friend,
 And may ye to her pleasure tend!”

SMITH'S HORSE.

During a former visit of the celebrated Daniel Pratt to Providence, that gentleman gave an entertainment in the Horse Guards Armory. His peculiarities were well known to a certain set of the young gentlemen down town, and it was under their auspices that the entertainment was given. It comprised, among other things, an "exhibition of the giant strength" of the great adventurer. Dumb-bells, of different sizes, had been provided, and marked conspicuously with their various weights. Some of them bore in large figures "100," others "500" and two or three as high as "1000 lbs." Mr. Pratt went through his performances with these weights with scarcely an effort, and the artistic manner in which he conducted himself, seemed to afford great delight to his audience. He really believed that he had held a thousand pounds at arm's length, while all the spectators knew that the painted wooden bells weighed not more than five or ten pounds.

But this instance of imposition upon Pratt, is not as apt to our purpose, as some others which might be cited. It is only because Pratt is so extensively known, that the above feature of his peculiar exhibitions is described. Here we have seen how some waggish fellows made sport of a weak-minded man—indeed an insane person. The case which follows is one of a different character. The victim was one who might be said to have "travelled," and was tolerably "sharp."

Every one knows that around turfmen and horse-jockies, always hang a crowd of amateur sporting-men. The latter while maintaining a fair amount of respectability in society, at the same time are ambitious of making progress in the profession of the former. It was one of these amateurs—we will call him Smith—who, a short time since, became the hero of the following "sell."

Smith was induced to purchase a promising colt, and himself undertook to do the training. All went well, for the colt soon "stepped by" all the common roadsters. Smith talked loudly in the club rooms about the future of his horse. Happening one day to fall in with some "cracks," a trial of speed ensued, and to gratify his vanity, Smith was allowed to come out ahead.

Elated, beyond measure, with his supposed success, he was easily persuaded to drive his horse around the track on time. The arrangements were soon completed. Professional men, and a goodly number of invited friends, were present to witness the performance of the new trotter, and a prodigal supply of refreshment had been ordered by the susceptible owner. At length Smith mounted his sulky and away he whirled. Three-quarters were made, and as the pony came plunging down the home-stretch, there went up cheer after cheer for Smith. Boldly he demanded the time, and the answer came promptly—*two twenty-five*. "But he must be witness himself to the noble work the horse could do," they all cried, and soon a skilful driver took the reins, while Smith's excited hand held the watch. A minute went and hardly had the horse passed the first quarter—two minutes and only half the mile. Smith looked about him and saw the joke on every face. We need not conclude the recital of this very practical "sell." Who is there that is ever so firmly on his guard as not to be in danger of falling into some such trap? When the weak side of any man's character becomes too apparent, there are not wanting those who may take advantage of it.

How many of us in the field of letters (should we venture thereto) may meet with Smith's experience. We are ambitious of becoming possessors of a good style, and of producing something that will distinguish ourselves. In some moment of supposed victory we may be congratulated that the prize is won. Then at length comes the test, when too late for escape we may be covered with shame and mortification, in the presence even of our inferiors. An essay carefully compiled from a large file of volumes may stamp a sophomore with fame. To be sure he reads his paper in fear and trembling, lest some brilliant passage may be familiar to the professor or to the class. But the ordeal is passed and his confidence strengthens. Through this channel and that he hears with pleasure that he is a good writer. After a while he comes to believe that all the bright thoughts in his essays originated with himself, and his confidence in his own powers is complete. He is as susceptible of flattery as Smith, and in the full career of his literary egotism, may meet with some unexpected catastrophe.

REMINISCENCES OF MT. MOOSEILAUKE.

It was a bright Monday morning that we, the party of ten, set off from Profile Notch. Bright indeed it was after the tremendous shower of the night before, that had drenched our tent and all that it contained; and reflected its cheerfulness from our faces, not only on account of that intimate connection between sunshine and good nature, but as it promised its warm light to dry the soaked blankets and tent.

Down past the hotel, toward the west, we marched, jumping here and there, the curiously grained brown pools left by the rain of the preceding night. The stages were just starting out, and with many farewells and wavings of handkerchiefs, rolled around the corner and down the muddy road. Passing the opening to Echo Lake, from whose wharf the roar of cannon so often wakes the Titans slumbering beneath the opposite hills, down the long slope of ground on the way to Bethlehem, we turn off toward the left into a pleasant valley stretching out toward the south, where, in the distance, our goal was plainly visible.

Quietness seemed to brood over this spot, and although many houses were along the side of the road, it seemed more still even than the long sandy way through the seven-mile woods, or the wild scenery of the Glen road winding below the snow patches on the side of Mt. Washington, for there, at times, the stages would dash by at full speed, covered on the outside and filled within with gay and lively passengers, bringing one suddenly back to the town and bustle. It seemed as if the place, with its inhabitants, had been dozing and had not gone forward with the usual wide-awake vigor of New England; and to strengthen the idea, at the open window of one cottage sat a woman spinning at the wheel, and having around her neck a string of gold beads, the ornament of years long gone by, from which, perchance, they had come an inheritance.

Off on the mountain sides the bare beds of rock, covered with shallow sheets of water, glistened brightly in the sunshine. Indeed, it was as if some giant knight having wrapped his green mantle around him had lain down to sleep; and it was

his armour, his helmet and breastplate, that so glistened. Only there could the mountain streams be seen, until at once they rushed across the road, under some overhanging bank, where the depths suggested large, dark trout, away among the alder bushes and out of sight. Now the way passed through the woods, at whose edge the pure rill of spring water enticed the traveller to rest in the calm, bright, summer morning, and gaze across the road into the depths of trees and plants, flecked here with light and there with shadow. Thus through the quiet shade or now by clustered cottages, the noontide found us at the end of the valley and at the foot of the mountain.

But now the face of nature changed and the day was no longer bright. Dinner was quickly dispatched and the nooning cut short, through fear from the sudden approach of threatening black clouds, from whose folds the rain fell almost ere we set out, wrapped in rubber blankets, behind our heavily laden wagon, as it jogged along the cart path toward the place of ascent. It was near a small farm, whose house was on one side of the road and barn on the other. But all thoughts of ascent during that day, were driven out of our minds by the threatening darkness and the mists upon the mountain side. To camp on the ground, wet by the afternoon's rain, as well as by that of the preceding night, would not have been pleasant, and it was with joy that we obtained permission of the farmer to sleep in his barn. To the hungry man, all food is a feast, and to the weary, any couch gives easy slumber, even though it be the ground, which is not always especially arranged with reference to anatomy. But a bed of fresh, sweet-smelling hay, reminding one of the lavender-scented sheets of Walton's Inn, after a long day's walk, is luxury without luxury's enervation. As it were in payment for this, the farmer begged we would come into the house in the evening to sing, and none of us can ever forget that rude room only lighted by a stick of wood or two upon the hearth, around which we sat and lustily sang many a lively ballad or jolly college chorus, not forgetting that stirring song, now known in every house throughout the north, the old "John Brown."

Brightly, the next morning, the sun shone as we trod down

the tall wet grass, between the road and the brook, that skirted the mountain's side and entered the old green forests. Keats, in his *Endymion*, by imagination's aid, has sung of the sides of *Latmos*; but here was a reality, here the rich and wild luxuriance of vegetation, the solitude of the rarely trodden forest. Only a slight foot-path, here and there almost imperceptible, crept up the side of the mountain. Indeed, in the intoxication of the early morning air, the scene was almost fairy-like, and especially so through the abundance of bright green moss which covered everything; moss, which grew in feathery branches, not unlike ferns in shape, but more softly and beautifully shaded, and which, in its luxuriance and size seemed almost tropical. Here it spread over the stones, there covered the decaying fibres of some old tree, like children hiding the imperfections of an aged man.

About half of the way up, the path wound along the steep bank of a ravine, at whose foot a mountain stream, though not seen, was heard dashing madly along. The opposite side covered with pines rose from below, high and steep above us, and as the breeze rustled through the branches, the place seemed hardly less grand in its monotony, than the ocean, with its unceasing roar.

As we approached the top the trees began to disappear, until upon the very summit, all vegetation was absent, save the bunches of white flowers that grew among the rocks. Here a clear view in all directions, was spread before us, except where a few clouds lay in the mountain horizon. All the lately visited spots again appeared. In the southeast was *Winnipiseogee*, a little dot of blue, whose waters, set with many a green island, we had looked upon, in the dreamy summer afternoon, from the summit of *Red Hill*. Farther toward the north was *Mt. Kiasarge*, with its house-crowned top, where the sun had risen and set before our eyes, with beauty only to be seen in such a spot; from the windows of whose dilapidated hotel, we had viewed the moon rise, lighting up, as it ascended, many a lake and pond, and showing in the distance the ocean, a silver line upon the horizon. *Washington* was partially covered with clouds, but nearer *Lafayette* was plainly visible. While between the more

prominent were many hills and mountains, which could not be so easily recognized. West of the White Hills, toward the north was Canada and some of its mountains. Not only did the view give us a chance to bid farewell to all we had seen, but showed us our way, whither we were to go. Along the west lay the Green Mountain range, and between us and it, the Connecticut valley. Seen here and there the river itself appeared, flowing downward to the plain of the south, from which isolated Monadnock rose; while on its banks villages were thickly scattered, whose white church spires arose here and there among the old elm trees. As the sun was already some distance in his course, and the Connecticut must be reached before he sank in the west, our eyes again bade farewell to the forms of mountains, among which we had been so long, and our footsteps were turned toward the placid waters of Champlain and picturesque Lake George.

ON RECEIVING A TYPOLITE LIKENESS OF A LADY.

Had Raphael limned that typolite
 'Twould not compare with thee!
 Though wavy hair in tresses light
 Caressed a brow of spotless white,
 And in a lovely face I might
 Resemblance see.

Did Psyche's form and Venus' face
 Assert the painter's skill,
 With every part so deftly traced
 By airy soft apparel graced;
 Though art should all her powers waste
 'Twere useless still.

For should she paint a perfect whole,
 'Twould want what most I prize,
 That timid glance 'neath eyelash stole
 Which draws all hearts to its control,
 The charming effluence of the soul
 Which lights thine eyes.

A TRADITION OF THE SEEKONK.

Traditions are the master-keys which unlock the chambers of the imagination. They open and display to us the pleasant scenes of by-gone times, and they invest the familiar objects which surround us with a hallowed charm, peopling every-day scenes with the forms which legends tell us once delighted there to dwell. Half-way up the Catskill mountains, a large picture on the side of a house, representing Rip Van Winkle just awaking from his sleep, and exclaiming, "Oh! that flagon—that wicked flagon!" attracts the attention of the traveller, and immediately his imagination, as it were, looks through the neighboring grove, and spreads out before him an open glade, where the little crew of Hendrick Hudson are playing silently their game of ten-pins.

It is this imaginative pleasure which so fascinates the European tourist, travelling through countries rich in lore; and pitiable indeed is the man who could wish that

"Our rivers overhung
By forests which have known no other change
For ages, than the budding and the fall
Of leaves—our valleys lovelier than those
Which the old poets sang of—should but figure
On the apocryphal chart of speculation
As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privileges,
Rights and appurtenances, which make up
A Yankee Paradise—unsung, unknown,
To beautiful tradition."

With the thought that perhaps but few may have heard it, and with the hope that some who wander along the banks of our pleasant river, may enjoy the prospect more, this short and simple story of the Seekonk is related.

Back in the primitive times of this country, before the white man's axe was heard in the forest, and when the wild goose was undisturbed on his favorite river,* by the report of the white man's rifle, a young Indian chief, of brave and manly bearing, plants his wigwam in a secluded valley on the western shore of

* The word Seekonk comes from the Indian *seaki*, black, and *honk*, a goose, so called from the great number of these birds found on its waters.

the Seekonk. What attracts him thus away from the remainder of his tribe? Does he come to shoot the wild-fowl sporting on the river, or to catch the many sea-fish which swarm within its depths? No, far different is his purpose. As he looks across the water he can see a thin white smoke curling above the pine trees which crown the opposite bank. He knows it rises from the camp fires of a Massachusetts tribe, among which is a black-haired maiden, the daughter of the Sachem. She, the dark-skinned beauty of her people, is the prize that lures him hither. He has said that he will meet her in the woods close by the river, and now he comes to fulfil his promise, braving the anger of her father, who hates the proud young chieftain on whom his daughter looks with favor. He comes to take her to his wigwam, that it may not be so lonely—that some one may be there to greet him when he comes back from his hunting, or from following on the war-trail.

Just as the sun is kissing the western clouds good night, making them redden with their blushes, the Indian lover launches his little birch canoe upon the smooth-flowing Seekonk. With a quickly beating heart, not betrayed by his impassive face, he noiselessly glides across the river, heeding not the billowy storm-cloud which gathers darkly in the north, nor the warning note of the tree-toad plaintively sounding in the air. In a sheltered curving of the shore his nimble boat is fastened, and proud and joyous he hastens to the appointed place of meeting. There he finds the Indian maiden prompt and faithful to her promise. What they said upon the meeting was not heard, save by the pine trees or the little birds that twittered in the branches overhead; but suddenly a footstep, soft and gliding, is distinguished by the sharp ear of the Indian, and his quick eye catches a gleam of light from the tomahawk of the angry Sachem, who, like a wary panther, steals towards his intended prey. Snatching the maiden by the waist, the fleet-footed Indian has reached the shore, ere the old chief can overtake them; and as they shoot out from the bank, they see a scowling face turn back with sullen disappointment.

But what a change is on the river! The small black cloud which gathered in the north, has now darkened the whole sky,

and that little "harbinger of storms" has ceased his boding cry from his station in a neighboring tree; for the wind has already broken the smooth surface of the water into short and angry waves, and the big rain drops descending are driven with fury to the earth. Bravely the anxious lover battles with the elements, as his little bark is tossed from wave to wave; and with tender words of hope, the maiden urges him to strive his utmost to reach the shore, where they see his lonely wigwam standing ready to receive them. But all in vain are his strongest efforts. When scarcely half-way over, a mighty blast of the tempest lifts the frail canoe, as if a feather, and casts the fated lovers into the wild and maddened river. No helping hand is there to aid them; the darkened sky is frowning ominously; and the furious storm, baffling all their endeavors, overwhelms them. In a last embrace of affection they sink, and are seen no more on earth; for they have departed

"To the islands of the blessed
To the kingdom of Ponemah
To the land of the hereafter."

Then the fierce north wind, as if repenting of his cruel deed, sweeps over the rising crests of the waves, spinning them into threads, and weaving them into a winding sheet of foam; and he sweeps over the pine trees on the banks, making them bow their heads and wail the death song over the "grave of the faithful lovers."

THE POET'S TEACHER.

One night we went to hear Parepa. She sang and was *encored*. She gave us selections from the German and from the Italian Masters. She led us through dizzy mazes of half-notes and quavres. We got our "money's worth" and came away. The next morning at day-break, long before we had read the musical critiques on the evening's performance, a stream of joy poured through our window. It was the matin of a wild bird. This songster was not hired to sing. He waited for no audience, he courted no applause. His very life was a song—and he poured forth that life freely in a glad burst of melody. In the evening we had listened to Art, now we were listening to Nature; and we thought of another singer, the poet, the tender undertone of whose song breathes upon the finer senses like incense, or sobs forth sorrows which press a cry from the heart, and we asked ourselves, "Is the poet a creature of Art like Parepa, or of Nature like the wild bird?"

Man lives in two worlds—the world of Nature and the world of Art. The former includes those objects and phenomena in the world of sense without him, which, while they minister to the high ends of his spiritual being, do not depend for their subsistence upon the human will. The latter includes those objects which have been contrived by the hand of man to supply his wants, and which are regulated by fashion or caprice. Art is the passive instrument of man. Nature is the grand overmastering power whose influences are seen within us and on every side of us.

Now if poetry were founded on Art, we would naturally expect its perfection in that period in the history of a nation, in which society evinced the highest degree of refinement, and in which the arts were most assiduously cultivated; as knowledge increased, poetry would exhibit a corresponding progressive improvement, attaining relative perfection only in successive ages by dint of constant repetition. The whole history of poetry fails to sustain the premises. It is in the earlier stages of the national literature that poetry attains its highest perfection.

Homer, Dante, Ariosto, Shakspeare, Milton, these masters of song lived near the beginning of the literatures which they developed, and were followed by inferior artists who merely fumbled on the chords which once thrilled under the master's touch. Poetry exhibits no progressive movement. Its absolute perfection was attained three thousand years ago. In comparison with the present systems, the Homeric theology, arts and society appear crude and imperfect; but we can boast of no better poetry than the *Iliad*. This reflection is an extremely mortifying one, but it enables us to form a more exalted conception of the dignity and universality of poetry, as founded upon what is beyond the influence of fashion and caprice, upon Nature rather than upon Art.

The beauties and harmonies of Nature are not locked up in the cabinets of science, but are spread out on the green lap of the earth. Homer had eyes to see, ears to hear, a heart to feel. He was as able to catch all the sentiments in the world of sense without him as men are to-day. The stars looked down upon him from the sky, and he felt a solemn calm beneath their earnest gaze, for the stars to him were the eyes of heroes and demi-gods. We have to-day more elaborate systems, more subtle astronomical theories, but our science has added nothing to the poetry of the heavens; because poetry is not at all interested in the matter of relative distances or in celestial mechanics. We may understand all the cunning adaptation, all the wonderment of craft displayed in Nature, but poetry gains nothing from this anatomical knowledge, for though our understanding is enlarged, the delicacy of our sensibilities is not heightened. What need then had Homer of telescope or dissecting-knife? To him Nature was a living presence. He looked upon the natural world, and he saw it in its eternal beauty—he felt its truths in their universal interest as they affected the primary principles of human nature.

But Nature, being susceptible of an infinite variety of combinations, is well nigh exhaustless. Why then, if poetry is founded on Nature, should its highest perfection in the early periods of literature be followed by mediocrity in succeeding ages? The reason is obvious. The masters of song who live

in the first epochs of the national literature are of necessity the first reapers in the field, and hence catch the more obvious features of Nature with a liveliness and truth which no subsequent efforts can surpass. Posterity can send only gleaners into the field to catch here and there what has escaped the vigilance of the master-workmen. Then, too, the early poet lives at a time when the restraints of society have not chilled man's sensibilities. He communes more directly with Nature. His life is more adventurous and romantic, his nature more impulsive and child-like, his language more picturesque, his imagination more vivid. It is then that the poet penetrating the world of man's thoughts, affections and faith, identifies himself with the feelings of his race. But in after days, when the hand of Art supplies the heart's desire, when society withdraws man from Nature, and fashion and custom crowd back the involuntary emotions of the heart, life become more practical and prosaic, imagination becomes more tame, and hence poetry droops. In later days the poet is obliged to affect what he does not feel, and his poetry is more artificial, less natural.

The history of poetry, then, leads us to the conclusion that it is founded on Nature rather than Art. This conclusion is corroborated by the whole theory of poetry.

What is Poetry? It is a word which we use every day, and yet one not easily defined. Aristotle thought that the essence of poetry was fiction; but the poet gives musical form to pictures which are true. Again, imitation has been regarded as the characteristic feature of poetry; but music, sculpture and all the mechanical arts are also imitative. The *Maitre de Philosophie* in Moliere's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" makes the amusing generalization, "all that is not prose is verse." Rhyme and metrical form are mere externals of poetry. Does a prose translation rob the Iliad of its poetry? Versification forms a technical but not an essential part of poetry. Ruskin, in defining poetry, takes pains to compare the historical or prose statement with the poetical; but Coleridge has shown much more to our satisfaction, that the true antithesis of prose is not poetry but verse, while the true antithesis of poetry is science. How then do science and poetry differ in their functions? Science

instructs, poetry pleases ; science addresses the understanding, poetry the imagination and feelings. The poet may instruct, but he does this only by producing intellectual pleasure. If his thought is a familiar one, he invests it with a new charm by presenting it in a form which appeals to our feelings with peculiar force. If it is an elevated conception he clothes it in metaphors, and thus communicates the fire of his own imagination, causing our pulses to throb with the same passion that electrifies his own. Poetry is the language of passion and is interwoven with all the activities of the human soul. "The word embraces us while the thought imprints a kiss." The poet is the heart of his age. His verse is the calendar of the hopes and fears of the race—a leaf from the daily experience of humanity.

We can now understand why poetry has no sympathy with the advance of civilization and refinement. Art as embodying the principles of science, is the antithesis of poetry. "Nature rushes through the soul like a stream with a murmuring sound the echo of which is poetry." Milton recognizes three qualities as common to all poetry—simplicity, sensuousness and passion. But these are the very qualities of Nature. As Homer and Shakspeare can be read alike by the young and the old, by the rude and the cultivated, so Nature in her simplicity is understood by all men at all times. As Homer and Shakspeare always present tangible realities, never losing themselves in the abstract or the ideal, so Nature is always definite and practical. As Homer and Shakspeare portray not galleries of portraits—not personified qualities, but men, so Nature exhibits beneath the cold features of the landscape, the fire and animation of a sympathetic soul. Nature is not merely a combination of colors, surfaces and sounds, differing in shade, size and intensity. Behind Nature there is a soul looking out from all her features, and expressing her deepest emotions ; and not only can we understand the eloquence of her mute appeal when she looks upon us smilingly or sternly, but at times, with inspired imagination, we can trace the outlines of something supernatural, the God of Nature.

But the question arises—though the spirit of Art is not the spirit of poetry, are not objects of Art sometimes poetical?

The Coliseum seems to corroborate this view ; but the Coliseum is only Art in its fallen state—Art that has been crumbling to dust over fifteen hundred years. It is poetical—any ruin is poetical—not because it is Art, but because it betrays the triumph of fate and time over the works of man's hands. Let us take some complete work of Art—the Thayer Street School House, for instance, or the Butler Hospital, newly painted and plastered, and can we find any poetry associated with either? There is no poetry in the firing of a fire-cracker, but there is poetry in the sad moaning of a gun at sea. There is no poetry in the sound of a dinner bell, but there is poetry in the measured sighs of the curfew. A lamp attached to a locomotive carries with it no poetry, but when hung in a tower by the sea, it becomes a centre of poetic feeling. Not to multiply illustrations, we cannot fail to remark that Art is not poetical simply as Art, but only has its hard features are softened by the hand of natural association. Hence the modest village church wherein we were baptized, and wherein were breathed our childish prayers for clearer light and braver hope, is more poetical than the massive architecture of the Cologne Cathedral. Hence the old red school-house where we first scanned Virgil is more poetical than the classic quadrangles of Oxford. Hence the tarnished ambrotype of the gentle mother, who used to listen for the patter of our childish steps, and who one day fell asleep like a tired child, trusting in the morrow's sunshine because to-day is bright, is more poetical than the Madonna di San Sisto—"the abstraction of power, purity and love poised on the empurpled air."

There is the same ground for our attachment to Nature as for any of our habitual attachments,—namely association of ideas. We love natural objects because they are the first pictures which are stamped upon the mind, because they have been associated with the hopes and pleasures of childhood, because they are the last to fade away from the memory. Nature always speaks in the same well-known tongue. It is now the season of Spring. A life-giving spirit has breathed upon the icy cerements of the earth, and now death is lost in life—the fair earth blooms ! And when Summer with imperial tread shall take its way along the

crests of the shining hills, this perfect world will be reproduced in all its pristine loveliness—every tone, every color, of the summers that are gone gladdening our souls again. Nature is constant, familiar—yet never hackneyed. The same sun year after year lights up the majestic meadows; the same moon shines through the clouds; the summer showers, the tints of Autumn, the naked trees are ever the same; yet they are never commonplace. Nature is homelike and her works are links of our being; while Art is never personal, but always slow to excite sympathy. Art has a strong individualism, for we always think of works of Art as made or owned by some one. We can have no sympathy with a Greek statue, for it seems in its faultless symmetry not to need our admiration, and to be raised above the level of our deformed and awkward humanity. But our intercourse with Nature is liable neither to disappointment or to *ennui*. We feel that she is all sufficient, and yet all friendly; and so we are soothed by her gentle sympathy, and rejoice in the fellowship of her near divineness.

We have thus considered the history, theory and a few of the applications of poetry, and the supposition that poetry is founded on Nature rather than Art has proved in every case tenable. Nature is the poet's teacher. *Poeta nascitur!* No amount of study, no system of education can compensate for the absence of the poetic organization, natural sensibilities to feel, and judgment to blend in harmony the materials of poetry. Yes, the poet is born, but he does not lisp rhymes in the cradle. Like the painter, like the musician, he serves an apprenticeship, and that apprenticeship is to Nature. The painter is born, and his young eyes see visions on every side—the sunset, the starlit skies, the field, the forest, the quiet valley; and these visions are reproduced upon the glowing canvas. The musician is born, and he hears the voice of the ocean wave lashing the shore, the voice of the breeze, the voice of the forest, the voice of the birds, and the weird sounds are blended into tones large, swelling, subduing, which make our being thrill, as if music were the breath of a larger and more exalted life. The poet is born, and visions and voices are on every side; the flowers and trees are made to have a meaning; the beasts and the birds to speak;

and with piercing insight he catches the living sentiment of Nature, and feels that the spirit within him is kindred to that which is glowing without him; and all Nature is filled with beauty and rises to grandeur and sublimity when he reads the uttered feelings of the approving or offended God.

Some people think that poetry is found only in books; but all the poetry in the world never has been, never can be written. "Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with Nature and itself." In one of the pauses in the siege of Sevastopol,

"When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding,"

a song was echoed from line to line of the British army.

"They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was England's glory,
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang Annie Laurie."

Now had the General-in-chief given the order, "Poets to the front," there would probably have been few volunteers for so novel a service; and yet these soldiers composed in effect as fine an Iliad as that which embalms the valor of Achilles. So those of us who despise the poets occupation, and feel no awe when we stand in the Poet's Corner, act upon the principles of poetry every day of our lives. "For all that is worth living in life is the poetry of it."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—That you should publish, and your fellow students should read, a magazine is eminently proper. That you should discuss therein questions of general and local interest is also your own affair. But when your articles are indorsed by the public press, they are carried beyond the realm of college affairs and become public property, subject to the same laws of criticism as all other publications. It is under this privilege that I address you the following letter, suggested by an article contained in your last issue, entitled the "Marriage Question."

The writer, after laboring through a ponderous introduction, begins with a brief statement of the marriage institution; and then hurries on to the various causes which lead to marriage. The latter he arranges under three heads. The first one discussed is the marriage for love. We do not wish to insinuate that the writer has ever been "jilted," but he comes to the conclusion, which is generally reached by those who have met with a similar misfortune, namely, that love is all a delusion. He then passes on to the marriage for convenience, which appears to be his favorite theory. He seems to be especially fond of the practical. We suppose he would have the old-fashioned mode of "popping the question" changed to something like the following form, "Miss Jerusha, will you darn my stockings and sew on my shirt buttons for life?" He claims for his practical method "the merit of not being founded upon expectations which cannot be realized." His last point under this head is the marriage for money. Upon this he has little to say, except to make it evident, in rather a muddled way, that he would not object to marrying for a pecuniary consideration.

Satisfying ourselves with this brief review of his inducements to marriage, we will next notice what the writer chooses to assume to be the growing disinclination to marriage among young men, and the causes for it. Of course, in his opinion, the unwillingness is wholly on the side of the males. The first reason assigned is extravagance on the part of the women. This charge is too old a one to carry much weight. It long

since became fashionable with the sterner sex to ascribe all the follies of the age to the women, and between the fragrant puffs of their Havanas to descant upon the sums wasted in female dress. We shall not attempt to deny that there are many ridiculous fashions indulged in by women. But are they alone in this respect? How many years since is it that every young man could be seen on the street wearing a coat, the waist of which was hitched up under his armpits and the tail flapping around his—his ankles? (We must beg you pardon, gentlemen, but we can recall no other word.) But, to come down to more modern days, what elegant cravats we see now, and those jaunty blue hats, with the rims turned down, making one think that the owners thereof had been caught in an April shower. Does all the vanity of the human family belong to the female portion? Witness ye society pins and class canes! Witness ye promenades on Westminster Street of a Saturday afternoon!

The false system of education at female seminaries is next touched upon. The writer styles these finishing institutions, conducted for the purpose of preparing young ladies to secure husbands. Now we never went "through" college; but we have the fortune to live in a college town. And we have sometimes wondered whether certain performances which have come under our observation were a part of the "finish" acquired at these renowned institutions of learning. For instance, our slumbers have been disturbed on numerous occasions by unearthly noises, which made us believe that we had been transported back to the time when the war-like Narragansetts inhabited these regions. But, on seeking for the cause, we found it was only a "little Sophomoric exuberance." Which is the better, to learn how to sing, dance and dress, or to smash windows, burn well-curbs and steal water-buckets, and then go on a tramp through the streets, headed by fife and drum, to the unbounded delight of the ignorant multitude? We have yet to learn of the female institution which allows its students to indulge in squabbles over a cane or an old hat; for which brilliant exploits Class Day seems to have been specially devised. If one mode of training gives us flaunting girls, the other as certainly gives us any number of fops.

And now we come to the weakest part of the whole argument, the repugnance of young women to all useful employments. Those who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones. We wonder why there is at this moment such an army of office seekers at the national capital; why all the professions and lighter employments are full to repletion. Idleness can no more be charged upon the women than upon the men. Is it any worse to sit at a window and gaze than it is to stand on the street corner and stare? And who are prouder and more desirous of exhibiting their white hands than our male acquaintances, especially if there is a seal ring to display? Useful employments! Why our commercial colleges are crowded with young men all desirous of becoming clerks and book-keepers. And besides, how many briefless lawyers and physicians guiltless of their brothers' blood have we, who enter upon their professions with no intentions of prosecuting the real duties belonging thereto, so long as generous parents supply the means to live. There, gentlemen, answer us plainly, are women the only ones who have a distaste for useful employments.

In the opinion of the writer of the "Marriage Question," the remedy for all this is very simple. Young women are to get rid of frivolity in word and act. Just here let us ask, what conversation can be more frivolous than that of paying compliments so much indulged in by young men during their first courting days? They deal out their flattery until it is thick enough to be cut with a knife; unconscious the while that the objects of their devotion are inwardly making sport of them. Young women are next advised "to turn their thoughts out of the petty channels through which they have so long consented that they should flow." A few years since every young man was battering up his shins (we are compelled again to beg your pardon, gentlemen) in our "national game." Then came Weston, careering through the land; and immediately there sprang up thousands of lesser lights, anxious to exhibit their locomotive powers. And now any number of mothers' sons are trying to break their necks in navigating two-wheeled gigs called velocipedes. If such examples are to be set before us by those who claim to

be our superiors, we have but little hope of any speedy progress towards perfection on the part of the female sex.

And here the writer appears to have exhausted himself; for he exclaims, "we entered upon no tirade against woman in general, and have had no intention to disparage the sex." What sublime complacency. In other words, "we have said all the hard things we could, but after all they don't amount to anything." He tries hard to make some amends for previous unreasonableness. And, on the whole, we would scarce believe that the same person had penned this paragraph, if it were not for one sentence in which a concluding epithet is applied to young ladies by calling them "sickish, silly, sentimental creatures. And finally he winds up with a grand display of liberality and sentiment.

But is there any possibility of arriving at a reasonable standpoint in this woman question, about which so many just now are busying themselves in rather a noisy manner. Setting aside our right to take an equal share in politics and the professions, we claim the right to prepare ourselves for the sphere of duty we at present occupy. Upon woman depends mainly the prosperity and existence of society, and her good sense and judgment shapes, in a great degree, the happiness of the family. But instead of being educated to this end, custom prescribes and men sanction a mode of training which fits them more to be play actors and dancing girls than true wives. If we are allowed no better advantages than these, who is to blame if we are not the equals of men; or if we seek in the excitements of fashionable life some relief from the dull routine of household duties? If I make an attempt at literature I am called a blue-stocking. By this tyranny of custom you shut out all hope of intellectual improvement. A youth is sent to college to be manufactured into a parson, lawyer or doctor; but his sister with equal, or perhaps, superior abilities, is kept at home engaged in household drudgery or in the set circle of fashion. Would any of you, gentlemen, be willing to marry a woman who knew more, or even as much, as you do yourselves? You know you would not. But you will allow your brains to become bewild-

ered by a pretty face, and think you are displaying your superior discernment at the same time.

But we must bring this letter to a close, which has already been extended far beyond the limits originally prescribed. Logical arguments, drawn out to a gossamer fineness, have not been attempted. For what need has a woman of logic, when her unerring instinct guides her to the same conclusion which it takes a man hours of dull, plodding study to reach. Climb up the tedious steps of your sylogisms, gentlemen, and when you get to the top you will find a woman there before you. She sees right through all your arguments. Circumvent her wit, will you? She is perfectly willing that you should make all the noise outside, while she holds the reins at home. Opinions of your own, I say it boldly, you have none. Make the most of your freedom; for, unless you have determined upon bachelorhood, the matrimonial noose will soon encircle your necks. In conclusion, gentlemen, we will only remind you, that for every female fool we can find you a male mate.

AMAZON.

Home Matters.

"Fiet Aristarchus; non dicet: 'Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis.' Hæ nugæ seria ducent."

"Becomes an Aristarchus, nor will say,
'For trifles, why should I displease my friend?'
Trifles like these to serious mischief lead."

Horace, Ars Poetica,—450.

BROWN is in many respects a most admirable institution. In strengthening and developing the moral powers it might be with some reason doubted if she has any superior. The thoroughness and completeness of her course, and the immediate personal influence of such truly Christian scholars and gentlemen as her faculty, tend powerfully to make every student an honest and broad-spirited thinker. But while we have the high education of mental and moral powers which comes from the study of good books, and contact with good teachers, it must be acknowledged that we lack here that incomprehensible widening of thoughts and tastes and sympathies, which goes by the name of culture. That supreme excellence which Guizot probably had in mind when he spoke of the civilization of the individual; that really unselfish progressive spirit which leads one to forsake his cherished egoisms, and throw himself into any general movement which will produce most good to the community. It is this hearty sympathy with others which ennobles men, making them look for ends beyond their own little individual existences.

We lack this at Brown, and though it may seem like a vague and unpractical thing in itself, the results of its absence are sadly practical. Without it dies that public spirit which built up Greece and Rome, the true atmosphere of growth, developing itself by what it feeds upon. And this public spirit is dying here. We are dismal for want of sympathies. Bond after bond, snaps which has held us together. Large societies are dead. Music is not cultivated at all. Boat crew has fizzled after boat crew and many ball nines have failed from sheer want of practice. The common phrase is "there is no spirit in the college." Students show the effects of this stagnation. They don't boil over with music and wit and activity, like the average American student, but exhibit on the contrary, rather a book-worm tendency.

Opinions differ about the reasons for this want. One ascribes it to the secret societies.* A second to the partial course, a third to the fact that the college is absorbed by the city. But the fact that other colleges which labor under these same disadvantages, if such they are, are not wanting in social culture, has led us to ascribe the evil, in a great measure, to a matter in which Brown stands alone among the first-class colleges of the land. And the exposition of this far working evil is the object of the present article. Before we risk the hitherto spotless reputation of the "BRUNONIAN" by mentioning this cause, we wish to say that no animadversions upon any individual or committee is intended, but only a fair presentation, from the students' point of view, of a system which is a direct injury to them.

* See Providence Journal, Feb. 1st., 1869.

We refer to the slipshod and inefficient management of the dormitories and out-buildings of the college.

Plato thought that no man could learn anything whatever except, from actual contact with his equals, and Dr. Peabody, now the acting president of Harvard, conveyed the same idea when he said, "Young men do not come to college for the learning they carry away, but for the benefit they receive from rubbing against each other while here." The American College is not a University in its true sense, nor is it by any means a school, but it has its own proper virtues, and this is the chief of them, namely, that fellows are brought together under healthy influences, so that they may be inspired by emulation and example, to struggle mightily to excel, not only in the limited round of lessons, but in honor and gentle courtesy, in artistic tastes and muscular strength, in all those manly qualities which go to make one of us better than another, when judged by the world's standard. In a college aiming at such culture, it is evident that the first thing after securing teachers, is to bring the students together. This can be done only by making the college building attractive, and at Cornell and all the new colleges, the very first thing has been to provide comfortable and even elegant accommodations for the students. The same principle is followed at all the old colleges of eminence except Brown. Harvard, Yale, Amherst and Williams, have been and are adding elegant dormitories, gymnasiums, art galleries, and every thing that can render them attractive. Besides this the dormitories are set apart for students and professors only, and are kept in excellent order. In these colleges it is naturally considered a great deprivation to be obliged to room outside, and a pride is felt in the college and its institutions which is in itself an *esprit de corps*.

Brown, as we have said, is an exception to this rule. Here it seems to be no object, either to bring men into the buildings or to make them comfortable when there. In the first place the rooms are by no means all used by students. Of the sixty-two rooms in University Hall, for instance, thirty-two only are occupied by students. Deducting besides six recitation rooms, the President's office, Register's office and Sears' Reading Room, we have a result of twenty-one rooms used for miscellaneous purposes—some for a private tenement, some for book stores, some for receptacles for tables, some for general lumber rooms, while others, horrible dictu! are let to servants. Meantime there are many students who would like to have rooms and cannot get them. It is true that we only pay nine dollars per term for these rooms; but it is a sad confusion of price and value to consider that they are only worth that to the University, and on that ground to use them for all sorts of purposes, while many poor students, whom the low prices were intended to benefit, are obliged to pay the high city rents for rooms outside. Besides the very respectable number who are crowded out, there is another class of outsiders composed of those who are in easy circumstances, and prefer paying higher prices to undergoing the discomforts of college life. Among these are many of the men who would exert the most refining influence and do most for the support of college institutions, if they once became interested in them: but when living in the busy town they naturally turn from the quiet college to the more brilliant, but less healthy pleasures of city society, and thus lose the benefit they would derive from college life, while the college loses the

beneficial influence which they would exercise. What life there is in college is dependent upon men who room in the dormitories. Now if the unused rooms were made available and attractive so as to bring both of these classes of aliens into college, there is little doubt that they would both assist to raise the general tone of our society, and tend to give a more corporate tendency to the students. It may not be so, but the experiment does seem worth trying. But even if this were done to promote social intercourse, there would still be a big stone left unturned. The rooms ought to be assigned according to some principle, which should associate class-mates and give a preference to length of residence in college, and rank in class. For it is not to be expected that much class feeling or social feeling will exist where seniors, freshmen and servants are grouped in the same house, in one promiscuous neighborhood.

In the above view general influences have been considered, which go to injure the general moral health of the whole college, students, alumni and all. It is difficult to treat of generals, and the theory we have advanced may seem, and may be a wild and visionary one. But if we allow this, there still remain other arguments against the present system of managing the rooms, which are undeniable. They do not seem nearly as important to us as those we have urged above; but they have the advantage of being practical, and may have a much greater influence upon the college public. These are derived from the bad influence exerted upon each student as an individual and through him, as before, upon the long suffering college.

Let us first look at the condition of the rooms themselves, when assigned. They are in wretched repair, almost inexcusably so. Old and worn out floors ruinous to decent carpets, may be a necessity: tumble down ceilings and broken plaster, are often attendants of respectable poverty, which we believe to be the condition of Mother Brown; but broken ill fitted window sashes, through which the winter wind whistles hoarsely, and cracked doors giving unrestrained admission to lively breezes, surely these are badges of shiftless wretchedness, and admit of no excuse. These, however, are rule, not the exception, here. Many rooms cannot be comfortably heated in very cold days by any exercise of human ingenuity. The more cotton one stuffs in one side of the window, the larger grows the biting stream of air which enters by the other. The doors are not much better. They are charged in the bill, when renewed, at from six to ten dollars each, and certainly ought to be good at that price. But no, the cheapest kind of doors are used, ill made of light half-seasoned pine wood. The panels of a number which have been measured are actually less than three-eighths of an inch thick in some places. Talk of its being a crime to smash doors—it is the most natural thing in the world to tear down such a cobweb. The door of this very sanctum has longitudinal cracks down three of its four panels, from which the icy breezes are fanning our heated brains, even as we write. One was caused by the shrinking of the green wood, one by a small piece of coal thrown against it, and one by a well-intentioned but too vehement knock for admission. These apertures not only admit the rude unwelcome Boreas, but also destroy all privacy, and render “sporting one’s oak,” *i. e.* one’s three eighths of an inch of pine,—a hollow mockery. In many of these apartments the paint and paper are old, tattered and rusty,—the furniture is broken, rickety and of many fashions, and they are lighted in the evening by the pauper method of oil lamps. There is gener-

ally evident, in fact, a sort of squalid carelessness, which is the antipodes of what one would naturally expect to find in the room of a cultivated literary man.

This is partly due to the fact that if a man papers and paints his room, and puts in gas pipes, and the college sees fit to turn him out, or if for any reason he has to leave, he receives no equivalent for his outlay, and whether he wishes it or not his successor gets the benefit of his property. This is a thing which it is not in human nature to put up with, so each one says to himself that the college ought to make the rooms decent, if they are to be assigned arbitrarily,—reconciles himself to shabbiness, spends a half-hour of his valuable time daily in cleaning greasy lamps and puts his money in his pocket. After he has done thus much, he is not likely to buy neat and nice furniture, or carpets to put in such a room, and he naturally will pick up any old stuff which will serve his purpose. Besides this organic unpleasantness which is universal, there are a number of other quite prevalent peculiarities visible in the rooms, which are far from conducing to domestic refinement and elegance. Thus in many of them, one notices about the student's bed a certain dingy and frowzy appearance, in strong contrast to the snowy fragrant sheets which his mother has so often tucked snugly about him, with a good night kiss, in childhood's days. There is also noticable the all-pervading presence of copious dust. These peculiarities are due to the ingenious plan of employing male chambermaids. Although women are employed in other colleges, as in most civilized countries, who keep the rooms scrupulously clean at reasonable rates, it has seemed advisable to employ male amateurs, rather than skilled professionals of the gentler sex, to care for the domestic decencies of the students of Brown.

No neat fingered Phillis makes our homes pure and sweet, dusting and sweeping with fastidious care. Our housewives, on the contrary, are Scotia's hard handed sons of toil, who have been seduced from the plough tail, and from before the mast, by the prospect of light and easily shirkable work, in smoothing our pillows and taking care of our treasured knick-knacks. Instead of expatiating in the amount of dirt which has stuck to some agriculturists who have figured, from time to time, among these curators, or on the lofty temper of those among them who have been previously accustomed to climb the towering mast, or the leisurely habits which some have acquired as professional loafers, we will notice some results which will speak louder against them than anything we could say. All are dissatisfied and disgusted. All complain: but the strongest proof that could be had of the uselessness of the servants is, that many men have dispensed with them entirely, and have utterly forbidden them admission to their rooms, although their wages are charged in the bill whether they are employed or not. This class, we are proud to say, comprises a very large number. Those of them who feel able, hire a private servant, while those who cannot afford this, yet will not be forced by poverty into filth, have no alternative but to spend precious time in doing the unmanly and petty work themselves. And they do it. But unjust and unpleasant as it is to these fellows to pay for their work and to do it too, still these are not the ones who really suffer most. The most harm is done to those who, from indolence or any motive, suffer themselves to live in the dirt which is inseparable from a room cared for only by these

servants; men who, from their habits and the varied nature of their occupations, are always in an unfit state to be about a sitting room or much less a bed chamber.

There are two of these servants, one to each building, and for their wages, all the students, one hundred and ninety-three in number, are charged six dollars each per annum. Upon each of the rooms, seventy-five in number, fourteen dollars per annum extra is charged, making the whole amount paid for these servants by the students, two thousand two hundred and eight dollars. This calculation, of course, excludes the servant in the laboratory, who is, or ought to be, paid by an extra charge upon those who alone have the benefit of his services. Now suppose the common sense method to be adopted and women hired to do the chamber work and cleaning. We have it on unimpeachable authority, that for two hundred dollars each per annum, women could be hired, unexceptionable in point of age and homeliness and skilled in household cares, who would keep these old buildings as neat as a pin. They would live away from the college and board themselves, and come daily and do their work at that rate. Suppose four to be hired for eight hundred dollars per annum. For five hundred dollars per annum a capable man could be obtained in the same way, who would give his whole attention to the grounds and out-buildings. It is not to be expected that the servants under the present regime should have much time to spare for the grounds, after making two or three dozen beds per diem each, and cleaning out as many rooms, besides doing innumerable odd jobs, such as making fires, carrying water, etc.; but if this system were adopted, the paths in the front yard might be properly graded, and perhaps there would no longer be a necessity for hoeing out the hideous little gutters which are gradually destroying our beautiful lawn with their ragged meanderings.

But to return to the figures. After these servants had been procured, we should have two-and-a-half times as many servants, and there would still remain a clear saving of nine hundred and eight dollars a year, as compared with the present expenses. This might remain in the students pockets where we will guarantee it would be acceptable, or it could be well appropriated for many purposes. It would do much towards putting the rooms in good repair;—would make a magnificent post-graduate scholarship; or might be the basis of a gymnasium fund. In short this economy would be equal to a direct endowment of fifteen thousand dollars, to say nothing of the additional respectability the arrangement would produce, which could not be estimated in money. Besides these gains to the college in general, students would no longer be obliged to choose between dirt and corruption on the one hand, and paying immense prices, or spending study hours in housework on the other. And 'twere well that it should be so, for flesh is weak, and it is probable that dirt would always prevail under these circumstances.

We have said that we do not have refining culture here, although we may justly claim high education and good moral influence. If we have not said enough to support the statement, let us suppose, for an instant, that Mr. Matthew Arnold, the Oxford apostle of sweetness and light, were to visit Providence. He would naturally come first to the college, the home of culture. Suppose then, that without displaying to him the squalid discomfort of our homes, we showed him the barbarous contrivances which disfigure our

entries, and often render unhealthy the very air we breathe. Would he not be astonished that such things are permitted here, in a venerable institution of learning, in the midst of the highest civilization? Or suppose him to be carried down to the building in the rear of University Hall. Could he, after seeing that horrible place, ever connect the idea of refinement with this institution again? Would he not rather deny the name of a first-class place of education, to a college which sustains in daily sight of its students, things so degrading to the perceptions of order, propriety, neatness, and to all those faculties which are commonly supposed to distinguish a gentleman.

Before concluding this subject, let us consider, for a moment, the all-pervading powers of this dirt element. "Cleanliness," saith the proverb, "is next to Godliness," and it might have been added that dirt was next to the devil; for it is the arch demoralizer. If it is allowed in a man's room, it is not long before it appears on his clothes,—on his person,—under his finger nails. And if it once effects a lodgment there, it always strikes through into the mind and conversation of its victim, and the very springs of purity and loftiness are choked up.

Finally, for the sake of the college and students in general, and of the healthy growth of every individual, we ask that this system of dirt and abuses be looked into and reconstructed; that all available rooms be placed at the disposal of students; that they be put in repair; that an assignment of all of them be made annually, which shall associate classmates, and be based on length of residence in buildings; seniority in college and rank in class; that women be employed to take care of the rooms at reasonable rates; that the entry nuisance be abated, and the out-buildings be kept in decent order.

When these things shall have been done;—when the dormitories are filled with students, and they feel that the college really takes some efficient care for their personal welfare,—is it not probable, nay, certain, that the spirit of respect and affection for her will increase mightily; that the numbers in the catalogue will swell rapidly; that our social life will take a more healthy tone; that a broader and nobler culture will arise, and that no future generations of alumni will deserve the stigma of lacking "*Esprit de Corps*."

"In Memoriam.

ROBINSON POTTER DUNN."

Since our last issue, a beautiful volume has been printed, bearing the above title, and consecrated, as the title indicates, to the memory of the late Professor Dunn. We have read it with the utmost interest. While it renews the sense of all that we have lost, in the removal of our departed instructor and friend, it helps to recall him more vividly to our minds, and to give us, as a lasting possession, a clear image of all that he was, and all that he did, not only during his residence here, but during all his life. It is a precious volume, in which some of those friends, who knew and loved him well, have united in the pious task of gathering up some worthy and enduring memorials of the beauty and excellence of his life and character. It contains selections

from Professor Dunn's sermons and writings, together with Professor Diman's Commemorative Discourse, and a biographical sketch, written by Rev. Dr. Caldwell. In this sketch—a likeness drawn *ad vivum* by the hand of an intimate friend—we have been especially interested in the records which are given of Professor Dunn's earliest years; for they show how early, under the influences of a Christian home, he began to know by personal experience, as well as by devout study, those great Christian truths, which, in his manhood, he so eloquently illustrated by precept and by example. The biography contains papers written by different friends, which are devoted to different periods of Professor Dunn's life; one by Professor Gammell, on his student life in college, another by Dr. W. M. Paxton, which presents a view of his career as a theological student at Princeton; and in another, President Angell has treated the period of sixteen years, during which he was a College Professor. The volume contains six of Professor Dunn's Sermons, which illustrate his characteristic excellences as a writer, and his power in different kinds of pulpit discourse. All of us, who knew him as a teacher, and who remember, with gratitude, with what an earnest self-devotion he labored to promote the good of his pupils, may readily discover in his exposition of "The Law of Sacrifice," the secret of his own successful influence. In that sermon, how clearly and amply is it taught, by the history of the church and of individual Christians, that God has bound together in indissoluble union, loss and gain, sacrifice and success, death and life. And as we now dwell in memory upon his own spiritual history, what a meaning is there for us, in the words of the closing passage, "So let us live, so let us be willing to die." Such indeed was his own life, such was his death. And his, too, is now one of those "many crowns, which shine as the brightness of the firmament." As we think of that pure life, and of its tranquil, happy end, and of that "unfading crown, so early won," we may recall and each adopt the words of the good Henry Vaughan:

"O let me, like him, know my End,
And be as glad to find it!
And whatsoe'r thou shalt Commend,
Still let thy servant mind it!
Then make my soul white as his owne
My faith as pure and steady,
And deck me, Lord, with the same Crowne
That has crownd him already!"

HENRY TRACY TAYLOR.

At a meeting of the Class of '70, held March 5th, 1869, the following resolutions were adopted:

Since it has pleased God in His all-wise Providence, suddenly to remove from us our beloved friend and classmate, Henry Tracy Taylor, therefore,

Resolved, That in his death we deplore the loss of one who, for his frank and noble manliness, for his honest and upright character, for firmness of purpose and generosity of heart, was respected and loved by all of his associates,

Resolved, That we ever cherish the memory of one who was bound to us by so many ties of mutual affection and respect, during three years of our College course, and whose example will never cease to exercise an influence for good upon our future lives.

Resolved, That in the depths of our grief, we still remember those on whom this bereavement falls more heavily than on ourselves, and in this their great affliction, we extend to them our heartfelt sympathies, commending them to the consolations of His love, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the press for publication, and that the Class wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Every year, during their college life, have the Class of '70 been called upon to mourn the departure of one from their number. Twice had the door been opened through which all must pass; and now another has gone before. Death, bearing the inverted torch, has gently led him away. Well does it become us all to lament our grievous loss and feebly echo the praise his own life sang.

In the year 1866, Henry Tracy Taylor, entered the University for the Partial Course of three years. Since that time, however, he had determined upon such an extension of his studies, that he would have graduated in the regular class with which he entered. In all departments a good scholar and mastering well whatever he undertook, he was especially inclined towards the researches of Natural Science. Beyond the College walls, in the games of the Campus, his zeal in all sports, his strong arm, his quick hand and foot, gave him much prominence, and placed him high among the nine, who constituted the ball club of his class. In his pleasures, again, as in college pursuits, his taste led him to an enthusiastic study of nature, and many an excursion was made through the suburbs of the city, among the white cliffs of Limerock or over the hills of Cumberland. Often too has he rambled along the banks of that river, whose well-told tradition, his first and last contribution, now appears in these pages. But beyond all these traits, and as their source, was his honest, noble, manly character. A contemplation of this young life, marked as it was by constant striving after knowledge of his duty, and obedience to its mandates, leads us to exclaim with the German poet,

“ Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land ! ”

The College Muscle.

Since our last issue, an arrangement has been made by the authorities of our University, with Messrs. Hunt and West, by which the use of their new Gymnasium is secured to the students, for a period of four months, from the first of March. The terms are as satisfactory as could be expected, and the action of the college in bearing one-half the expense, leaves the actual cost to the student a comparatively trifling sum. The announcement has been hailed with joy, and the names of more than a hundred collegians already stand on the books.

At five o'clock, P. M., the Gymnasium presents an inspiring appearance. To secure equal and varied exercise, as well as to avoid the confusion usually attendant upon large crowds, the future athletes are divided into classes, and everything proceeds with regularity and smoothness. "Class, No. 1, at the parallel bars!" is the order. "Class, No. 2, vault! Class, No. 3, at the horizontal bar!" Under the direction of their leaders, they bend to their work, awkwardly at first, but with a keen zest and a determination that will soon train their unskilled muscles to suppleness and endurance. The class in Calisthenics, numbering sometimes a hundred, perform their various evolutions; throwing their hands into the air, bending to the floor, striking out furiously with clenched fist, now hopping on alternate feet, anon running in long lines about the hall, till the faces of these quiet students glow, as few of them have glowed since the last foot-ball game. Then for a hot or cold or a steam bath, and the student stands before us, invigorated in body and mind, and prepared to expend, on base-ball or Moral Philosophy, more energy than yesterday was at his command. The Gymnasium has given him clearer faculties, a new life!

At the proper hour, the prospective boat crew may be seen pulling away as though actually on the waters of Quinsigamond; their brawny muscles and their evident pluck, suggesting to the imaginative beholder, bright visions of that self-same crew coming down on the home stretch, with Harvard and Yale in the dim distance behind them. May those visions be realized! Here, too, are the base-ball men, lifting dumb-bells, of fabulous weight, with an ease that seems to annihilate the attractive power of gravity on those masses of iron, or poisoning the Indian clubs, swelling their biceps and hardening the "pitching muscle," till scoffers stand overwhelmed and aghast.

To those who already enjoy the benefits of the Gymnasium, we offer the following suggestions:—1st., Let your exercise be symmetrical. Don't practise one set of muscles at the expense of all the others. 2dly., Let it be regular and steady. A good fifteen minutes pull, for example, is better than thrice the time divided into twenty aimless and capricious exercises. 3dly., If you propose to make the best possible use of your time, discard those beautiful but difficult evolutions, which seem to be the pride of the initiated, and the ambition of outsiders. They take time from the necessary, regular work, and lead to strains, ruptures, and sometimes to still more deplorable accidents. To those who are still hesitating about joining the Gymnasium, on the ground that it takes too much time, or that, not intending to row or play ball, they need not, therefore, develop and augment their normal quantum of muscle, we recommend the perusal of the following words, from the pen of one thoroughly familiar with the subject:—

"Much depends upon the condition of the physical system. A large portion of the life of many men is spent in habitual violation of the laws by which the free use of the mind is governed. If we would obtain the power of using our intellect to the greatest advantage, we must habitually obey those laws which have been imposed upon us by our Creator. The diet of a student should be light and rather spare than abundant. *A student also requires regular and sufficient daily exercise, which should generally be carried to the point of full preparation.* His sleep should be all that health required, and he should invariably retire at an early hour. His study and sleeping room

should be well-ventilated, and his *ablutions should be daily and abundant*. It is, however, the fact that students are liable to err in almost all these particulars. They pay no attention either to the quantity or quality of their food. *Though perhaps in early life accustomed to labor, as soon as they commence a course of study, they forsake not only labor but all manner of exercise*. If anxious to improve, they study until late at night, thus destroying the power of application for the following day. They live in heated and ill ventilated rooms. Measuring their progress by the number of hours employed in study, they remain over their books till the power of attention is exhausted. The result of all this, it is painful to contemplate. Broken down in health and enfeebled in mind, the man in early life is turned out upon society a confirmed and mediocre invalid, equally unfitted for the habits either of active or sedentary life."

This is the testimony of Dr. Wayland, who studied student life at Brown for thirty-two years. If that is not enough to satisfy the unconverted student, let him go to the Gymnasium and work faithfully for an hour; let him mark how the usually sluggish blood dances through his veins, and every limb thrills with the instinct of life and latent strength. Let him do this every day for a week. Then, if he does not relish his meals better, and find his evening study grow continually easier and more successful, his physical organism must be incurably effete.

The College authorities have been thoughtful and generous in effecting this arrangement, and if we really need and desire a Gymnasium of our own, we should manifest our appreciation of their action, by a faithful use of this one. If the exercises at the Gymnasium are sustained as they should be, there will be a most marvelous improvement visible in all athletic sports this summer. If the boating men and "ye mighty men at ye bat" continue their daily drill, they will soon be able to demonstrate why the score of Brown has always revealed more defeats than victories.

So we hope sincerely that the present enthusiasm will prove to be no evanescent excitement, but will stand the test of hard, steady work. For if,—just supposing, that is,—that one of the wealthy friends of Brown had an idea of building a Gymnasium on the College Grounds, is it not highly probable that, should the attendance under this experimental system gradually diminish to a few boating men and other devotees, the enthusiasm of our prospective benefactor would suddenly "melt into air, into thin air?"
Verbum sap.

We are able to assure our readers, upon the best authority, that the prospect of a stirring season in Base Ball is good, notwithstanding some misrepresentations that have lately been made. The wisdom of affording, to base-ball men especially, the benefits of a good Gymnasium, is already manifest in the condition of the University Nine. We prophesy that they will be in better training this season than ever. Under their efficient Captain, Mr. Charles Hitchcock, they seemed determined to work and the College to sustain them. A large order, including bats, bases and balls, has just been filled; and correspondence shows that match games may be expected with Yale, Harvard and other Colleges. A good University Nine raises the reputation of a College in a wonderful degree, as was evinced in our last year's campaign; but

let it not be forgotten, that to secure such a Nine, the whole College must stand ready to support it with money and personal influence. Class organizations must not stand in the way of the University Nine, but should be subservient to its highest development. At whatever loss to special interests, the general interest of the University should be sought, in the constant practice of its Nine. As soon as the season fairly opens, the University Nine should begin to play; not with inferior "scrub" nines, but with "foemen worthy of its steel," with the best players that can be selected. City clubs will afford a good field for practice. Match games with the "Blackstones" or "Olympics," may be made instrumental in vanquishing our more formidable competitors of Williams or Harvard. We would suggest, also, that more games be played on the Training Ground. By constant practice on the Campus, our men acquire a contracted style of playing, which unfits them for a wider field of action, and which is an evident characteristic of their game, when brought into contrast with any first-class Nine. The out field has to be posted within the trees that line the Campus, and each man becomes accustomed to guard a comparatively limited space. The strikers, too, insensibly become careless, when a feeble tap to left field enables them to gain their base. This must and does count in a close game. Whatever lowers the standard, will surely take from our tallies on the battle field; whatever raises it, will as surely add to them.

We are glad to see such a hearty spirit exhibited in the Freshman class. They have an excellent Nine, and they show an evident and laudable intention to support it. They have done for it what no other class has done since we can remember, viz., purchased, from their own resources, a complete class uniform, which the Nine are determined to make good use of in the field. The uniform is a very handsome one, the material being a grey cloth, of rather a lighter shade than the University uniform, elegantly trimmed with brown, and with "'72" embroidered in the same glorious color. The Freshmen have shown pluck already; now all that is wanted is an efficient organization and good discipline, and they will deserve and obtain success against the Magenta and the Blue.

The Boat Club, a few days since, elected the following officers for the ensuing term:

G. D. Hersey, Captain; C. C. Luther, 1st Lieutenant; T. Burgess, 2d Lieutenant; D. Beckwith, Purser; L. W. Clapp, Clerk; G. D. Hersey, A. E. Sawyer, G. Hitchcock, Prudential Committee.

As the faithful chronicle of College news, the BRUNONIAN takes pleasure in noticing the increased interest in Boating, which is manifested in College. Two crews are working hard in the Gymnasium. A new wharf is building at the Boat-house, new oars have been ordered, and in a few weeks we shall expect to see the sturdy watermen of the University, winning back the genuine *Brown* color, which comes of exposure to sun and wind.

Good luck to the College oarsmen! As they pull up and down the quiet Seekonk, where, before their time, Roger Williams paddled his light canoe, may they remember the brotherly charity which marked his life, and like him keep a steady stroke and give way with a will. Yet let them be wary of prac-

tically illustrating his doctrine respecting a certain ordinance; for the ignorant oystermen alongside, not appreciating their motive, might ascribe to careless rowing what was an exposition of their theological views.

Rowing is the very best of exercise. We wonder that more of our fellow-students do not take to the oar, especially as Providence offers such unusual facilities for its practice. No College in the country has a better opportunity to excel in aquatic sports than Brown. All that is lacking is a little more spirit, and we are glad to see that awakening.

Alumni Organization.

At a meeting of Alumni, held at the last commencement, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed to take into consideration the plan proposed by President Caswell, for establishing post-graduate scholarships; and also to consider what other measures can be adopted by the Alumni to promote the greater efficiency and prosperity of the University: and that the committee be prepared to report at a meeting of the Alumni, to be held at the next commencement.

Resolved, That a standing committee of five be appointed to provide for future meetings of the Alumni.

The appointment of the members of the committee was left with the Chairman of the meeting, Hon. Henry B. Anthony, who has selected the following gentlemen, all of whom, it is understood, have consented to serve upon the committee. President Caswell is placed at the head of the first committee, and the names of the other members are as follows:

Samuel G. Howe, class of 1821; Lafayette S. Foster, class of 1828; Francis W. Bird, class of 1831; William Gammell, class of 1831; John L. Lincoln, class of 1836; Rowland Hazard, class of 1847.

The following gentlemen constitute the second committee;

Abraham Payne, class of 1840; Thomas Durfee, class of 1846; J. L. Diman, class of 1851; Alexander Farnum, class of 1852; Arnold Greene, class of 1858.

The Yang Lang.

We have received the first and second numbers of this "College Punch," and we take much pleasure in welcoming it to the fraternity of college periodicals. The Yang Lang is handsomely printed on tinted paper, and if the last number is a specimen, will be in point of style and typography, one of the handsomest publications in the country, of any kind. It shows a decided progressive spirit, the second number being two-and-half times as large and ten times as funny as the first one, and is pervaded throughout with a dashing reckless jollity, which leaves a very pleasant flavor behind it.

Among the contents, we observe particularly, the second editorial, which is easy, graceful and to the point, and the "College Digest," which conveys information that might be made very dry, in a pleasant and easy way. The poetry is of the light kind which is read and enjoyed by all, and "In Days Gone

By," has a grace and prettiness considerably above the average of college poetry. Most of the jokes, too, are good. The poetical headings of the burlesque story are excellent in their way. Ascribing "Hoky Dinky Day" to Tennyson, and "Not for Joe" to Lord Byron, etc., are among those astounding absurdities which disarm all ill-natured criticism, and make one laugh in spite of himself. The extracts from favorable notices are funny. The Yale Literary Magazine said, "The idea is novel and aside from the horrid execution of the wood-cuts, we don't see why it may not succeed." The "Yang Lang," with comic audacity, takes the bull by the horns and puts it thus: "The idea is novel and * * * * we don't see why it may not succeed." It quotes what is said by a number of well-known dailies. Thus, "From the London Times—Nothing!" "From the New York World—Nothing!" The Herald indulged in some disparaging remarks on the infant Punch, and he expresses his opinion about it.—"From the Providence Herald.—* * * * Nothing!"

We are glad to see the Yang Lang for many reasons. It is lively and we want stir and liveliness. It is an institution and we need institutions, in order that fellows may get the practice and skill in supporting them, which they will need, when called upon to help support the institutions of the State and Country. It will be on the look-out for absurdities, and will direct against any which exist among us, the keen and cutting lash of ridicule. The serious and the sour will object that the Yang Lang has no articles of great profundity. But we submit that it is not desirable that there should be any. Light literature alone is the province of that paper; The BRUNONIAN takes care of the wisdom and profundity of the community. Besides this, "One should take care," as Addison says, "not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure as laughter," and we hope the Yang Lang will help to unbend those minds which are liable to become cracked, like the overbent bow, unless occasionally released from the strain of excessive study.

About the wood-cuts, we think with the Yale Lit. that the execution is poor, though the conception is in most cases excellent, and we hope and expect, that with practice, the "Special Artist" will improve very materially.

The one thing in the Yang Lang which we feel inclined to criticise, is the "Brown Items." The Cap and Bells or the mask of the jester should be removed, if at all, with great care, and if the Yang Lang finds it advisable to enter upon College news, it should be correct, careful and fair. We are extremely sorry to see that a number of unpleasant personalities appear in the short space which is devoted to this department by the Yang Lang, as well as some exceedingly incorrect statements. Notwithstanding this fault, which it must be confessed is not a trivial one, we think the comic Monthly has made a good start, and hope that it will be highly successful in the difficult field which it has chosen.

The Editor's Window Seat.

The BRUNONIAN appears this number in new type throughout. Owing to the disastrous conflagration of the Press Company's Office, the January number was a species of typographical mosaic-work. But here we are in our new clothes, in the full development of pockets, and with buttons all over us! We feel as though we had stepped right out of a fashion-plate!

Let us not forget the ninth part of mankind! We are indebted to the Press Company for a stylish out-fit, and all the niceties of tailoring, and we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without complimenting them on the taste and technical skill manifested in all departments of their work, and acknowledging the kindness and attention which we have ever received at their hands.

The Press Company have opened their new office with increased facilities for job and book-work. May they meet with that success which their enterprise and courtesy so richly deserve!

One day as we sat in our window-seat, dozing over an ill-written manuscript, whose ink-stains and thumb-marks betrayed coarse masculinity, a rose-colored note was put into our hands by the postman. It was like a sudden slant of rays through cloudiness! How bristling and bellicose the signature, yet how feminine the tinted note paper, how poetic the curves of the handwriting, how delicate the aroma of it all, breathing of the toilette stand and the boudoir!

Place aux dames! The letter appears on another page, and is an answer to an article in the January number, on the "Marriage Question." With what keen thrusts does "Amazon" parry the heavy blows of her adversary! How glad we are that we haven't tried to solve any conundrums on this marriage business! but if our doughty brother, spoiling for a fight, shall enter the lists against our fair contributor, with his blundering blade and clumsy battle-axe, really our latent chivalry and gallantry will not suffer us to remain neutral. *Dux fœmina facti*, and we now open a bridge for her retreat by closing the discussion in these columns.

"Amazon" advocates, it will be seen, the co-education of the sexes, and we agree with her! Doubtless the adoption of this system at "Brown" would revolutionize the college.

The residence of a matron in University Hall would become necessary. Croquet would be substituted for base-ball on the Campus. A strong chapter of Sorosis would compete with the "Hammer and Tongs." But don't you see that if girls were educated at "Brown," there would be lady editors on the Brunonian board? How blissful the transformation—the Window Seat into a Tête-à-tête just large enough to hold two! O Editorial paradise! Now we can only swear at the *devil*; then we would commune with angels!

There are twenty appointments for Junior Exhibition—namely, E. B. Andrews, Wm. Ashmore, jr., J. B. Bishop, Thos. Burgess, 2nd, C. S. Child, R. S. Colwell, J. C. Ely, E. F. Fales, jr., T. J. Field, I. N. Ford, Arthur Lincoln, J. F. Lyon, W. H. Munro, W. T. Peck, G. W. Porter, S. Powell, jr., W. M. Proctor, O. B. Rhodes, W. A. Smith, A. Williams.

The Latin Salutatory has been awarded to W. G. Peck. We understand that there have been eight resignations, which will reduce the number of speeches to twelve.

Collegiana.

It will be seen that we have modified somewhat the department of College News. Instead of culling from our exchanges the news of the various Colleges from which they hail, we propose to give, from time to time, letters from different Colleges, which letters, it is intended, will contain the principal items of interest, of the Colleges from which they come.

We present, in the present number, a letter from Harvard, one from Yale and one from the University of Michigan, which, we doubt not, will interest our readers.

HARVARD.—DEAR BRUNONIAN: I shall not attempt to apologize for the dearth of news at Harvard since I am not responsible for it. We have returned to the mill and find, like the mills of the Gods, it grinds "slow" and "exceeding small." It is difficult to tell where we have not been scattered during the month from Jan. 20th to Feb. 18th. Some of us have been to Washington to see the lions and lambs of that vast menagerie, others have indulged in duck shooting on the Atlantic coast at Hatteras, while the book-worms have been thumbing dusty tomes at the Congressional, Astor, Athenæum and Public Libraries, for materials on the Bowdoin Prize Essays. The vast majority of us, however, have been more profitably employed. We have been home. The cutter was taken out and we made the old mare get out of her funeral pace and "hib up" in the most approved boating fashion. I say nothing of the enjoyments of home in vacation, when no conditions, no themes to write, no prizes to strive for, hang over you like the sword of Damocles. You all know what they are.

Since our return there had been no excitement save the Velocipede mania, which has seized upon student and mucker alike. Velocipede races are now on the tapis, in which glory, barked shins and torn clothes are very unequally distributed, a careful perusal of statistics showing a decided predominance of casualties. Great is King novelty, and the Velocipede is his prophet!

The annual supper of the Advocate Editors, contributors and invited guests, came off about a week ago. "Jones," who writes for the Advocate was there, and he renders me envious by his account of the groaning tables. It shows that our College paper pays its way and has a handsome surplus, which it devotes to giving its friends an annual supper, and making additions to the College Library.

It is but fair to say that this success is due mainly to the able corps of Editors selected from '69 and '70, as well as to the rare ability of Mr. Morse, of '70, the financial Editor.

The boating men and walkists are growling at the fresh fall of snow. Baseball men and cricketers are tossing ball in the entries in despair. The Gymnasium is well attended and the men seem to have entered on their Spring training in earnest. The University crew is not yet selected, as there is considerable doubt whether any of the last year's crew will row. They naturally feel like resting on their laurels. There is a rumor, that Simmons will pull

stroke and Loring bow in place of Holdredge, who has left college. In that event your correspondent dares to stake the Magenta 'gainst the Blue next July. At the same time we are hearing the most glowing accounts from Yale. "Such a crew! Awful time made! Josh as trainer!" But the absurdest report is that they intend to challenge our class crews. This is what we have desired all along, and vainly tried to have them agree to. It would be as great an advantage to Yale as to us. Why shall we not see a "Brunonia" on lake Quinsigamond next Summer? You ought to send one, since you certainly have a river close at hand and muscle enough.

The elections into the two senior societies and the Phi Beta Kappa are now going on. The requirements are quite laughable to outsiders, however interesting they may be to the "ins." Your next neighbor won't tell you the place in class, to save you from "deading," nor even speak to you, much to your astonishment. As soon as the recitation is over, you see him run with all his might for his room. He does the same coming to the recitation room, and what is stranger still, makes wonderful "squirts" since he is obliged to sit up late at nights and stay in somebody else's room, and to pass the time, studies his lessons. At the end of a week his misery is over, the "working for the pudding," truly named, is completed, and hard work it must be. With the Pi Eta society the "work" is none the less severe. Poor B. has been walking into Boston and out every day for a week, while the midnight oil he has spent on the bright spots in Nero's character, would answer for the most inveterate dig. There is C., who detests Mathematics, writing a twenty page essay, on the importance of Puckle's Conic Sections, in the propagation of profanity.

The Phi Beta Kappa elections from '70, according to scholarship, as announced, with the societies to which they severally belong, are as follows:

N. W. Vaughan, Cambridge, H. P.; W. G. Hale, Peterborough, N. H. P. E.; W. M. Spackman, Phila. P. E.; J. S. White, Boston, P. E.; S. E. Brown, Epping, N. H.; C. P. Spalding, Lowell, Mass. P. E.; C. W. Kettell, Charlestown, Mass.; Joseph Healy, Boston.

The editors of the *Advocate* from '71, have just been selected.

They are Messrs Simpson and Deming, from the Everett Athenæum, and Messrs. Bigelow, Swift and Rotch, from the Institute of 1770. These are the two Sophomore societies. The selections are generally conceded to be fair, and it is evident that the senior and junior editors made ability the first test.

As I write, we are all astounded at the nomination of Mr. Charles W. Eliot, of the Institute of Technology, in Boston, to the Presidency of Harvard. As in the case of Mr. Adolph Borie, when nominated by President Grant, everybody is asking, who is Mr. Eliot? He is a graduate of '53, I believe, stroke of our first University crew; at one time assistant professor in the department of Chemistry, and author of a small history of the College, and joint author with Mr. Storer, of a Chemistry the price and problems of which every '69 man remembers with horror. He contributed two articles to the Feb. and March numbers of the *Atlantic*, on the new Education, some of the erroneous statements of which, your readers will find corrected in the April number of that magazine, by Professor Wolcott Gibbs.

Besides, being common councilman of his native village (Cambridge) in 1867, I think I have stated in full the fame which our new president will

bring us. The older graduates shake their heads at this nomination, but the younger ones, together with the Philistines of the press, who think that we at Harvard are old fogies, because we don't adopt the various suggestions that are thrown out to us so gratuitously, chuckle, and call it "progress."

Mr. Eliot is not yet confirmed and *on dit* if he is, we are to lose Agassiz, Gibbs and Eustis. Query, would the "progress" make up for such a loss?

Your correspondent is too young and too much of a conservative on matters of education, to offer a competent judgment.

QUIVIS.

According to the *Advocate*, Harvard spends annually \$7,080 98 over and above her income.

Is it possible that Harvard has no Reading Room? It would seem so from an article in the *Advocate* just received.

An important change has been made in the time of holding Commencement at Harvard. It will hereafter be held on the Thursday before the last Wednesday in June, a week subsequent to Class Day. The vacation is to be extended to ten weeks instead of eight as heretofore. The catalogue for 1868-9 shows that 1050 students are in attendance.

YALE.—MR. EDITOR: You ask me to write you a letter from Yale. Allow me to say, that, while your quiet assurance expressed in the words, "of course you will do it," is a flattering proof of your belief in my friendship, it also finds me without much available material for reply. At this time of the year it is easier to write from Yale than about Yale, for the wheels of this venerable college chariot roll on over the curriculum, with monotonous regularity and want of friction. You will agree with me that a course of smooth and ordinary prosperity, although perhaps of itself the most fortunate condition in the world, yet possesses few attractions to the journalist.

Incidents and accidents are his daily bread, and, alas! we are without them. Prayers follow prayers, recitations succeed recitations in unvarying order. The bell-ringer never "sleeps over" and the music of his tintinnabulations ever wearies the ear.

Sophomores belabor freshmen after the usual custom, and freshmen with their wonted zeal lay in wait for sophomores.

In open and impious defiance of the well-known philosophic law, which denies that two bodies can at once occupy the same space, they frequently attempt to "go through" one another on the street, by omitting the usual lateral variations. The result, as you may suppose, is a signal failure.

Consequent upon this stupidity come the usual punishments, dealt with unsparing rigors, by which sundry malignant sophomores and aspiring freshmen, having ventured "like little wanton boys," for a summer or two upon a "sea of glory," suddenly collapse, and cultivate for a time the arts of peace within the bosom of their families.

So other classes are pursuing their accustomed vocations.

Lamartine observes, that every man's life is a history, nay, even a poem, if rightly interpreted. How true is this of a college! Yet it is only a poem when regarded by its children, for the poetry is not in any incidents converted with its history, but rather in its ideal maternity, in the influence which it has upon our character. So, if life here was eventful, and I could tell you of

changes and novelty, how distantly would such things stand related to the real history and poetry of college and college life. If I should write you, that there are here seven hundred young men, in intellect above "average," so far as college marks are an indication, in morals various, as the world goes, some Christain, the rest as respectable a crowd as you will find on the "broad road generally;" if I say that some mortify the flesh and some the spirit, that some are faithful students, some otherwise, particularly the latter; if I say that some have mounted Velocipedes, by reason of whose swiftness, they hope to shorten their college experience, that some have high aspirations and some nothing of the sort—what does it all amount to but telling you that we are not widely different from the rest of humanity?

We have had one diversion, in shape of a gymnastic exhibition, for the benefit of the Navy, resulting in the accumulation of some hundreds of dollars. I am not a judge of gymnastic excellence, but in viewing some of the physical contortions which seemed to be most satisfactory, even I could see that the triumph of matter over mind was sufficiently complete.

We have also received a lot of casts from Paris, for the Gallery of Arts. One of Laocöon, engaged, I suppose, in a permanent struggle with the bristling serpents, another of Venus and others; of which you will pardon me, if I forbear to speak, as I never had the pleasure of an introduction.

The weather of late has been a living witness to the truth of the old proverb, that, "when God wills, all winds bring rain." When we were singing, "Come, Gentle Spring," ethereal mildness didn't come. In fact it has not come yet. A day of snow and rain, a week of mud and execrable streets.

If the Shepherd of Salisbury Plains had been accustomed to polish his boots, the spirit of criticism would have seized him, in contemplation of the horrors of a New Haven winter.

I am reminded, old friend, as I conclude, that for you and for me, the opportunities and pleasures of college days, are swiftly fading, that life and "carking cares" are just before us. Yet while we linger on the brink of fate, before the surgings hide us one from another, let me bid you "God speed." A pleasant voyage, comrade, and the kindest wishes of

Your old friend,

W. G. S.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.—DEAR BRUNONIAN: The catalogue of the University shows that there were, at the date of its publication, 1114 students, 424 of whom were in the Literary, 358 in the Medical and 342 in the Law departments, respectively.

The Legislature have repealed the law requiring a chair of Homœopathy to be established in connection with the University, and have granted, without restriction, 15,000 dollars to be paid yearly to it.

Considering this money as the yearly interest of a certain principal, the fund of the institution is now equal to about 700,000 dollars.

Three bills are now pending in the Legislature to remove the Agricultural College from Lansing; to establish a Female College; and to erect a new building for the convenience of those who believe in the doctrines of Hahnemann, all to be in connection with the University.

H.

It has been proposed, and warmly advocated in some directions, to combine the *University Magazine* and the *University Chronicle*, in the form of a College paper. We earnestly hope the change will not be made. We see no reason why such a University cannot support these two publications. Both are a credit to the University.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.—The following we clip from the *Cornell Era*:

From action recently taken by the Faculty, it is evident that the course and class system will be very shortly abandoned. Indeed, it was adopted merely for the temporary convenience of organization. After next year there will be no such thing as Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. Instead of a four years' course, there will be examinations for degrees whenever students request them. Whoever passes these examinations can receive his B. A., or B. S., or Ph. B., even if he has been no more than two years in the University. This is in accordance with the usage at all the great schools of continental Europe.

EXCHANGES.—**MAGAZINES:** *The Michigan Univ. Magazine, Yale Lit, College Days, Index Universitatis, The Dartmouth, The Griswold Collegian, Williams' Quarterly and Journal of Education.*

PAPERS.—*The Harvard Advocate, Amherst Student, The College Argus, The Trinity Tablet, Cornell Era, University Chronicle, University Reporter, Indiana Student, Eureka College Vidette, Home Journal, Yang Lang.*

We congratulate the *Yale Lit.* on the merited praise it is receiving from all quarters. It stands at the head of College periodicals, not only in point of age, but more especially in point of literary excellence. We are especially glad to receive the *Home Journal*. We consider it one of the best literary papers in the country. It furnishes a kind of literature to be found nowhere else. It is devoted chiefly to the cultivation of the beautiful, its motto being, "Take care of the beautiful, the useful will take care of itself." We have placed it in the Reading Room, and commend it to the attention of those who frequent that attractive room.

The Harvard Advocate sustains well its reputation as a first class College paper. We notice that the last number comes to us with its name changed from the *Advocate* to the *Harvard Advocate*. The *Advocate* is so well known that it would seem hardly necessary to add the *Harvard*; however the change is a slight one. We trust the Editors of '71, just elected, will keep up the good reputation which the *Advocate* justly merits.

Williams Quarterly, though by no means a new publication, comes to us for the first time. We heartily welcome it. It is a model of neatness, but its articles are full of sound sense.

Index Universitatis is a neat little magazine published monthly by the students of the University of Chicago. It bids fair to become an excellent magazine.

College Days considers that, "as a literary venture it has no reason to be ashamed." We would suggest, as an improvement, that it adds nothing to its literary character by appropriating too freely the product of other men's brains, without giving due credit for the same.

The Trinity Tablet is certainly improved by its new form. But it is altogether too much like an imitation of the *Advocate*.

The Brunonian.

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EDITORS FOR '69.

DAVID DOWNIE, Jr.,

HENRY T. GRANT, Jr.,

FRANK LAWTON, Jr.,

EDITORS FOR '70.

I. NELSON FORD,

WALTER C. HAMM,

J. F. LYON.

THE LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR.

The admirers of Hawthorne will remember the chapter in the *Marble Faun* entitled "The Walk on the Campagna." Kenyon, the American sculptor, in his search for Hilda, discovers among the ruins of a suburban villa a broken, yet beautiful antique statue of Venus. The delicate arm and exquisite head had been severed from the body, and the whole had become stained and corroded in its long sleep of the ages. But when the skilled hand of the sculptor had removed the dust and nicely adjusted the broken parts the whole appeared to breathe with new life and warmth and the fabled goddess in all her grace and beauty seemed to lay sleeping before him.

So it often is with the earliest and fairest portions of a nation's literature. For centuries they are concealed under the rude and unintelligible remains of their original language and "the spoils of time" that accumulate as civilization and learning advance; and though of intrinsic merit they await the torch of some literary Kenyon to restore their buried fragments when they appear with new and more graceful charms. The comparison is especially true of the old cycle of Arthurian Legends, or the Romance of King Arthur. For a long time they were preserved in the bad

Latin and worse French of the Middle Ages. It was reserved for good old Sir Thomas Malory to compile and translate them from the dull Norman chronicles into a charming half poetic prose whose simplicity suggests the infancy of a pure English style. He had probably spent his life in dreaming over the French scrolls that he had collected around him in some old baronial castle, whose ancient walls and medieval architecture inspired within him a love of chivalry and heroic deeds. Arthur still lived in poetry and song as the Flower of Kings, and Malory rendered a tribute of honor to his memory and a valuable service to literature by preserving the most popular romances of the Round Table. His work was given to the English public in 1485, from the press of the enthusiastic Caxton, the first English printer, who believed that he was serving God and his countrymen by printing it ;” and as if anticipating the condemnation of its morality nearly a century later by the staid old tutor of the Maiden Queen, he quaintly says in his preface — “but for to give faith that all is true that is contained herein ye be at your liberty. Do after the good and leave the evil and it shall bring you to a good fame and fair renown.” But the old English forms of Malory’s edition in spite of its simple style have few attractions for modern readers. It needed a purer taste and a riper scholarship to reclothe it in new robes of beauty, and most of all for the poet laureate of England to transform good prose into still better poetry, and to invest the fairest of these legends with the charms of his matchless diction and fancy in the Idyls of the King. Over these modern versions we can dream, like old Malory, of the loves of Guinivere and the justs of the good King Arthur, and, as Tennyson says :

“Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot as in the days that were.”

These legends date back as early as the sixth century. Their chief interest clusters around Arthur, the last of the British kings. Little authentic is known of this famous hero, but in the dim twilight that has settled over the early period of English history we see him as the last and noblest of the British princes,

“Lone sitting on the shores of old romance,”

weeping for his fallen queen and lost country, like Achilles for his loved Briseis on the shores of the Ægean. So vague and fanciful are the accounts of his life, that when history tries to seize him with her groping hand, his form and substance are lost, like the golden hair of his dead queen in the grasp of the sacriligious monk. He dwells in what Longfellow calls "the border land of old romance," and here as king he reigns supreme. The story goes that on the death of Uther, the preceding king, Arthur was chosen to fill the vacant throne by the advice and assistance of the great enchanter Merlin. It was the turning point in the history of the Welsh as a nation. The great tide of the Saxon invasion had begun to sweep over the country and was soon to destroy the last national monuments of their pride. All the glory of their former kings culminates in the life of Arthur. He drove the Scots and Picts back to their mountain fastnesses, and bore the standard of the great Pendragon in triumph through Ireland; he destroyed the pagan temples and restored Christianity. Now we see him stoutly resisting the demand of the Romans for tribute, now passing into foreign countries and winning by his magic sword a hundred battles, then returning a victorious king crowned with honors to his devoted subjects. Now he gathers his brave knights around him and tries in vain to beat back the crimson surges of invasion that roll resistlessly onward.

But it is his position at the head of the early chivalry of the world that makes Arthur tower above all other heroes of romance. He held his court at Caerleon, on the river Usk, in Wales. His queen Guinevere, made familiar to modern readers by Tennyson's beautiful idyl, was the fairest woman of her times. Bewitching and enchanting as a fairy queen, impassioned as if she had worn the cestus of Venus from her childhood, with her blue eyes, golden hair and sunny face she rises before us from the old ocean of time, like the Grecian goddess from the surge of the sea. Surrounded by ladies scarcely less beautiful than herself, and by knights hardly less brave and renowned than Arthur, their court became as famous as that of Charlemagne at a later date. Here was Vivien, the laughing coquette of her time, who stole Merlin's secret by her seeming fair words and made his gray hairs a crown

of shame. Here was Enid, the lily of constancy and purity; and Launcelot, the bravest of the brave, and weakest of the weak, through whose guilty love for the queen the downfall of the court was hastened. It was the bright morning-time of chivalry. From Arthur's palace his knights went forth to free the captive and remove the tyrant; to deliver the enchanted and destroy the giants that, like the great dragon of the Fairy Queen, spread terror and destruction among the people, Arthur himself was the Sir Folko Montfaucon of his time, the idol of his subjects, the ideal Christian knight, "sans peur et sans reproche." He loved without passion, fought without fear, and ruled without weakness or cruelty. Like the Satyr King in the Masque of Oberon, he taught his people

—"By the sweetness of his sway
And not by force."

But the intrigues of the court and the arms of the Saxons completed their work of ruin. Even the power of Merlin, the magician, could not save the decaying kingdom. The Northmen reared their altars to Odin above the ruined palaces of the "blameless king" and he became henceforth the hero of romance. Launcelot and Guinevere, illustrating the bitter truth that, "our pleasant vices are made whips to scourge us," atone for their sins by a life of penitence, and Arthur falls like a brave and noble knight in battle.

The Britons, conquered by the Saxons, their king dead, their nationality lost, had but one resource left by which they could win renown. This was to create a mythical hero out of their favorite king who should surpass in glory every other warrior and knight. From this ambition sprung the popular tradition that Arthur was not dead but had been removed to Fairyland to be healed of his wounds. For them he still lived in the happy valley of Avilion whither the weeping queens had borne him in their dusky barge: and as the years rolled by they cherished the fond hope, expressed in the smooth lines of an English poet, that he would return

"Once more in old heroic pride
His barbed courser to bestride,
His knightly table to restore
And brave the tournaments of yore."

Dunlop states from an authority of the twelfth century that if any one in Britain should deny that Arthur would return he would be stoned. All the places where the king and his brave knights had fought and justed became invested with peculiar charms; and various floating legends sprung up that were afterwards to be collected by the Norman poets. Such in part was the origin of the Arthurian romances that have been the delight of dreamers old and young since the days of Malory. Their half real half poetic character has made them the resort of poets from Spenser down to Tennyson. The spirit of chivalry reached its height in the Middle Ages, and lost its honor in the vices of the Knights of the Temple and of St. John. And when the author of the *Fairy Queen* took his silver lyre to sing of its fading glories in notes of unequalled sweetness he chose for his hero the good king Arthur of British story—"his object being to portray the image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private moral virtues."

The *Morte D'Arthur* of Malory shows the varied character of these legends. They do not seem to be the work of a single mind; but as a thousand rills from hidden sources flow down from the mountains of Switzerland to form her fairest lakes, so the various traditions of the Welsh and Norman bards unite to form the Arthurian romance. It is as if some grey-bearded story tellers had wandered over Britain and told their tales of love and chivalry to willing maidens by the gates of enchanted castles, either for the love of their work, or for subsistence, as blind old Homer sang his songs for daily bread. The great enchanter Merlin seems to return and lead us back to the palmy days when the bright sword of Arthur glistened in the sunlight by the waters of the Usk and Guinevere flitted "a phantom of delight" among the knights and ladies of her court. We wander through a happy dreamland where, like Caliban in Prospero's enchanted island, we hear

" Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not,
And when we wake we cry to dream again."

With the simplicity of the Maud Muller of Wales, who still bathes her white feet in the clear water that bubbles from

Arthur's spring, we seem to see "through golden gates a king sitting in the midst of his court." As the modern versions of Malory's edition take their places with the Idyls of the King among our favorite books the shadowy forms of fiction seem to cry, like the people of the sleeper's dreams in Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur*,

"Arthur is come again : he cannot die."

SUSPIRIA.

Life unnoticed floats away,
As the dew at dawn of day
On the lea!
All its visions sad and strange,
And its hours are full of change
As the sea!

Once I had a friend as dear,
As the loved in yonder sphere
Were when here.
But, with chilling, killing breath,
Swiftly wooed her stilly death
Stealing near!

Now the sweetest flowers bloom
Brightly o'er the grassy tomb
Of my friend;
And my heart is full of fear,
As an orphan's trembling tear,
For her end.

Am I certain we shall greet,
Do I know that we shall meet
E'er again?
Oh! forgive me, that above
I ne'er bade her place her love —
'Tis of men!

CONCERNING FLYAWAY'S TOUR.

"Why should we kick against the pricks when we can walk on roses? Why should we be owls when we can be eagles?"—KEATS.

"It's the same old Newport," said Bayard, in his cynical way. "The old sets—the old grooves! Boston girls stiff as Calvinism, and New York belles affecting Parisian nonchalance—stock-jobbing papas, and young nobs with foppish switches. Society implies the polka, and the future is bounded by the next hop."

I had drifted into Newport late in the season. September's cool breath had blown away the froth of fashion. Fast horses and fast men had disappeared from the Avenue. But Bayard still lingered at the Ocean House to listen to the departing laugh of each merry comrade as he went his way.

"Of course you must have your sneer," said I. "But tell me, are any of our college friends here?"

"Yes, in the cottages! Old Prof. Syntax and family—Fatima sister to Charlie Crayon—Oarsman Hank—and O yes! young Flyaway, returned from his tour—the only sensation Newport has known for a month."

"Not little Flyaway of the Rectory School?"

"Yes!"

"The soft little fellow who used to ornament the foot of the form with new neck-ties and fancy tailoring—little Flyaway who was plucked Freshman year?"

"Yes!"

"So he has had a tour?"

"He has been up and down the Continent. He has seen all the sights and done all the pictures. He is *blasée* in all matters of European travel. You remember that fat, dumpy portrait of Mrs. Vandervleet's Knickerbocker grandmother, that hangs in the Colonel's dining room? Well, Flyaway almost stared it out of countenance the other night, and drawled out, 'How like Rubens!'"

"I am too envious of his experience," I rejoined, "to laugh at him. I shall meet him in much the same spirit that poor Arabs in desert villages greet the pilgrims who are returning

from Mecca and the Prophet's tomb. But has he realized his high privileges? Does his conversation show that he has felt what he has seen? Can you see in his eyes orange groves and vineyards? Can you hear in his voice the echoes of long lost love songs, or the pathos of the *Miserere*? Does his manner with women betray an acquaintance with Raphael's Madonnas?"

"I'll tell you a story," said Bayard, drily. "It is from my private edition of *La Fontaine*. Once upon a time Ixion was invited to one of Jove's state dinners. The banquet was a marvel of gastronomic art. There was gourmandise superlative, confectioned by cooks who felt the poetry of their trade. Nectarous tipples, the true *vino d'oro* was on tap. All the gods were there. Ganymede filled his cup with divinest porridge, heroes pledged him fair in creamy beakers, and the harmonies of the Muses breathed upon his finer senses. But when Ixion returned to the battle-cry of men, he could answer none of his neighbors' questions concerning the *table d'hôte* and the etiquette of the Olympians, for all that he could remember of that heavenly feast was the color and pattern of his napkin.

So, too, lotus eating has been too high diet for Flyaway. Wandering luxuriously over Europe, he has seen what earnest and poetic souls yearn to see and must die without seeing. But so small has been the measure of his spiritual development that he has entered upon no sphere of intellectual growth; and so he has returned, blind to the higher significance of Nature and Art, remembering naught but baser fancies—the patterns and figures in the fashion-plates."

My friend's cigar was out. "We must not expect too much," he said, turning toward the parlor, "of a poor plucked Freshman—of the Partial Course."

Now, perhaps, as Bayard suggested, I was hardly justified in my disappointment at the results of Flyaway's Tour. I knew well enough that he was no genius, and that education had only fitted him to shake his heels adroitly in the ball-room, and to wear the air of a figure in the fashion-plate. But what if nature had dwarfed and education had dulled his sensibilities, had he not enjoyed high privileges—the conditions of a complete self-development? Though Ixion was mortal, of the earth—earthly,

could he feel the sense of near divinity and not awaken to larger perceptions of gods and the godlike? Upon the master heights and among the inspired would he not become himself—and that self a genius?

Every man is responsible for any high opportunities which he enjoys. That summer I was making a modest little trip. I had deserted the weary vista of brick houses and sign-boards for the White Hills and the Sea. Dwelling among flowers and birds in the sweet companionship of woods and waves—sky and stars, I had come to harmonize with Nature's moods, and to comprehend all the large delight of heaven. But during these gala-days I had the consciousness of responsibility. Coming into contact with great mountains and the ocean—the grandest emblems of divine power, I ought to feel a development of my finer senses. My nature should be enlarged and sanctified, so that when I returned to town my eye might reflect the clearness of the sky, my voice might echo the sound of the sea. These tones and visions of beauty should lie in my experience as symbols of grandeur and sweetness, moulding my character, dwelling as unuttered poetry in my soul to illumine every day of my life. All narrowness should fade out of my horizon forever. Men would see that I had learned by heart the lesson of the mountains, that above the grovelling flats of business should rise the peaks of noble aims—the lesson of the waves, that underneath my intercourse with my fellow men should flow the current of a broad and generous manhood.

But to get this emotion at its maximum we must make a pilgrimage to the Old World. When the tourist comes to America we take him to Niagara, the Capitol, Mammoth Cave, and then we have reached the end of our tether, unless our Yankee instinct leads us to show up our institutions—our deaf and dumb asylums, hospitals, schools, grain elevators and the like. We have an advantage in America—space. There is no littleness in our scenery. Everything is large, boldly touched, magnificent in outline. We have shoreless lakes, broad stretches of flowering grass, and impenetrable forests. But vastness is not beauty. Space suggests indirectly boundless resources, but it implies directly monotony of detail. We have another advan-

tage — wildness. The primitive wilderness still blooms even in the vicinity of cities. But this wildness is unsympathetic. What can half-cleared forests suggest but colonial roughness? Poetry comes long after pioneering. While the capabilities of our continent for the picturesque are latent, in Europe they are developed. There is no monotony of detail, for an old and complex civilization has produced a rich variety. Every landscape is refined by the delicately pencilled effects of art. Men in happiest moods have tamed the earth to orderly forms of beauty. Nature's simple labor of love combines with the artistic results which natural beauty has inspired.

Again, we have in America none of the charms which follow long history. We have no quaint cities and customs, no venerable ruins, no picturesque costumes, none of the associations and suggestions which are possible in old and storied countries. The future may invest our scenery with interest. Alas! for the nakedness of our newness, it is now only vast unimproved extent. But the image of dead days, the mirage of romance hovers over the Old World. At Tivoli we look upon the fields which gladdened Horace's eyes, and quaff the vintage of kindly harvests of the Aquitanian grape—the old Falernian which stirred the poet's blood. Righi is an awful mountain, shining cold in the moonlight, standing alone in solemn solitude. But upon this mountain are spots of fame, patriotic and poetic. Under its shadow are scenes of household song and heroic story. It is the region of William Tell. At Burglen he was born; at Altorf he shot at the apple; the rude chapel on Lake Lucerne stands on the rock where he leaped ashore leaving Gessler to drift away into the tempest. The dusk of historic distance steals over these scenes, removing them into an ideal realm of romance. It is something more than natural scenery which leads men to brave sea-sickness and to patronize the Alps and the Rhine. The river is romantic, but it does not wind more picturesquely than the Hudson. The mountains are lofty, but not so very stupendous. Art and History hallow the Old World by their refining influences, making it consecrated ground. They are watchful monitors, crowding back all baser fancies and awakening thoughts fit for such pure companionship.

High privileges then had Flyaway enjoyed in his tour. Alas ! He had never realized that he was responsible for them. He merely went to have a little loafing on the Boulevards and the Heidelberg terrace. He did the landscapes and pictures quite conscious that he was honoring them with his presence, but unconscious that they might possibly do him good. He rode through Venice steadily as Parazaide, whatever sermons the stones might preach. He was not startled by the Forum or the Coliseum, for they recalled no triumphant times. He tramped up and down cathedrals and ruined monasteries, but no sense of veneration was awakened in him. He ascended the Jura with a party of tourists, but they, poor enthusiasts, broke their morning nap and saw the sun rise on the Bernese Alps over the valley of the Aar ; while Flyaway hours afterward, when the day was old on the mountain tops, turned in his lazy bed, gasped for an eye-opener, and said, "Halloa ! Why, the sun's up !" He saw the Alps, brilliant alway with snow, and it occurred to him that they were somewhat nobbier than the White Hills — that the fixed stars of the world had not melted the glaciers of the Aar, nor lionized the Mt. Blanc into littleness — that the Alpine hostelries were poor accommodations for a man who has called for omelets and ragouts at the cafés. But he failed to catch the thoughts of eternal peace which arose from those heaven up-bearing summits, standing there in the old silence, gilded by the glow of countless summers — failed to understand that they stood to educate by their calm and holy presence — failed to study the visible poem and fix it deep in the substance of his brain to be a possession of delight forever. Flyaway had a formula for sight-seeing — something in this wise — "Leave inn, drive to the *lion*, stop at the place of spirits and refresh, light cigar, step out on the platform, gaze at the *lion*, look at watch, and return to inn just in time for dinner." And so with his heart whole, and his digestion perfect, taking rough and smooth as they came, Flyaway had made his Tour.

Now I have no faith in men who rush up and down the continent with note-books in their hands. I have no faith in those intellectual Round-heads who after sternly keeping graceless schools in New England, go abroad to quote Childe Harold for

the benefit of country papers. My faith in Murray's hand-books is far from being orthodox. I can fully sympathize with the sensitive tourist in "Guy Livingston," who, in his wanderings over Europe, fell in with h-less Britons in mountains and dales, and always with red covers in their hands; so that at last the sight of a guide-book had about the same effect upon him that a red sash has upon an infuriated bull. The highest value of travel is not the accumulation of facts but the perception of their significance. A man who sees in the Parthenon only a pile of broken marble, or in the Alhambra only red and white plaster, need not have exposed himself to the discomforts of a sea voyage and foreign diet. There are good prints of them, engraved with restored proportions, which will make travelling and thinking easy. We love Rome for what it is to us — not for what it is in itself. When we are steeped in her spirit, then we have seen Rome. We may have read in books of travel descriptions of St. Peter's, but we have taken words for things — measurements for sentiments. We have a vague conception of an architectural vastness under whose shadow are statues and paintings, and where the *Miserere* is sung in Holy Week. But when we have hastened through the long gallery of the Vatican to see the Apollo or the Transfiguration, the reality blots out the pictures we have seen in books, casts and engravings vanish from the memory, St. Peter's becomes a thought in our mind. It is not of the least importance to us that the golden ball is four hundred and thirty feet from the pavement. "It is not the sublime statues," says one, "the prophetic pictures, the historic landscapes which one sees in Europe which are permanently valuable. It is the breadth which they give to the experience, the more reasonable faith which they inspire in human genius, the dreamy distances of thought with which they surround life." Nor is the travelled man responsible only to himself. He should not merely sentimentalize over the forms of beauty which he sees in the Old World with a lazy regret that he will not find them in the New. He should realize that it is his duty to reproduce in his own life, and in that of his countrymen, as much of that beauty as he can. A passion for poetry, music and art should not be substituted for the plain duty of patriotism. He must

be the channel of communicating the best influences of the Old World to the New. He must awaken in his countrymen a love for that which is physically and morally beautiful—he must instruct them as to the best type which has been reasoned out in cycles of clumsy development, so that they, accepting it as a heritage, may develop their world after it.

But Flyaway, unconscious of the responsibility of a travelled man to self or country, had had his little loafing on the Boulevards, and now returned with the air of a figure in the fashion plate. The higher forms of beauty which he had seen had developed in him no inner beauty of action and demeanor—no refinement or gentler courtesy. Monte Rosa and sunny Milan, the Amphitheatre of Nismes, and the Pont du Gart he had forgotten, but not his coffee and violets at the cafe Doné or the Pitti Palace Ball. The glad Velino no longer shone with remembered lustre, but the flirtation with the dark eyed Italian girl who stole to his side to listen to his gallantries, how fresh was this in his memory! St. Goar, Faulhorn, the Grindenwald—“O! they are in Switzerland somewhere!” says Flyaway, “but that was capital beer at Frankfort!” “Did you find Venice fascinating, as you floated homeward from the Lido?” “Bad beds, and the fleas quite balanced the fascination.” “You saw Naples, Flyaway?” “O yes! I bought three or four scarfs there—very stylish patterns—nothing like them this season at Newport!” “You ascended Mt. Blanc?” “Yes! And there was a bigoted Englishman with us who would have his black tea and bottled ale on the summit! Bottled ale when there was champagne of Rheims or Epernay in the hampers!” “Did you see Correggio’s Holy Family?” “No! I was at Dresden only one day—and there was a real nice English fellow there—we played *ecarté* all day!” O Ixion, Ixion! Lotus eating among the immortals was too high diet for thy palate! Thou rememberest naught but the pattern of thy napkin!

But Flyaway was troubled with no sentimental regrets for ruined opportunities. No phantoms of unachieved success haunted him at Newport. It was quite as Bayard said, “Flyaway was the sensation!” His return to Newport had been a triumph as such things go. I had acquired a slight knowledge

of Parisian haberdashery at Saratoga, but the visions of coats and pants there seen had barely educated me for the higher possibilities of Flyaway's dress. He cultivated nonchalance with the ladies. He manifested the sublime indifference of one, who had exhausted all kinds of experience. It was not his fault that he had seen a great deal of the world! "Having learned all there is worth knowing in Europe," said Flyaway, "I have come back to America to devote myself entirely to society." His notion of his duty to society was to dance and make calls.

One day during my stay in Newport, I was rather sarcastic with Flyaway. According to Bayard not even old acquaintance justified my severe irony. Flyaway turned upon me savagely. "Don't bore me with your American energy! What has your high and poetic manner of life to do with society and Wall street?"

O life is the best thing we can possibly make of it! If mortal can grasp the thoughts of the Immortal he will be promoted to become himself—he will achieve his destiny. But if he is false to the light that is in him, and forgets his immortality, he will crawl through life a mere earth worm, dirt to dirt, until at last he is dust to dust.

AT HUNT'S MILL.

Bright beams from rising moon shine through the trees,
And fall upon the waters as they play.
The golden clouds fast darkening in the west,
Mark where has sunk to rest the god of day.

The evening shadows come now swiftly on;
As they advance the moon appears more bright;
Nature grows beauteous 'neath her silver rays,
The stars appear, gems to adorn the night.

How glorious to behold a scene like this!
We stand on the rude crossing o'er the stream:
Above us moon and stars and rustling trees,
Beneath our feet the rippling waters gleam.

O that I might be with thee more, loved spot,
Hallowed to me by memories most dear!
To wander 'neath thy trees of grateful shade,
The dashing of thy waters oft to hear.

THE HEROIC DAYS OF BYRON.

IN the history of genius, of its strength and its weakness, perhaps no character ever roused more public attention than that of Lord Byron. He entered the world of poetry, as Chatham did that of oratory, scarcely heard of in the lists until he had obtained the honors of the triumph. As the resentment of Walpole elicited from the young statesman the first flashes of an eloquence that burned with inextinguishable brightness to the last hours of his life, so did the rude repulse given to the youthful aspirations of the noble bard, discover all the wonderful resources of his intellect, and place at once upon his brow the garland for which other men of genius have toiled long, and gained late. When the rod of the critic struck, the fountain first gushed forth, and all subsequent blows but forced out the stream stronger and clearer.

At twenty-four he published *Childe Harold*. In this the unfettered genius of the poet, in the guise of a pilgrim, traversed the fairest portions of Europe. He roamed through nature's solitudes and through realms of art, proud even in their ruins. Wherever a forest frowned, or a temple glittered, there he was privileged to bend his flight. He suddenly starts up from his solitary dream at the foot of Parnassus,

"Soaring snow clad through its native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty,"

and descends at once into the tumult of peopled, or the silence of deserted cities. Now his genius walked amid the "Eternal Alps," and around their base and summits cast a robe of unfading grandeur. Now it sailed on the "deep and dark blue ocean," and sang its beauty and majesty in immortal strains. He listened to the distant roar of cannon, breaking upon the gayety of the young and beautiful in the festive halls at Brussels, where

"Chasing the glowing hours with flying feet,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,"

and in lines which once read are never forgotten, described the silence and suspense, the "swift hurrying to and fro," the

"battle's magnificently stern array," the common grave where lay,

"—— heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent."

The enthusiastic burst of public applause at the reception of this poem was as instantaneous, as it has since proved deep and lasting. It placed its gifted author upon a high pinnacle of poetic fame. He was almost stifled by caresses. He became the pride of the drawing room and the boast of the nation. Even in his greatest excesses were seen only the flash and outgrowth of the same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. Society attributing all to the youth, rank and genius of her petted child, forgave them.

Amid this burst of popular glory, Byron married Lady Millbank. The marriage was unhappy. They lived in the most fashionable of London society for thirteen months, then separated forever. The youthful mourner concealed her sorrow from the world, and the household sanctuary retained its holiness, if it lost its gladness. For the unhappy poet other misfortunes were in store. Society, capricious alike in its fondness and its indignation, frowned upon him, and helped to turn his sweetest nectar of delight into poison. The reaction was terrible. He had been caressed with an admiration almost idolatrous. He was hated with a fury well nigh relentless. The press teemed with execrations against him. The theatres hissed him. The atmosphere breathed slander against him. The fame which the toilsome efforts of four years of public life had acquired, was buried in the obloquy of a few weeks.

To stem the torrent was hopeless. The unhappy poet left his native land forever. Across the channel, up the Rhine, along the Mediterranean, the thousand tongues of rumor preceded him. In Switzerland, in the shadow of the Alps and by the blue depths of the lakes, he was pursued and breathed upon by the blight. He crossed the mountains, but it was the same. He went a little farther, and like a stag at bay who betakes himself to the waters, he settled by the waves of the Adriatic. Time passed. The voices of slander gradually waxed fainter and fainter, and died away. His poetry became more popular than

ever, its exquisite complaints moved to tears thousands who had never seen his face, the national sympathy longed to invite back the old favorite, whom its rash clamors had driven into exile. The vessel that bore Lord Byron from the shores of England, carried him into a dark, perilous and appalling future. Yet change of scene, although it never gave back to his mind its native elasticity, enabled it to escape unmitigated despondency, and his genius soon rose to conceptions far higher than ever before. His travels were extensive. He stood on the Wengen Alp, and viewed with poetic eye the sea of mountains around him, and listened to the music of the crashing avalanche. He stopped where, rising with her "tiara of bright towers" above the waves,

"Venice sat in state, throned in her hundred isles,"

and imparted new life to her dying glories by his impassioned song. Greece especially, with its fair skies, its deathless past and mournful present, its majestic ruins, was congenial to his musing and desponding thoughts. But in all these, the recollections of home bitterness preyed upon him, and neither the song of the mountain shepherd, the graceful movements of his Venetian gondola, the brimming bowl of pleasure, nor, more than all these, the wearing touch of time, could remove for one moment the weight upon his heart. While he was yet in the prime of years, and the mighty strain of his choral song was vibrating through the world, the garden of his life had become a desert, without a flower and without a stream. His health failed. His mind seemed about to relinquish the empire it had exercised over his generation. He seemed about to die.

From this wretched condition he was roused by an event which agitated all Christendom, and cast a glorious though melancholy lustre over the last scenes of his life. For more than nineteen hundred years, a nation, once the glory of the world, had been bowed under a cruel yoke. The valor which had won the great "battle of human civilization," which at Thermopylæ had beaten back the proud Xerxes, with his two million Persians, was expiring in lingering death throes among the chivalric but unlettered Klephts. Spartan heroism, Athenian free-

dom and Macedonian impetuosity had degenerated, until the land had become the passive subject of Turkish tyranny. Suddenly, goaded by a sense of wrong and inspired by the illustrious memories of the past, this enslaved people had burst from the slumber of ages, and with something of the sublime energy of their fathers, had risen upon their oppressors.

The tyrants of Europe frowned for eight years upon this attempt of liberty to rally in her ancient home. But Byron linked his fate with the revolution in its earliest and darkest stages. Next to England, he loved Greece. It was amidst her ruins and desolated valleys his genius had been first developed. Around them clustered many of those associations, which, "soft as the memory of buried love," cling to the scenes that have first stimulated dormant genius. The rousing in this land of "blue Olympus," of a spirit such as he had imaged forth in his song,

"——— many dream withal that hour is nigh,
That gives them back their father's heritage," &c.,

stirred his deepest feelings. It awoke him from the delusions of his passions, infused new life to his exhausted body and imparted a fierce enthusiasm to his already ardent sympathies. He longed to share in the present triumphs and future progress of liberty, on those shores where he had already gathered for immortality such memorials. "What signifies self," said he, "if a single spark of that which is worthy of her past can be bequeathed to her future." And so, looking upon himself as at least one of the many waves that must break and die upon the shore, before the tide they help to advance can reach its full mark, he, like Lafayette, embarked his fortunes and his life in the sacred cause; unlike Lafayette, he sacrificed both. Byron arrived at Missilonghi on the 5th of January, 1824. He was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The shore was lined by thousands of ardent Greeks, the fleets and forts fired salutes as he passed, and Prince Mavrocordato, at the head of the army and civil authorities, met him on landing, and amidst the shouts of the multitude and the discharge of cannon, accompanied him to the house prepared for his reception. Romantic indeed as was Byron's sacrifice to the cause of Greece,

there was in his attempts to serve her, not a tinge of the speculative or selfish. His first object was to free her from her tyrants. He saw that slavery was the great bar to knowledge, and must be broken before light could dawn, and that therefore the work of the sword must precede that of the pen, and "camps be the first schools of freemen." To this end he employed his ample income without stint in the public service, he sought to reconcile the native chieftains to each other, and to mitigate the horrors of warfare by infusing into it the spirit of Christian humanity. His first two acts were, to recommend unity, and to take into his private pay a brigade of native soldiers. In the glorious cause he had espoused, his whole soul was engaged. From earliest youth he had been nourished in the lap of luxury, but now in the fens and forests of Etolia, like some old general of Rome, he shared the privations of the meanest soldier. His conduct was illustrious throughout, showing ever the same coolness, sound sense and generosity. He became the idol of the nation and the chief hope of its success. Around him as a centre all the discordant elements were fast rallying, he had secured a large foreign loan, he had attracted to the cause the eyes and sympathies of all Europe, he had disciplined the army and increased the navy, he had unsheathed his sword and pointing to Lepanto, given the order to advance, when—death laid his rude hand upon him, and when life was sweetest and hope was brightest, the most splendid genius of the nineteenth century died.

Byron had a strange presentiment that he would die in Greece. The concluding lines of the poem written on his last birthday, were ominous of his approaching fate.

"Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest,"

He marked its approach as every rush of the angry tide rose nearer and nearer, but he could not quit Greece while his presence was so essential. He felt there was at stake a cause worth millions such lives as his, and that while he could stand, he must stand by the cause. Said he, "Die I must. I feel it. My

wealth, my abilities I have devoted to the cause of Greece, and now I give her my life." Yes! Byron, who had aided her army with his gold, her Congress with his counsels, who had given her warriors a lesson of forbearance, and by his beautiful example taught the faithless moslem to be merciful, was now on the altar of her liberty, to offer up his life.

Death never presented a sadder scene. No wife to look upon him, no daughter to shed a tear by his side. No loved friends to catch his dying words, no priest to point the departing soul to its God. But a stranger among strangers, he died for the cause he had so nobly served. Two thoughts constantly occupied his mind, Ada and Greece. The broken complaints he uttered, lamenting to die a stranger to the sole daughter of his affections and far from her embrace, showed the deep tenderness of his paternal heart. One thing alone would dry the tears he abundantly shed when pronouncing Ada's name, the glory of dying for Greece. In the agony of death, when the veil of eternity is rent to him who stands on the borders of mortal and immortal life, when all the world appeared but a speck in the great works of Divine Omnipotence,—in that awful hour his parting look, his last adieu, was to Greece and to Ada. Then, upon him who had electrified the world, and on whom but now the hopes of a nation centered, the silence of death settled. Thus died Byron, in his thirty-seventh year, in the rich summer of his life and song, and with a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. The bright hopes of Grecian liberty vanished like a beautiful dream, all Europe was draped in mourning for him, and the wild thunder storm which broke over Missilonghi at the moment of his death, sounded his fitting dirge. It was Easter morning, but the sweet salutation "Christ is arisen," died away half pronounced upon the lips of the thousands who bathed his funeral couch with their tears. Greece, as a symbol of his love retained the urn that contained his heart, but rendered up his body, crowned with her gratitude and bedewed with her tears, to his native land. Hellas surrendered her martyr, England received her poet. The nation that eight years before had driven Byron into exile, now greeted his lifeless clay with profoundest mourning. Magnificent funeral honors were paid to his mem-

ory, and his remains interred in the vault of his ancestors. Years after, Ada learned the history of the father of whose love she had been so cruelly deprived. Afar across the valleys of time and through the frozen vapors of death, her love, warm and fresh in the infancy of its gushing purity, went out to him. The daughter of Byron was inconsolable. She waned,—pined away,—and died. And now, separated during life, but joined in death, Father and Daughter lie side by side in the village church of Hucknall.

“So ends Childe his last pilgrimage!
Upon the shores of Greece he stood, and cried
Liberty! And those shores, from age to age
Renowned, and Sparta's woods and rocks replied
Liberty! But a spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking; — and its dart uplifting high,
Smote him; — he sank to earth in life's fair pride,
Sparta! thy rocks then heard another cry,
And old Ilissus sigh'd, die, generous exile, die!”

THE DIET OF THE ROMANS.

THOSE who admire the intellectual greatness of the classic authors of Roman literature, and especially those who would emulate that greatness, are often inquisitive to know if there was anything peculiar in their regimen, which, combined with their mental and corporeal discipline, contributed to their pre-eminence.

It is now a well known fact in Natural History, that the instruments of mastication and the gastric juice of some men, will operate better on some articles of food than on others. This is true of nations as well as of individuals.

Perhaps no nation, as a whole, ever manifested a greater preference to any one item of food, than did the old veterans of Romulus' line. They had two meals per day; both of which, as we shall attempt to prove, consisted of BEANS. To this aliment do we trace the origin of those muscular powers which distinguished them in the triumphant field, which gave energy to the swelling accents of their majestic eloquence, brilliancy to their imaginations, and polish to their manners.

To establish our position, we shall select a few passages from celebrated authors. It is recorded of their immortal progenitor, "*Ille bene fecit*," he raised beans. It may not be improper here to remark, that the word "*bene*," in the original, is not varied on account of gender, number or case. "*Villa bene ædificata*," a country bean farm under a high state of cultivation. In the most flourishing periods of the republic, nothing was more reputable than for gentlemen of distinction to have a "*villa bene*," whither they frequently resorted to spend the summer months. "*Civitas sere bene non moratur*," said Cato, who was as celebrated for his political sagacity as for his inflexible justice. He well knew that beans were the *sine qua non* of the Commonwealth.

"*Bene mane*," beans for breakfast, exclaimed Cicero one morning, as he mounted the rostrum. "*Io bene triumphe*," let beans triumph, responded the multitude. Again he said, "*bene multi*." This phrase is rather ambiguous. It means either a multi-

tude of beans at a meal, or that that season was remarkable for them. The most approved commentators that I have consulted, favor the second interpretation ; but I am disinclined to agree with them. For had it signified a great crop of beans, it would have been expressed thus : "*Æstas bene multas*," according to Ovid. Besides, it would transgress a statute of Campbell, (Lib. II.) which decrees, "that when one word or phrase has gained the ascendancy, no other shall intrude."

We find that this same illustrious orator did not think it beneath his dignity, to write a treatise on agriculture, entitled, "*Literæ bene longæ*." This long treatise on the science of raising beans, was lost till the excavations of Herculaneum. Perhaps this discovery will enable the Italians to regain their pristine glory.

"*Bene valere*," beans good for health, said Hippocrates. "*Dii amant bene*," the gods love beans. "*Dii conserunt bene*," the gods sow beans, referring probably to those that grow spontaneously. "*Vivere bene et fortunate*," to live on beans and grow fat.

Again, there are a few English words in common use, derived from the Latin, and are similar in signification. Thus, "benefactor" is derived from "*bene*" and "*facio*," and originally signified a bean-raiser ; but as bean-raisers were the most useful men in the State, the word took a metaphorical sense, and now signifies one that does a kindness. We might instance many more, but one must suffice. "Benevolent," derived from "*bene*" and "*volo*," signifies one who wishes well to beans.

Thus we have proved, *ad demonstrandum*, that beans were the principal article of food—were essential to the prosperity of the Republic—were an aliment to genius—and that the cultivation of them was considered honorable by men and gods. To conclude, we will use the last pathetic words of a nobleman, who had lived on beans all his days, "*Bene, O bene, eternum valete*, O beans, beans, a long farewell."

BEAU BRUMMELL.

Beauism was dying out, the day of the old school dandies was drawing to a close, when George Brummell, the subject of the present sketch, appeared, as its last and most brilliant representative. He was born in London in June, 1778. The topic of his parentage was always to him an unpleasant one. He avoided it as systematically, as the smuggler does the revenue cutter, the secret whisky vender the officer of the law. It seemed to him a terrible dispensation of Providence, that his grandfather should have been a confectioner. But as it could not be helped, he shunned the subject, and never mentioned it to ears polite. His father, however, left him a good property of forty thousand pounds, which, in this world of ours, is next to a famous pedigree.

He entered Eton at the age of twelve. Here he began to display his talents, not indeed in poring over the accumulated musty lore of ages, but in dress. Dandyism was to him a second nature. One says of him, "that he was a good dresser by the force of original genius; a first-rate tyer of cravats on the involuntary principle." From his magnificence he soon acquired the *sobriquet* of Buck Brummell. Here too he began to exhibit that ready wit, which, together with his taste in dress, was to be his stepping-stone in the "art of rising." One day, as he was walking along the banks of the Thames, he came upon a party of students, who were about to give an obnoxious barge-man a cold bath in the stream. Brummell said to them, "My good fellows, don't throw him into the river; for, as the man is in a high state of perspiration, it amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold." The boys were overcome by the ludicrousness of the idea, and let the poor fellow run for his life.

From Eton he passed to Oriel. Here he commenced that system of "cutting," for which he became so famous in after life. He cut an old Eton acquaintance, because he had entered at an inferior college, and discontinued calling on another, because he invited him to meet two students, who roomed in a hall, which he did not deem aristocratic. In his studies he was moderately successful, producing the second best poem for the

Newdigate prize. But he cared less for this, than to have the best fitting coat in college. He treated college laws with contempt, always ordering his horse at hall time, and playing practical jokes on the proctors, to the wonder and amusement of his fellows.

But he was soon to enter upon a new field of action. In 1794 he was appointed to a cornetcy by the Prince of Wales, who had noticed his fine appearance, during a visit at Eton, and desired to have the handsomest and wittiest man of the time in his regiment. But Brummell was too idle to make a good officer. Unacquainted with the men of his troop, and always late at parade, he had a peculiar way of finding them, and his place. There was one of the men who had a large blue tinged nose. Coming upon the field, he would ride along until he saw the nose; then, drawing up by its side, he felt secure. But one day the nose was changed to another troop. Brummell coming up late, as usual, reined up by his old friend. "Mr. Brummell," cried the colonel, "you are in the wrong troop." "No, no!" said Brummell, looking with confidence upon the blue nose by his side, and adding in a low tone—"I know better than that, a pretty thing, indeed, if I did not know my own troop!" At the end of two years, he was appointed captain, by favor of the Prince. But he was tired of military life. He longed for other scenes. One morning he waited upon the Prince, and said—"The fact is, your royal highness, I have heard that we are ordered to Manchester, that dirty manufacturing town. Now you must be aware how disagreeable this would be to *me*; I really could not go. *Think! Manchester!* Besides, you would not be there, I have, therefore, with your permission, determined to sell out." "Oh, by all means, Brummell!" said the Prince, "do as you please." So he sold out and deprived himself of a good position, and left one of the most showy professions.

He now began his career as a bachelor gentleman. He rented a house in Chesterfield street, May Fair; gave elegant little dinners, where the Prince was often a guest; and established himself as a refined voluptuary. He was on intimate terms with the chief nobility, and during the summer months spent a large portion of his time at their country residences. His person was

well fitted to make him the most elegant man of his time. His figure was graceful and attractive. His countenance, though not handsome, was intelligent. His conversation was witty and entertaining. His dress was admirable. In fine, nothing was lacking, to cause him to receive a hearty reception into the best society.

Brummell's style in dress was simplicity itself. Would that the dandies of the present day might study Brummellism in this matter ! Then would they throw aside their ridiculous and finical adornments. Then should we have reason to admire their taste. The Beau's morning dress was simply a blue coat, buff colored waistcoat, and dark pants. In the evening he appeared in a blue coat, white waistcoat and black pants, closely fitting, and buttoning tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings and an opera hat. Imagine, if you can, oh modern wielder of the scissors, a more neat and tasteful dress. No gaudy colors ! no jewelry ! and, my dear modern exquisite, listen to the words of Brummell, "No perfumes !"

Brummell's impertinent witticisms were a source of great amusement to those who were not their subjects, but a terror to all others. "Do you see that gentleman near the door?" said a lady of rank to her daughter, who was making her first appearance at Almack's, "Yes. Who is he?" "A person who will probably come and speak to us ; and if he enters into conversation, be careful to give him a favorable impression of you, for he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell." All dreaded his criticism. At a great dinner, the champagne did not suit him. The servant offered to fill his glass a second time. "No, thank you," said he, "I don't drink cider." The following anecdote is perhaps known to most of our readers. "Where were you yesterday?" said an acquaintance to him. "I think," said he, "I dined in the city." "What, you dined in the city?" "Yes, the man wished me to bring him into notice, and I desired him to give a dinner, to which I invited Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepont, and some others." "All went off well, of course?" inquired the friend, "Oh, yes ! perfectly, except one *mal-a-propos*; the fellow who gave the dinner had actually the assurance to seat himself at the table !" Dining at the house of a wealthy but young

member of society, he asked the loan of his carriage to take him to Lady Jersey's that evening. "I am going there," said his host, "and will be happy to take you." "Still there is a difficulty," said Brummell, in his most insinuating tone, "You do not mean to get up behind, that would not be quite right in your own carriage; and yet, how would it do for me to be seen in the same carriage with you?" Brummell was as critical about the dress and appearance of others, as he was elegant in his own. He objected to country gentlemen being admitted at Watier's, on the ground "that their boots always smelled of the stable and bad blacking." The Duke of Bedford having asked him what he thought of his new coat, "Turn around," said the Beau. After viewing the coat in front and rear, and gently stroking the lapel, he asked in his most pathetic tone, "Bedford, do you call this *thing* a coat?" Some one of his comrades at White's told him, "Brummell, your brother is in town. Is he not coming here?" "Yes," was the reply, "in a day or two; but I have recommended him to walk the *back streets* till his new clothes come home." Once, a caller was "boring" him with an account of a recent trip in the north of England, and asked which of the lakes he preferred, "I cannot possibly remember," was the reply; "they are a great way from St. James street, and I don't think they are spoken of in the clubs." The "bore" urged the question. "Robinson," said the Beau, turning in evident distress to his valet, "Robinson, pray tell this gentleman which of the lakes I preferred!" "Windermere, sir, I think it was." "Well," added Brummell, "probably you are in the right, Robinson. It might have been. Pray, sir, will Windermere do?" The "hit" of the "fat friend" is somewhat trite, but it is, perhaps, the best illustration of the Beau's extreme impudence. The Prince had had a falling out with him, and seeing him on the street, arm-in-arm with a nobleman, determined to give him a decided "cut." Approaching the pair, he entered into conversation with the nobleman, not appearing to notice Brummell. But just as the Prince turned away, the Beau asked his companion, in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by the Prince, "Pray, who is your fat friend?" Nothing could have been more exasperating to his highness—nothing could have cut him nearer to the quick.

Brummell was a great "flirt." His heart was as fickle as that of any modern "swell." He never married; but, once, he entered into an elopement with a young lady of high rank. They were, however, overtaken, and brought back. The affair was the talk of the clubs, but Brummell turned it off by saying: "On the whole, I consider that I have reason to congratulate myself; I lately heard from her favorite maid, that her ladyship had been seen—to drink beer!"

At this time gaming was fashionable in England. Fortunes were lost and won at cards. For some years the Beau was fortunate in his play. But after a time the tide turned against him, and he was obliged to leave England to escape his numerous creditors. He lived for many years in Calais. Here he passed a life of comfort and ease, though it must have been, to him, dull and unpleasant, after his luxurious living among the nobility of England. He left Calais as much in debt as when he quitted his native land. The rest of his life he passed in the town of Caen, still keeping up his extravagant style of living, as long as he could find any one so foolish as to lend or rather give him money. At length his resources failed, and harrassed by his creditors, and weighed down by trouble, he lost the use of his mind. The once witty, talented, stylish Beau was now nothing but a drivelling, slovenly idiot. He passed the last days of his miserable existence in a lunatic asylum, and died at the age of sixty-two.

Thus lived and thus perished a man who, gifted with great natural abilities, had abused them, who had thrown away brilliant opportunities for attaining true greatness, that he might be the butter-fly of the hour, the last and greatest of the famous beaux of England.

THE ELEMENT OF BEAUTY IN HELLENIC CULTURE.

Like a radiant spot in the dense gloom of ages shines the era of Greek culture. In it was centered all the skill, learning and wisdom which the ancient world was able to produce. Highly intellectual, it was also chastened and beautified by a taste of a delicacy and a refinement such as the world has never since seen. Its principal characteristic was the element of beauty. The Greek mind was in truth the home of the living spirit of beauty, which floated from thence over the outward world investing universal nature with an ideal loveliness; and nature in return fostered and encouraged this national instinct. Skies of Italian purity and brightness, enchanting sunsets, landscapes of the most exquisite beauty were continually before their eyes, stimulating every moral and physical power to the greatest activity. Thus they became gifted as by inspiration, and Greece became the birthplace of taste, the chosen sanctuary of all that is beautiful in nature and art.

Their attention was early directed to the human countenance and form, and they perceived that when rightly developed, it would yield a beauty more glorious than any of the wild loveliness which surrounded them. To obtain this, at whatever price, became at once their desire and aim, and what the genial influence of the climate and the favorable effect of the clothing failed to produce, was developed by Hellenic education. The training began with the nurse, and was continued through every stage of childhood and adolescence. Careful watch was kept over the morals and manners of youth. The maturity of the sexes was required before permission was given to contract marriage. Training which gave freedom, elasticity and hardiness to the body was employed, and room afforded for the development and exercise of every power whether intellectual or corporal. Temperance was their rule. No unwholesome food, fasting or over-eating characterized their living. Nature was allowed full sway; corsets and stays were entirely out of taste. Of tresses fair they were given neither to borrowing or lending, and the paraphernalia of the modern toilet stand were unknown. Their Grecian bend was not only Grecian but purely natural.

Thus was reared and unfolded that full flower and pride of form, that perfection of human beauty which distinguished the Greeks above all other nations of ancient or modern times, and which scarcely admitted of improvement or addition. The clear cut symmetry of the features, the low brow, short upper lip, bow-like curve of the mouth and rounded chin, the beautiful balance of the limbs, and that perfect modelling of the whole trunk which neither conceals nor exhibits too much the development of the muscles,—all, have come down to us in the innumerable statues, whose ideal forms, were, as to their material part, derived from reality, and lived and moved before the eyes of the artists.

If we turn to their architecture and sculpture we find here also the same predominant element of beauty. At first manifesting itself only in the ruder styles, it grew quicker and steadier as the study of nature and the development of the human form became more earnest, and so rapid was the march of Athenian skill when once turned to sculpture and architecture, that the last vestiges of the earliest forms had not yet entirely disappeared, when the final union of truth and beauty was accomplished in the school of Phidias. Led on by an intuitive sense of beauty they aimed at an ideal perfection. The laws of form with all their elusive secrets were thoroughly mastered, and by making nature in her most perfect form, their model, they acquired a facility and power of representing every class of form never attained by any other people. Then began that labor of beautifying and adorning every city and sacred spot until Greece became the sanctuary of everything that was beautiful. Athens was the central point of all this culture. Grecian art and skill were tasked to their utmost to beautify and adorn this noble city. Here were the most superb edifices the world has ever seen. In every direction, wherever the eye might turn, statues, temples, porticoes, monuments and pillars, wrought from the purest marble into forms of the most faultless beauty arrested the step and met the admiration. Their agoras, or public places of assembly were surrounded by porticoes, decorated with paintings commemorative of glorious achievements. But if you would penetrate the sanctum of this temple of taste, and see where the spirit of beauty had chosen her favorite abode and unveiled her divinest

charms, you must ascend the marble staircase that led to the Acropolis. Over that rugged rock the genius of Athenian art had thrown a glory surpassing even that of fabled Olympus. It was the peerless gem of Greece, the glory and pride of art, the wonder and envy of the world. Here were gathered the statues of heroes and gods without number. Here were collonades and temples of the most exquisite workmanship, while supreme above them all, in absolute and peerless beauty, rich in every grace of architecture and sculpture, rose the stately Parthenon, its spotless marble sparkling in the sunlight, its soaring pillars embedded in the dark blue ether, forming a picture of perfect and majestic loveliness. Such was Athens, but she stood not alone. Delphi, where were gathered the offerings of nations; Corinth, distinguished for its wealth, luxury, and elegance; Olympia, whose whole surrounding region, filled with monuments and statues looked like "a garden of the gods," vied with Athens in this wealth of Art. Nay, statues and temples adorned every hamlet throughout Greece. They crowned the rugged hilltops of Arcadia and Ætolia. They lined the shores of the Ionean sea, while they literally crowded the beautiful islands of the Ægean.

So, too, in their religion, the same living spirit of beauty seemed to pervade. Their worship was, in a measure, a worship of the beautiful in nature and art. It is true it was in one sense an idolatrous religion, yet there was a simplicity of faith and beauty of form no less distinct than what may be found existing in any modern form of worship. Conceiving their gods as independent beings, possessed of given attributes, the human form naturally suggested itself as most expressive of the internal character. Their taste banished the hideous monstrosities of oriental mythology, and substituted in their place idols of grace and beauty; forms faultless in every grace of architecture; models taken from real life as developed in its most perfect form. The queenly Juno, the beautiful Minerva, the lovely Venus, were among the idols of their worship; beings radiant with beauty. But mere outward beauty was not sufficient to satisfy the Greek taste. Each god must be the outward representative of some living, guiding, controlling spirit. In every

phenomenon of nature they saw the sign of pleasure or displeasure of some deity. Their gods were not merely beautiful pieces of ivory in the pure minds of the Greeks. They were the embodiment of spirits, as living, as distinct, as powerful as that of the one Supreme Being of modern times. The Greek saw the raging waters he could not calm; yet he could dry or drink them up, and thus he conceived the influence of spirit behind the act of raging. He could not comprehend *one* great spirit, but he did conceive the idea of *spirit* immortal and powerful in all the operations of nature and man. He believed, likewise, in immortality. He believed in it as earnestly as the most faithful Christian of to-day. He believed in future reward and punishment, according as his life on earth had been good or bad. He saw in the nourishment of the herbs, and in the falling rain a divine assistance. He believed, moreover, in omnipresence, and this brought him into a closer communion with his gods than is apt to be the case with modern Christians. We are apt to separate Divinity from the life of nature. Imagining our God upon a distant throne, we forget he is in the flowers, and waters, stones, and mountains, and approach them as though they were dead, and governed alone by physical laws. Not so the Greek. He removed not his god from nature, nor ever for a moment attempted to contradict his instinctive sense of a ruling spirit everywhere. It was this spirituality, pervading and breathing through the Greek worship, added to the perfect outward representation, that gave to it that beauty of attraction at once so peculiar and irresistible.

The same sublime spirit of beauty that pervaded over Grecian art, also breathed through and moulded its language and literature. That language so incomparably superior to all others that it alone was selected as the medium for conveying the Divine Will to the human race. Rich in its roots, infinitely flexible in the formation of its words, free and graceful in movement and structure, picturesque in its modes of expression, melodious, possessing for every mood of the mind, every shade of passion, every affection of the heart, every form and aspect of the outward world its graphic phrase, its clear, appropriate and rich expression, it was in truth the most admirable instrument on

which poet ever played. The result is seen in their literature. The very first outpourings of their poetic nature exhibit a symmetry and a beauty never since found in the early writings of any people. Whether we turn to the sublimity of the Homeric poems, the playful wit of Anacreon, the majestic grandeur of Æschylus and Pindar, the noble wisdom of Sophocles, the pathetic sweetness of Euripides, the elegance of Xenophon, the clearness of Aristotle, or the perspicuous fluency of Demosthenes, in one and all the same spirit of beauty still prevails. As the æolian harp seems to utter its chance melody to the wandering breeze, so did the sensitive cords of Grecian genius respond through their language and literature to the lightest breath of feeling and fancy with the wildest and richest harmony.

Such was the influence of beauty on the Grecian mind, and such the prominent position it assumed as an element in his culture. Yet, language fails to describe the absoluteness of the despotism with which the love, the yearning, the passion for the beautiful dominated over the Greek mind. It was a living, quenchless flame; an all-absorbing, all-controlling principle of his nature. It played over his imagination like the corruscations of a summer evening. It blazed through his soul like the chain lightning of the fierce tempest. It was the object at once of his virtues and his vices, and colored the darkest and brightest hues of his character. It developed a beauty of human countenance and form never equaled before or since. It covered every valley and hilltop throughout all Greece with marble images of exquisite loveliness, and originated a language and literature in whose undulations the spirit of beauty seems to float like Venus in her own sea foam. The presence of a beautiful object filled the Greek with a delirium of transport; its touch sent a thrill of joy through every vein of his system; it was, in short, the uncontrollable stimulant to his gratification, the one presiding spirit of his system of education, the one pervading element of his Religion.

Home Matters.

Two singular phenomena have lately appeared in our American Colleges. One the sudden outgrowth and upstarting of innumerable college papers and magazines all over the country, and the other the universal decay and decline of the old literary societies. The rise of the one keeps pace with the decline of the other. The papers are yearly improving in character and increasing in number, while the two ancient debating societies which used to be the glory of every college are every where growing feebler and feebler, and in many places are totally defunct, as in the case of the Philermenian and United Brothers.

A certain class of men composed mostly of old gentlemen who used to be prime workers in the Philermenian and Brothers in 1822-'23, say and firmly believe, that the dissolution of those reverend institutions is a sign of the deterioration of the college, and consider that the only way to bring the college back to its former standard is to galvanize the old societies up again, which might easily be done, according to their notions, if the students only had the desire for improvement which they had forty years ago. As for the college papers they leave them entirely out of sight, or consider them mere playthings which take up the boys' attention when they ought to be at work at their lessons.

With all due respect for these old gentlemen, we won't say fogies, it seems to us that the decease of these old societies and the fading interest in debate and oratory which it indicates, is not a peculiarity of this college and its students, nor is the general feebleness of these societies everywhere to be imputed to the degeneracy of the students of to-day. But it is the result and the evidence of far working influences which are at work not only in the college but in the whole nation. And in the same way the rise of the innumerable college papers is not to be attributed to peculiarities of the students of the times but of the times themselves.

In the early part of this century our country was in great need of orators. Her novel and unwieldy form of government, her immense expanse of surface and variety of population, all tended towards dissension and dismemberment. In these circumstances there was great need of men who could impress their own strong convictions on the confused masses of the infant nation and organize and stimulate them to the support of the glorious principles upon which our government is founded. The demand produced the supply, according to the universal law. The orators of America immediately became her greatest men, and as soon as oratory became the high road to fame and influence, all ambitious young men naturally began to turn their attention to oratory and debate. They became national studies. The debating society became a universal institution, and every American citizen who aimed at eminence learned, first of all, how to make a good speech. So prominent and universal was this speech-making tendency of the Yankee that it came to be a favorite source of amusement to our foreign cousins. Dickens satirizes it quite

clever in Martin Chuzzlewit, and almost every one who has written about the American people of the past has made fun of this peculiarity. It was in this condition of things that debating societies were established in college, and under these circumstances they could not but be carried on with zeal. Stimulated by the splendid careers of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Choate, Burges, and others of that constellation of orators and debaters, who will ever live in the memories of Americans as the confirmers and strengtheners of our liberty, students struggled with enthusiasm to prepare themselves for a like success.

But times have changed. The United States is no longer a declaiming and debating nation but a thinking and reading nation. The silvery voice of the orator can no longer penetrate from side to side of this vast nation. The people have been organized and educated, and Public Opinion can no longer be led by a single man. The arts of persuasion are out of date, and the intelligent people like to imbibe their ideas unadulterated by the specious rhetoric and graceful gesture and sympathetic tones of somebody who is engaged in grinding a particular axe. The orator has ceased to be the leading man. None of the finished speakers of the last few years have taken high stand in public life, and the finer graces of Rhetoric and declamation are fast sinking to the level of the lecture room. The legislator who rises to speak in Congress now does not speak one half so much to the hundred or so upon the floor as to the reporters in the gallery, who will spread his words over the broad land in the newspapers, which the people read. Oratory has ceased to be the great influence and the Newspaper has taken its place. We have ceased to be a nation of orators and have become a nation of newspaper readers. The orator has ceased to be the influential man and the rising man, and the editor and writer or publicist, as he is well called, is coming to be the public man *par excellence*. Many of our greatest men, many of our richest men, and by all odds our most influential men, are Publicists. An editor occupies the second office of the nation. Editors occupy many of the chief diplomatic appointments in the gift of the nation. Among our editors are some of our greatest poets and literati, and among the constant writers for our daily and periodical press are numbered the greatest ministers and philosophers and general thinkers which the nation can produce.

In the first half of the century, the oratorical was the needed element, and the colleges, the purveyors of educated men, supplied the demand by educating skilled debaters and speakers. Societies sprung up of themselves, and were zealously supported and did much good. The demand for orators has ceased and the societies have begun to die out of themselves.

But another demand has arisen. Editors, Writers, *Publicists*. Men who study the public good and minister to it daily and constantly by advice and sympathy—these are needed. And as before the demand is creating the supply. Without any apparent reason an immense number of papers and periodicals have sprung up in our American colleges. And students are bestowing as much thought and labor on them as they ever bestowed on the old debating societies.

It seems to us, then, that the papers of to-day are serving a purpose similar to that of the literary societies of twenty-five years ago. They teach men to think clearly and to enunciate their thoughts in the manner which is best adapted to the times, and will, therefore, be most effective.

Whether the influence of the papers be as good as the societies or not, no one can tell, but when fifteen or twenty thousand of the rising young men of the country, placed under different local influences, and swayed by different sectional prejudices, exhibit such a decided tendency for writing, and against debating and oratory, we must admit that some grand national principles are at work and acknowledge the movement as a "Sign of the Times."

Class Day.

There is no doubt that Class Day at Brown is rapidly increasing in interest and importance. Each year greater and greater attractions are presented, and larger and larger crowds gather at the festivities. One of our good Professors having in mind no doubt the tremendous expense of Class Day at Harvard, and knowing the limited capacity of our students' purses, said not long ago, that he was sorry to see it thus gradually creeping upon us; here a little and there a little, growing more and more brilliant and costly. But we are glad at the outset to assure those who hold this view, that Class Day this year, in spite of its unexampled brilliancy, and the many new features presented, cost less than any previous one for one college generation at least. The expenses were several dollars less per man than those of '68.

We especially congratulate the Senior Class upon their successful introduction of so novel and pleasant a feature as the Promenade Concert on Wednesday evening. And to the ladies whose welcome presence gave at once the chief charm to the evening, and a truthful augury of the day, we would tender our modest compliments, even though we must risk their being unheard after the hearty "thank ye" of old Mother Brown.

We would that our blunt quill could sketch the scene in Manning Hall, for there our fair guests had thronged throughout the early morning. It seemed as though the very walls took pleasure, and for the ladies' sakes alone, in echoing their whispers, for it apparently made but little difference whether the words were such as some lucky fellow would have given a deal to hear, or only some allusion to that timely subject of conversation—the inchworm. Then when the music, that broke in upon the hum of expectant admiration, had ceased, and the procession with traditionary pomp had passed down the middle aisle, it seemed that Class Day had indeed begun. After the opening prayer by President Caswell, Mr. Henry T. Grant, President of the Class, in a few fitting words welcomed the audience, and expressed the regret of the Class at leaving the familiar scenes and honored faculty; and, after a brief survey of the history of the Class, introduced the Orator of the day, Mr. Dura P. Morgan. His well chosen theme, "The Energizing and Transforming Power of Strong Convictions," was so ably presented, though with no superfluous gilt of rhetoric, as to show that the speaker really felt and meant what he spoke. The truest word of praise we can offer is that it excelled alike as an exponent, and as an illustration of his subject.

The singing of the College Glee Club was a most acceptable surprise,—and to them and to their leader, Mr. Elliott, is due the honor of giving the best music ever heard in Brown,—and the best appreciated, as was testified by the hearty encore which greeted their performance of "The March."

The vigorous applause that saluted the Class Poet, Mr. Preston D. Jones, and the attentiveness with which every one present seemed to follow his story of Foscari the Doge, has already expressed our opinion. While his descriptive passages brought Venice vividly before us, we especially admired the felicitous turn given in the concluding lines addressed to his classmates.

After sitting so long in the heated chapel, all were willing to change the scene, entertained though all had been. The customary congratulations were offered to the Orator and Poet, none the less sincere, however, for being customary,—and the usual fusion took place between the impatient students, who with longing eyes had been lining the back and sides of the hall,—and the fair occupants of the settees. We may add that this, too, was none the less sincere from being usual. The audience gradually departed, a large part repairing to the Presidential mansion, where a refreshing collation and still more refreshing social intercourse whiled an hour away. There is a significance in this simple reception which is apt to be overlooked. Class Day is purely a students' festival. In its conception and execution the officers of the College have no part and claim none. But this invitation by the President that the students yield themselves and their guests for an hour to his hospitality, throws over the day an official sanction which otherwise it might seem to lack, and which at once elevates and graces the occasion.

There seems to be scarcely any lull in the festivities. At 3 o'clock the sound of gay music draws us to Rhode Island Hall. As we enter we are at once struck by one change in the arrangements for the promenade concert. In preceding years it has been composed of alternate intervals of clanging music by the full brass band and the social conversation of the promenaders. The two could not exist together. The result was lamentable in the extreme. It is a time when the student's heart is buoyant and tenderly disposed. It is a place where portraits of men of other days breathe romance into the surrounding air. But no sooner do the circumambulating couple become deeply sunk in mutual interest and admiration, than bang! the full blast of twenty-five pieces of brass and sheepskin roars about them. True, soft eyes are just as effective, and soft heads just as much affected; but those soft words, that delicate compliment,—perhaps he had been thinking all day how he would say it,—are smothered at their birth. It is by no means romantic to shout in your fair companion's ear, and even if it were, it is certainly not agreeable to have the music suddenly soften or cease entirely at that very moment and reveal to the assembled company the words that were intended for the ears of one alone. We were highly gratified, therefore, to find the boisterous clangor of brazen trumpets exchanged for the more refined tones of the stringed orchestra. Nothing but an unaccountable mistake prevented a like arrangement last year. The assembled company was of an unusually fine character, both in appearance and in social position. Following the example set by the preceding class, a few couples relieved the formal promenade by a more lively dance, but the crowded state of the hall and the elevated temperature soon proved too much for their enthusiasm. The hall is undoubtedly too limited for such an occasion, although affording abundant space for the collections therein deposited. It must be regarded as rather a misfortune that no better one can be secured sufficiently near the College. The suggestion has been made, and not without due consideration of the subject, that the Commencement tent be erected to supply the want.

The crowd of promenaders gradually thinned and at length was completely transferred to the back Campus, where were to be held perhaps the most interesting exercises of the day,—the ceremonies attendant upon the planting of the Class Tree, or something representing that agricultural operation.* We were especially gratified at the formality of the procession, the head of which, even, before starting, was almost at the place of destination. After the classes had taken their somewhat miscellaneous position about the tree, the President of the Class successively introduced the speakers. Without attempting any abstract of the speeches we may characterize them as very appropriate to the occasion. The time demands neither abstract discussion nor an undue amount of levity, but a serious consideration and earnest presentation of the relation which the day fulfils to the past and the future of the assembled class. We exempt, of course, from such requirements the Address to the Undergraduates, which presumes and demands sparkling wit and burlesque. This difficult position was well filled. The speaker, who seemed continually striving to repress some irrepressible joke, at once prepossessed his audience in his favor, while the prepossession was settled into satisfaction, and the satisfaction stirred up to cachinnation by the jokes and the sly but unmistakeable hits which poured forth unceasingly. The off-hand, hearty manner in which they were delivered was refreshingly in contrast with the stiffness which too often marks the College orator. The address, like the one of last year, closed with some serious, excellent advice to the assembled Undergraduates. We know of no College whose sons, more than those of Brown, need to realize that the study of books is not the only part of mental improvement, that the walk to and from meals is not the only requisite for physical growth, that the discussions of the class-room are not the only intercourse necessary for the refinement and cultivation of the heart and soul. The Address to the Undergraduates is, and always will be, an excellent institution till its wit degenerates into lowness, and its allusions become too personal or disrespectful. *Di, talem avertite casum.* But the opportunity and the temptation are both ample.

The medley of College songs with which the band followed the speeches was of unusual excellence, and we can assure that skillful corps of musicians that their finest selections from opera or oratorios are not more pleasing to both students and guests than their fine arrangement of our simple airs. The address of President Caswell, referring as it did to subjects of special interest to the students at such a time, won for him increased sympathy and respect. Hereupon ensued the ceremony of planting the tree. We regret to say that this part of the proceedings was not accompanied by that dignity and order which have previously marked it and which should always characterize such a ceremony. The rushing and pushing, the loud laughter and jests rather marred the occasion. In fact the arrangement of the classes about the tree has never been as orderly as it might be. If the Seniors would form the inside circle retaining that position through the whole ceremony, with the other classes in their order outside, it would be more convenient as well as symmetrical. The exercises were closed by singing the Class Tree Ode, written in German by a member of the Class, and arranged to music from Von Weber.

* We would respectfully suggest that a part of the magnificent endowment of our Agricultural College be appropriated for the encouragement of this, the only visible exemplification and result of its theories.

The manner in which it was rendered was highly creditable to the practice and talent of the class. The procession having been reformed, retraced its line of march and at length broke its footsore ranks at the Chapel. The throng after waiting in vain for the usual College songs, which, for obvious reasons, were postponed, gradually dispersed.

As we left the Campus we noticed preparations making which betokened novel arrangements for the evening promenade. Between seven and eight the guests began to reassemble upon the green till it presented a lively appearance. The Band, instead of occupying the Chapel steps, as heretofore, was elevated on a staging some distance in front, a position much more advantageous both for ornament and for utility. On three sides of this platform were hung between the trees rows of Chinese lanterns, which reminded us very strongly of the beautiful illumination four years ago in honor of Lee's surrender. Two locomotive lights at opposite ends of the Campus vied with each other in furnishing the least light possible. The palm must be awarded the one at the south end, which its opponent soon stared out of countenance. The latter then seemed to become lonely and soon went out after it. These also reminded us of the calcium light at the aforesaid illumination, which, however brilliant in its capacities, benevolently reduced its light to that of a penny tallow in its tender regard for the eyes of the orators. The excellent music of the band alternated with College songs and more classic productions by the College Glee Club. This was a decided innovation upon preceding programmes, and as decided an improvement. Nothing of the kind ever received or deserved such applause in our recollections of Brown music.

Notwithstanding the attractions of the front Campus, many strayed to the rear, and felt amply repaid as they discovered and entered the beautiful greenhouse of Mr. Royal C. Taft, just outside of the College yard. Its contents have been too generously laid open to the public to need our description or praise, but we can assure its owner that his generosity toward the student is not easily forgotten. This is not the first time that Brown has been in his debt. The early days of the Brunonian knew his bounty, and our first University Nine were the grateful recipients of his *uniform* beneficence.

At ten the music ceased, and with the usual confusion of tongues and shouting of classes the procession to the Class Supper was formed. With the sagacity of an old hand who "knows the ropes," we led the guests under our charge upon the Chapel steps. We explained to them the old custom, observed for many years, of marching from the south to the north end of the Campus saluting with cheers each of the old familiar buildings, and then bidding farewell to Old Brown in general, marching down College Hill. We dilated upon the significance as well as the beauty of such a custom till we wrought our fair *protéges* quite up to enthusiasm. Fancy our feelings when the forgetful marshals led the boisterous procession straight out at the large gate, and at once down the precipitous height! Hungry marshals! 'Twas sacrilege! 'Twas rude violation of all precedent and antiquity! May future Class Days be spared such an ignominious innovation.

The escorting classes consigned the famished Seniors to the care of Mr. Ardoene, at the Horse Guards Armory, where we too must leave them. Reluctantly, however, do we withdraw, for we happen to know well the pleasant conviviality and the fraternal spirit of the Class Supper. But we should

be trespassing there now and we follow the retreating under-classmen. We enter the College gates once more. Now for the settling of that long score! The valiant Sophomore sniffs the battle, and begins to roll up his pugnacious sleeves, while the meek Freshman hopes they won't do anything now, he is so tired, and besides he's got his best clothes on. The sudden quiet which ensues seems inexplicable till the appearance of three or four stalwart blue uniforms reveals its cause. A considerable steam passes off in the form of muffled shouts at the "Peelers," in which each student seems trying to produce the auricular delusion that his voice comes from somebody else. But the said steam is rapidly condensed by the appearance of the President, who effects a compromise. The objectionable guardians of the nocturnal peace are removed and each student "disperses to his several rooms." Quiet reigns once more over the Campus after a day and evening of excitement and gayety. But the irrepressible Seniors hail the smiling morn at five with songs of unabated vigor, though of diminished sweetness. Perhaps not the least enduring record of their festival will be the following from the Police Report of that morning:—"The Sergeant is persuaded that a prophet is unnecessary to foretell that the Class of '69—God bless 'em—will seldom be saluted with rude cries of 'louder.'"

Junior Exhibition.

When nature is just beginning to robe herself in emerald green, Brown calls together the youth and beauty of Providence to listen to the maiden efforts of her Juniors. A clear sky and a genial sun are essential to the success of a College festival; and the Class of 'Seventy have nothing to complain of in this respect. The goodly number by which the fair sex was represented proves that their interest in Junior Ex. continues undiminished. Manning Hall, with its gaily nodding ribbons and flowers, looked like a clover field. The opportunity which the Exhibition offers for a display of the spring fashions is unrivalled. We doubt if the fair denizens of Providence appreciate the advantages they enjoy in this respect over those of less favored cities. However, everything passed off pleasantly; nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the exercises. Music and speaking alternated in regular order. And the Professor in Rhetoric has every reason to congratulate himself on so auspicious an inauguration of the exhibitions of his department. After the conclusion of the exercises, we noticed one feature which we hope to see kept up in future years. Instead of immediately separating, many lingered for a short promenade on the Campus, while others visited Rhode Island Hall and spent an hour inspecting the specimens of art collected there. The following are the names of the speakers with their subjects attached: William T. Peck, *Oratio Latina—De Virtutis Notione Vera*; I. Nelson Ford, *The Statesmanship of Richelieu*; Wilfred H. Munro, *The Martyrdom of Euphrasia*; Joseph B. Bishop, *The Destruction of Pompeii*; William A. Smith, *Destiny of the Mechanic Arts*; Thomas Burgess, *The Heroic Age of Scotland*; Joseph C. Ely, *Music as an Expression of Thought*; Orlo B. Rhodes, *The Legend of St. Catherine*; Richard S. Colwell, *Ingratitude of Contemporaries*; Elisha F. Fales, *Dante's Beatrice, as a Type of Womanhood*; Alonzo Williams, *Science, a Search for One Universal Law*; Jonathan F. Lyon, *The Conquests of Genius*.

Glee Club.

The concert of the Brown Glee Club was heard by most of the men in college. Its probable influences are simple and evident enough, and we have little left to say in the way of explanation or criticism which has not been said already. The affair was emphatically a success. A success in spite of obstacles innumerable and defects not a few. Such an audience as gathered to hear it is rarely seen in this city or any other. Many of the most distinguished men in the city—men who would as soon think of going to an ordinary concert as to an Irish ball, were seen in the seats at the Horse Guards Armory on the evening of June 14th. And many of the Matrons of the city, too, were there, the very props of its respectability, and not only the elder but the younger ladies, the beautiful girls of Providence, were there. And last but not least, the students. The swelly ushers, darting about doing their best to make the guests comfortable, the filius familias student dutifully seated beside mater and pater familias, and last but not least, the uproarious gentlemen in the gallery. And they all enjoyed it. Judges, statesmen, philosophers, leaders of society, school girls, students down the very Freshmen themselves, every body enjoyed it. Faults and all. They appreciated the real good music, and there was not a little, laughed over the abominable funny old college songs, and sympathized heartily with whatever little shortcomings were inseparable from the occasion. Considering that it was not only the first concert of the Glee Club but the first the College ever gave, we cannot but wonder at the success of it, and thank the friends who contributed their kind presence to make it a success. It is a pure pleasure to sing good music and to hear it, and we hope that this will be fully realized by the undergraduates, and that the Glee Club may be perpetuated, and that concerts having all the excellencies and none of the defects of the first one may be given in future at the end of every term.

Ball Matters.

In our last number we ventured to prophesy that the benefits of the new Gymnasium would be manifested during the season in the athletic sports—and especially in base ball. At that time the ball men were hard at work in the Gymnasium making sinew for future “daisy clippers,” and patiently biding their time till the clouds should break and the weather become settled. We take up the record with great diffidence, well aware how sensitive our “base ballists” are to criticism, and how important it is from the intense interest taken in ball matters to say the right thing.

The clouds broke at last. The Gymnasium was deserted for the Campus. The dumb-bell gave way to the regulation ball: the Indian club to the Philadelphia bat. Class Treasurers went around with an insinuating smile, candidates to fill the vacancies on the “University” cultivated nonchalance in taking “flies,” challenges were discussed over the tin dipper at the pump, and ball matters were buried beneath a mountain of words.

The first sensation was the Freshman uniform. Not more confident was Achilles in Vulcan’s suit of mail, than the Freshman in his fancy tailoring and his pretty brown buttons! So anxious were they to air their new suits that they met the Sophomores on the Training Ground as early as April 17th.

Now it is a matter of college etiquette that the upper should have the advantage over the lower class. The Freshmen were well bred in academic courtesy, and allowed the Sophomores to carry off the ball by a score of 23 to 12.

Nothing daunted, the Freshmen ventured to have a tilt with the Metacomet Club. The game was played at Taunton, May 5th, and resulted favorably to the Freshmen. The score being 19 to 17. The Freshmen, though over-matched in weight played with great spirit, and fairly won their laurels. Mr. C. Hitchcock, of the "University," acted as Umpire. We leave it for a member of '72, noted for his high imagination and good appetite to recount the adventures and pleasures of this "Freshman Excursion."

A return match between the same Nines occurred June 5th, on the Training Ground. This game was also closely contested, the fielding on each side being good. The score stood 11 to 9 in favor of the Metacomet Club. That the courtesy and hospitality of the latter club were amply repaid, the name of the *caterer*, Mr. Ardoene, is a sufficient proof. The final game of the series will not be played this season owing to the engagements of the Freshmen.

The first game of the "University" Nine was played June 1st, with the Somerset Club of Boston. This match disappointed the expectations of the College, the playing of the University being uniformly poor, if we except the out-field, and the first base. Of the Somersets, Cabot, Burdett and Miller were especially good in their positions, while Goodwin's pitching was very effective. The game was called at the end of the seventh innings, the score standing Brown 23, Somerset 21.

The second match was with the University Nine of Wesleyan, on the grounds of the Pequot Club, New London. The game was characterized by good feeling on both sides. The Wesleyans displayed good fielding, but did not wield the bat so powerfully as the Brown Nine. We append the score:

BROWN.	R.	O.	WESLEYAN.	R.	O.				
Fales, 1.....	4...	4	Ransom, 3.....	2...	4				
Earle, 2.....	1...	5	Ingraham, M.....	1...	4				
Grant, S.....	1...	6	Kent, L.....	2...	4				
Woodworth, L.....	5...	2	Phillips, P.....	3...	3				
Hitchcock, 3.....	5...	2	Chadwick, S.....	2...	2				
Herreshoff, P.....	9.....	6...	Hill, 1.....	2...	3				
Colwell, M.....	5...	2	Young, R.....	2...	3				
Howland, C.....	4...	3	Miller, 2.....	4...	2				
Jennings, R.....	4...	2	Porter, C.....	1...	2				
Total.....	35	27	Total.....	19	27				
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8
WESLEYAN.....	0...	0...	9...	0...	1...	7...	2...	0...	19
BROWN.....	7...	3...	2...	8...	4...	5...	0...	3...	35

The Umpire was Mr. Thomas W. Haven, of the Pequot Club. The scorers were Mr. C. S. Edgerton for Wesleyan, and Mr. Daniel Beckwith for Brown.

Our record closes June 15th. The remainder of the season promises to be active. The University meets the Lowells June 17th, and the Harvards June 19th. The Freshmen expect to play with the Harvard Freshmen at an early day. The match with Yale was unfortunately arranged for the same day as that with Wesleyan, and hence was postponed, after a strong effort had been made to meet both Nines at New Haven.

But the interest in ball matters is not likely to end with the term. The Freshmen have made arrangements to play with the different Freshman Nines in New England immediately after the close of the examinations. Leaving Providence, Thursday, July 1st, they will play according to the following schedule :

Yale College, Freshman.....	Friday, ..	July 2.
Wesleyan Union “	Saturday, “	3.
Trinity College, “	Monday, “	5.
Amherst College, “	Tuesday, “	6.
Dartmouth, “	Thursday, “	8.

The party will consist of the following men :—A. J. Jennings, P. and Captain; F. King, C.; J. Earle, 1; J. Hendricks, 2; A. F. Wood, 3; A. P. Carroll, S.; W. V. Kellen, L.; F. W. Barnett, M.; J. C. B. Woods, R.; and R. I. Gammell, Scorer.

The expenses of this tour are defrayed partly by the Nine, and partly by a fund of three hundred dollars raised by private subscription. In addition to this, the Class has raised during the term from its own resources two hundred dollars for the uniform, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars to meet incidental expenses. 'Seventy-two has a good record.

The performance of the College Nine thus far clearly shows a radical defect somewhere. There has been great want of success in arranging matches and still greater want of success in playing them after they have been arranged. There is such a defect, and it is evident. There is a great lack of unity of feeling, and unity of playing. The Nine does not seem animated by the *esprit du corps*, which animates the Harvards and the Lowells, and which has done so much for the Freshmen and which is so creditably evident in their Nine. There at present in College a larger number of practical and skillful ball players than ever before. But until they get used to playing together in their own positions we can hope only for a second class Nine. This want of unity, of sympathy in our College Nine has been noticed by everybody. Members of opposing Nines have noticed it, Professors have noticed it, every one who has seen them play has noticed it. And it is a most fatal fault. The vim which remedies it must come from the interest and pride of the whole body of students in their Nine, and from patriotic self-sacrifice and industry on the part of the members of it. We cannot but believe that the College spirit of Brown is increasing. And there is need, for the Ball Nine is not the only institution which suffers from lack of united action. And as this increases we may fairly expect to see the Ball Nine improve, and if we can only start on this road of development every conflict, every defeat, will be to us but a stepping stone to eminence instead of a disaster and a discouragement.

Hope Deferred.

“Hope deferred,” says the wise man, “maketh the heart sick.” It will be remembered that in our last issue, we took occasion to allude to the increased interest manifested in the “Brown Navy.” We had fondly hoped that what was so well begun would be carried forward until the “Brown Navy” should rank second to none in the country. But alas for our hopes, they went down with our crew in their late attempt to ascertain the character of the Seekonk’s bottom.

Who will ever forget the shouts which rent the air as we beheld our noble crew bearing in triumph their new boat from the depot to the Seekonk! Ah! what visions of glory for old "Brown" arose in our minds! We fancied ourselves at Worcester. We saw three crews opposite the grand stand on lake Quinsigamond ready to start. Harvard was on one side, Yale on the other, and Brown in the middle. How our hearts throbbed as we saw them off! At first Harvard took the lead, Yale close behind, and Brown hard on the Yale, but the Brown boys seemed determined to win a golden reputation for once, and gradually gaining on both the other crews, actually rounded the stake just a boat length ahead! Frantic enthusiasm now took possession of the friends of Brown, the ladies waved their *brown* handkerchiefs, the gentlemen threw up their hats with *brown* ribbon, and cheer after cheer rent the air. Down came the Brown crew, actually lifting the boat out of the water at every stroke, and passed the winning stake almost three boat lengths ahead of the Harvard! Such was our dream; but alas, hope told a flattering tale. Since then how things have changed! Our ardor has been cooled by the repeated *dips* our noble crew have made in their vain attempts to remove red-bridges and other obstructions in the Seekonk by butting against them with their galling skiff.

But seriously, gentlemen, what does all this blundering and delaying mean? You began well and gave every promise of success; what hinders you now? Why has not more been done this season in boating? On whom rests the blame? If the Captain is incompetent, let him resign and elect another in his place. If the right men are not in the crew let us have a change. We have muscle enough, and brains enough to regulate and control it. If money is needed, in the name of common sense, let a paper be passed around; there is money enough and sufficient college spirit in the University to supply all necessary wants of the crew. If anything is to be done in the boating line, let it be done at once. There has been play enough, let us now have work.

The Prize Declamations.

In accordance with the generous provision of Mr. Thomas Carpenter, three prizes, one of sixty, one of thirty-six, and one of twenty-four dollars are this year made available for the first time to those members of the Junior Class, who, after a trial at a public exhibition, are, by a committee of five appointed for the purpose, given the first, second and third rank respectively of excellence in speaking. This year the speaking is on Saturday, June nineteenth. Twelve men will take part.

The committee of award consists of Prof. Bancroft, Chairman; Rev. Dr. Caswell, President of the Board of Fellows, and Hon. W. S. Patten, Chancellor, appointed by the Corporation; Rev. J. G. Vose and Rev. J. W. Churchill, appointed by the Class.

While we must gratefully acknowledge the generous donation, we must however question the wisdom of giving the prizes to the Junior Class. Since they are to be given for excellence in elocution, and the pieces must, without exception, be selected, it would seem more appropriate to give them to either the Sophomore or the Freshman Class, especially since these classes now have none. It must appear like taking backward steps, for men that have

just shown themselves quite able as writers as well as speakers to return to the mere mechanical efforts of speaking, to again repeat the "effusive," "expulsive" and "explosive," and once more, as school boys, ring their changes on the speeches of Burke and Webster, or the productions of some other favorite author of fine English. Indeed it seems almost absurd, and forgetful of the superior demands for elegance and strength in composition.

We would by no means underrate the necessity of careful training in oratory in the Junior and Senior years, but only insist upon the greater propriety of making this drill a specialty for the first two years, and of connecting it with original composition during the last two years. Any man capable of performing the duties of Junior year is capable of writing a piece suited to the display of his oratorical powers, and thus secure a double advantage. After having advanced thus far, if he can only furnish breath and muscle for other's effusions, he had better drop out of college, and devote himself to theatrical practice; or better, use his strength in some more useful occupation than beating or splitting the air, and completely covering up his own personality.

In connection with this subject we wish to call attention to the need here felt of more speaking in college. While it must be admitted that the importance of oratory as an art has been materially lessened by the almost unlimited diffusion of literature through the press, it nevertheless still demands careful attention from all educated men. To the Freshmen the College gives no opportunity for speaking. All interest that may have been excited in it at the preparatory school is allowed to die out. Sophomore year is allowed to pass in the same manner, bad habits being left to be confirmed rather than removed. During Junior year even, only five or six speeches are required, and these are given only before the class, except the one at Junior Exhibition, to which only a small number of the class is eligible. What wonder then that in many cases the speaking is a failure; that the knees tremble, the voice becomes low and timid, and every movement forced and mechanical; and that besides this, many good writers are restrained from displaying their powers, since they feel their impotence to give proper expression to their thoughts upon the stage. If any confidence and power are displayed upon this occasion, they must have been gained mainly before coming to College, or in exercises outside of it. During the whole course, including the prize speaking, there are at most only four opportunities for speaking in public, many will get only three, some two, and some will get none. We confidently believe the majority of every class feels the need of more drill than this, and would welcome any plan to secure greater advantages in this direction. Many, we are aware, do not want them, and would regard them irksome, but if concession to the inclinations of some men in College should become the rule, all discipline would be at once suspended, and the Professors would cut every day in the week.

What plan is most feasible for removing this defect we are not fully decided upon. The subject is so important that we cannot suppose it has wholly escaped the attention of the Faculty, but since no provisions have been made, it would seem that insuperable objections exist. We would however suggest, if such objections do not exist, a return to the old plan here, and to the plan found now in some other colleges, of having some declamations during the first two years, and more orations during the last two years before the Class, the College and the public. Two or three orations a week, a part from the

Jnnior Class and a part from the Senior Class, to insure rivalry, delivered in Chapel before or after prayers, would, we think, help secure the desired result. Of course it would be something of a bore, but it is better to bore and be bored for only four years, than to keep up the process for a life time. A few other prizes, not necessarily large, would be a great aid. The only thing needed is competition, through the whole class or college, if possible. We want criticism, such a system as shall draw men out, make them do their best, feel the disgrace of unnecessary failure, and struggle for the rewards of success. The boating and base ball men of some of our colleges furnish commendable examples of the effort needed. They lose no means that will increase their skill or strength; the idea of mediocrity is scouted. Such a tension of intellectual forces in the line of composition and oratory is needed here. The Brunonian is doing in its line something, but the help of a new system is required. Will not the Powers that be plan to give it to us?

A Freshman Excursion.

An intelligent observer would have found no reflection of the threatening and gloomy clouds which obscured the sun on the morning of the 23d of May, in the face of those patriotic freshmen who left Providence on the 10.40 train. Not even the remark of their fair fellow passenger, Miss Kellogg, could damp their spirits, though it was cruel in her to say that their swell singing sounded "as if they were practicing for the Peace Jubilee. The single drawback to perfect happiness, was the unpropitious weather, and when at Mansfield, old Sol came out in all his native ardor, a Bacchanalian dance of joy was performed in a manner which not a little astonished those stolid beings who at Mansfield, as at all country towns, loaf away long days on a bench outside of the station.

We found that the ground upon which the game was to be played, was what the geographies call diversified. The Second Base was stationed at the brow of a noble hill, while balls struck to right field left the spectators in doubt whether they would be secured by the fielder or caught on the fly by the little mill stream which flowed near, both being equally hidden from view in the little valley beneath. Still, this was not a sufficient obstacle to prevent a most interesting and well contested game, the result of which is known. After the game the weary base ballists and a large outside deputation of hungry '72 men, accepted the hospitalities of the Metacomet, and were soon seated at the festive board. A bevy of the pretty young ladies of Taunton, were present and enlivened the occasion by singing some selections of songs. The freshmen returning the compliment. "Keep to the right," sang the ladies. We think it right, sir, on every Saturday night, sir, etc., replied the students. "Follow the golden rule," remarked the maidens. Oh! we think it is no sin, sir, to take the sophomores in, sir, (audacious was'nt it?) responded the freshmen. In the intervals they managed to care pretty well for their carnal needs, and to fortify the inner man effectually with the bounteous cheer of their hosts. "And all went merry as a marriage bell," as Byron hath it, or the more forcible phrase of Daniel Pratt, "everything was harmonious."

The trip back,—the hearty congratulations of our honored professors; the

immense howling and innumerable delightful flirtations, all those many pleasant things which took place during that trip, we can't stop to narrate.

But as we stood in front of the Chapel that night, almost within the "shade of its time honored walls,"—as we received the congratulations of friends, and poured out in a parting song our love for our Alma Mater, it is safe to say that the moon peered down through the trees upon the happiest Freshmen Brunonia has seen for many a year. Among the pleasant memories of Freshman year, now almost gone, we must stow our visit to the land of Brick and Herring.

Mr. Arnold B. Chace has resigned the position of Instructor in Chemistry. During the short time in which he has been connected with the college he has made many friends, and all who have been his pupils will regret his withdrawal from a position which he is so well qualified to occupy.

Professor Churchill of Andover, who gave instruction in Elocution to the Junior and Senior classes, has recently been ordained to the ministry.

We make our last appearance as editors in this number, and we take this opportunity to thank the kind friends who have patronized the magazine during the year, and still more those who have contributed to it. To the students in general we are indebted for their cordial support which has made the Brunonian what it is. To the President and Faculty, and to Professors Chace and Lincoln in particular, we are under deep obligations for valuable advice as well as for literary and pecuniary contributions. Our thanks are also due to Messrs. W. H. Lyon and Wm. E. Lincoln, of '68, for efficient assistance.

In looking back upon the career and results of the Brunonian since its first foundation we cannot help feeling that they have been worthy of the labor they have cost. We congratulate the students and all interested in their welfare upon the improvement in the appearance and general tone of men and things in College, during the last three years, and we hold it to be high praise of the Brunonian, itself one of the evidences of our progress, that it has been the means of still further stimulating and directing this advancement. While signal and most marked improvement in style of thinking and writing, has been observed in all those who have been regular contributors to the Brunonian, still we feel that its greatest benefit has been the subtle influence of refinement and culture which its contributors have breathed into it and which have worked insensibly upon the whole body of students.

The departing board has been a harmonious one. In spite of troublesome complications of which we have had our share, in spite of some short-comings as to which you must be judges, our connection has been altogether pleasant, and we of '69 who are no more to appear in these familiar pages, can heartily say that no friendships we have made in College will be more lasting than those of the Editorial board, and that nothing we have done or could have done here will afford us a profounder satisfaction in the future than our efforts for the support and improvement of The Brunonian.

The Editor's Window Seat.

The account of Class Day in the "Home Matters." is written by gentlemen not in the Class of '69, and is inserted without change by the editor. The omission of the beautiful custom of cheering the buildings which is spoken of was fully made up for on the next morning. The article on "The Diet of the Romans," which appears on page 164, is an original article written for the "Brunonian" some forty years ago. We copy it from the back number in which it appeared. The authorship of the piece is enveloped in mystery though it is supposed to be by a gentleman, since become eminent in letters, who has a son now in college. Among the articles in the old "Brunonian" are many of which the writers have since become well known, and several written by the fathers of students now in college. It was published in 1829-30, and '31. The motto is an excellent one for a college publication: *Scribimus indocti doctique.*"

With this number we publish a full index of the contents of both volumes of the Brunonian.

In a very able article on College government in the *Nation* of June 10th, we find the following golden words: "We believe it is now generally conceded in spite of all that we hear about the new education, that colleges do not and never will turn out many fully equipped scholars. Any body who recollects accurately the stock of knowledge that he brought with him from the University will recollect, no matter how brilliant a student he may have been, that it was comically small. What University training gives is a certain tone of mind, a certain way of looking at things, a certain amount of receptivity, and a useful acquaintance with the relative amount of a man's own powers and acquirements. In short what it does is to influence the character and quality of the intellect rather than supply all that is necessary to be known.—In short we want in college more influence; the learning will take care of itself. Whether scientific or classical we suspect the amount of it young men will absorb and then forget will always remain pretty much the same, but there is no conceivable limit to the effect the right kind of collegiate atmosphere might produce upon the youthful mind."

The New York *Evening Mail* of June 11th, in an editorial article enthusiastically cheers on the taste for active sports which now prevails. It ascribes this to the influence of the war: "Since the war the cultivation of athletic sports has gained at once dignity and popularity. Even the ladies have tired of the fashionable milk-sops who once made acceptable cavaliers and delight in the attention of the handsome militiamen; of the bronzed and hardy yachtsmen; of the sinewy pullers of oars and catchers and stoppers of balls. They are brilliant examples of what the coming man may be; who lives naturally, avoids stimulants, exercises *all* his powers and cultivates manly sports." "Were a new edition of Beau Brummell possible," asks the writer, "could he hold his own in Boston drawing rooms against Loring and Simmons?"

The Chairman of the Standing Committee on Evening Schools in Providence, in a full and carefully prepared report recently presented to the School Committee, makes the following complimentary allusion to the University, which we transfer to the columns of the Brunonian:

"Your Committee have been unusually fortunate in securing the services of skillful and experienced teachers, so that the Board of Instruction as a whole, has been quite equal, if not superior, to that of the day schools. And here the Committee would acknowledge their indebtedness to Brown University, which has furnished for them four out of the six Principals, and eight out of the fifteen male assistants. Many of the students who resort to our city for a liberal education, are men of superior culture, who have taught more or less in academies and schools. Were they to leave their studies to-day and engage in teaching as a profession, they could command good salaries. The presence, therefore, of a College among us, has contributed essentially to the success of our evening Schools, enabling the Committee to obtain from year to year a class of teachers of the highest order, and such as could not otherwise be obtained for the limited compensation necessarily allowed for their services.

Life is like a checker board, made up of dark spots and bright ones. The dark ones are the corroding cares, the anxieties and failures daily encountered. The bright ones are a few green places we cherish in our memory of by-gone happy hours. Some persons find none of the latter, merely from a want of searching for them. They go through life, as Henry Ward Beecher said of the Puritans, "always looking up; and never looking down, except to find money or find fault." For the dark spots in our lives we have no need to search; they are ever present with us. But the bright ones need continual polishing and careful preservation. We love to linger around and dwell upon them. They are like lighthouses throwing their rays far out into the gloom.

Some such thoughts as these came into our mind as we sat, one afternoon, a few weeks since, at a window in Hope College looking out upon the front Campus. Nature's spring fashions were beginning to show themselves, covering the ground with an emerald carpet and the trees with fresh green foliage. It was one of those delightful days of opening spring when quiet reigns supreme, and all nature seems to lull to rest. Suddenly a wandering minstrel invaded this sylvan scene, and began to pour forth from David's instrument other tunes than those adapted to psalms. The windows of old Hope were soon filled with eager listeners. The Senior forgot for the moment at what epoch of history he had arrived; the Junior laid aside his Tacitus and Plato; the Sophomore allowed himself to be beguiled from his essay; and the Freshman permitted the "Problem of the Lights" to become shrouded in darkness again. But the music could not all be kept within the soul. It got down to the heels of some of the more enthusiastic. And unsophisticated Freshmen were amazed to see grave and reverend Seniors "trip the light fantastic toe." It was an exhilarating scene, making the blood leap through the veins, not only of the participants, but of all the lookers-on. We doubt if Mother Brown ever witnessed such a scene before, at least for a quarter of a century past. We want a few more such hearty demonstrations. They "drive dull care away," and brush the cobwebs from the brain. They encourage one to look upon the bright side of life and to bear its necessary burdens with a cheerful spirit. And we may add, there is nothing the Devil hates more than a good laugh and plenty of fun. Some of us are soon to leave these quiet halls of learning where we have spent many happy hours. College days are fast drawing to a close, and will ere long be remembered among the things that were. We must soon mingle in the busy turmoil of life, and "bear the heat and burden of the day." And if we have a few such choice recollections

stored up in memory, to recall, when stern care has wrinkled the brow, they will help to make us young again, and turn our thoughts with pleasure back, for a moment, to our College days.

We were sitting in a window at the President's reception, and we were talking in the most delightful manner about nothing at all; and her pretty head was bending and her light curls—no, crimps—were blowing about, and smiles were chasing one another over her cheek with comical little dimples dancing attendance on them, and her blue eyes were glancing—Oh! how they were glancing! All of a sudden,—“Keep still a minute,” said she to the brunette next her, “There's a caterpillar on you. I'll knock him off.” “Ehee-e-e!” screamed the victim, louder than any but a bold mortal would dare to scream in the presence of so many dignified old books and imposing looking instruments and such—“I hate the horrid things!”

“Once there was a little boy a good deal more charitable than you are,” said Blonde. “He was a very pious little boy and he liked to say his prayers, and one day somebody overheard him saying them under the shrubbery in the garden: ‘God bless my father, and my mother, and teach me how to be good,’ said the little fellow,—here the caterpillars began to annoy him extremely,—‘and’—with a mighty effort—‘God bless these nasty, nasty worrums!’”

“Oh!” said Brunette, “What a wicked awful story!”

“It's a great deal wickeder to hate the poor innocent insects!” said Blonde, conclusively.

“Well, I can't help it,” said Brunette, obstinately.

And then we went up to be presented.

There was one occurrence in the recent match between the Brown and Wesleyan Nines which deserves particular mention. A Brown man was running from first to second base, and the ball was thrown by the Wesleyan catcher to second. The second base caught the ball and swinging his arm round like lightning apparently touched the Brown man just a second before he reached the base. But when the umpire decided the Brown man out, the baseman called out that he had not quite touched him, and that he was not out. Any one who ever became deeply interested in a match game knows the rarity of such acts as this, as well as the amount of self-denial involved in it. Such a thing is more of an honor to the Wesleyan University than beating the game or beating a hundred base ball games could be.

We clip from a Western paper an account of a remarkable game at base ball. The score was 209 to 10. The winning nine made 57 runs in the 7th inning. Let us hope the Freshmen won't run across that nine.

Mr. Manchester has made some of the best pictures of the Class of '69 which could be imagined. The bungling work which many class Photographers have foisted off upon us in the past make us more anxious to render this justice to our friend Mr. Manchester.

The thanks of the College, and especially of the Glee Club and the BRUNONIAN, are due to Mr. Geo. H. Whitney and the members of his establishment, Mr. Tilden in particular, for uniform kindness and accommodations.

Collegiana.

An unusual amount of Home Matters compels us to abridge somewhat our budget of College news. We give our readers our second letter from Harvard, which will be read with interest.

HARVARD.—DEAR BRUNONIAN: Since my last letter the absorbing topic of conversation with us has been the approaching race with Oxford and Cambridge. Replies have been received from both Universities, the former accepting definitely and the latter conditionally. There has been much discussion as to the advisability of engaging in such a contest when an old crew had been broken up, and Loring was out of training. After much canvassing and some exhibitions of temper it was decided very definitely to row, picking our best four for the international race, and the next best six for the contest with Yale. Choice of men was the next consideration. Loring gallantly came forward and offered to pull, and Simmons, though Captain of the crew, as generously offered him any position in the boat. He preferred the bow. Simmons will consequently pull stroke, Rice of '71, will pull 3, and Bass of '71, 2. There is some talk of Willard and Rawle as substitutes, since the former has resigned his captaincy of the Nine, but neither of them have the experience or endurance of Rice or Bass. Willard, it is true, was one of the Freshman '69 boat that beat the college, but he has rowed only one race since, during Junior year, when he went from the ball field to Boston by cars, entered a shell for a 2nd crew race and won it. Rawle is a plucky man, with plenty of bottom but no great experience in rowing. We have had some difficulty in choosing a coxswain. Burnham of '70 seemed at first the most available man, having considerable coolness, and being able to stand training. He has been out with the crew very often, but looks rather too large when in the boat. Since a notice was put up at Commons for aspirants for the coxswainship to apply at No. —, Mass., candidates innumerable have applied. A ninety-eight pounder was found when stripped to the "buff," but he has not been tried yet. N. G. Read, of '71, has been chosen captain of the University crew, and is trying the many candidates for the vacant places.

'71's crew is working up well for the June races, while the Scientifics, under the command of Mr. Bayley, bid fair to repeat the dose of two years ago, and beat the college. The Freshmen have good material for a crew but are sadly in want of training.

In Ball, we have been victorious thus far, beating the Trimountains 49 to 12, on April 24th, and the Lowells on the 27th, 41 to 22.

Our Freshman have beaten the Somersets 35 to 15.

There have been a few scrub matches between the occupants of the different entries of Gray's Hall, and the 2nd nine of the Junior class has beaten the 1st by a score of 20 to 13.

The cantest with the Mutuels came off on May 25th, and we were badly beaten. In fact I have never seen our Nine play so poorly. Soule's pitching astonished and amused the Mutuels. The score, 43 to 11, is sufficient. On the next day the same club played with the Lowells. The latter played an

excellent game, batting magnificently, and fielding in a most creditable manner. The score was 26 to 21.

The Junior exhibition, whose death has been advertised for the past three years, put in an appearance on the 4th inst. Out of thirty-four parts assigned only ten were performed. The other "exhibitioners" were excused from the honor of appearing in black dress coats and "orating" to their friends.

The recitation room of Prof. Gray was well filled with the fond mammas, and sweethearts of the orators, while the "rollicking rabble" of students besieged the doors. The only parts worthy of notice were the Latin Dialogue from the Eunuchus of Terence by Messrs. Ladd and Healy, of '70. Willard of '69's Essay on Lamartine, Walcott of '70's English version from Count Gasparin, and Capen of '69's able written and gracefully delivered Disquisition on Chaucer's Treatment of Women. The exhibition was by no means a farce as the Advocate intimates, as four excellent parts out of ten will testify. Doctor Peabody seemed at loss in presiding, twice calling out *in lingua Latina* for *in Lingua vernacula*.

It is not the fault of the students that the exhibitions are despised, but that of our time-honored faculty. If they were held in the evening, and the students had the reasonable prospect of an audience large enough to compensate for the labor bestowed on the parts, or had we even the music which used to delight our Freshman ears, there would be no talk of "the bore of exhibition." Men that do well at these exhibitions are remembered, but there is no inducement to do well. Who cares to bring one's friends to hear collegians speak in a recitation room, when even the High and Latin School boys in Boston declaim in the large Tremont Temple or Music Hall. It was only by petition I understand, that the speakers for the Boylston Prizes for last year were allowed to speak in the first church instead of the third story of the University, amid rafters and primary school desks. Then, too, it was only the erroneous announcement of a Phi Beta Kappa Poem, that filled the church and stimulated the speakers.

The Seniors are busy with preparations for Class Day, and the prospects are that we shall have a gala day.

'Sixty-Nine has been an able and popular class, distinguishing itself in Scholarship, in Boating, and on the Ball field.

The College has again been groaning over its poverty, and the corporation have *wisely*(?) determined to remedy the deficit by *increasing the tuition and the rent of Holworthy Hall*, (the Seniors' Paradise.) The result is much dissatisfaction among the lower classes, and hard swearing among the Juniors, who are all at sea in regard to the choice of rooms. Many men who are able to pay the expense, refusing to go into the Holworthy. This, of course, disarranged the plans of aspiring Juniors, which, like those of mice, "Gang aft a-gley." This last move upon the part of our overseers, corporation or whoever is responsible, reminds one forcibly of some Congressional legislation a few years ago on the taxation question. We have been safely told, and the figures produced, that it costs the college so much more to educate us than we pay her, consequently the more students she has the poorer she becomes, a process of reasoning which every patriotic son of Harvard dares not carry out to its logical sequence. As if indeed, the students of any college ever did meet the expenses of their education entirely! We have our doubts whether Oxford

or Cambridge or any German University ever expected any such absurdity. On the contrary, the most popular institutions and those that have done the most good have a mere nominal tuition. This rise in the tuition and the rent of certain rooms, appears more absurd when we consider that the class fund is rapidly increasing and promises soon to be available.

The most entertaining thing lately was the private theatricals given by the Hasty Pudding Society, for the benefit of the Harvard crew. It was a burlesque on *Romeo and Juliet*, written by Messrs. Childs and Pickering of '69. It was attended by "a large and fashionable audience," who applauded enthusiastically. And the entertainment deserved it. The acting was admirable, Messrs. Childs, Bowditch and Cook carrying off the palm. One of the most laughable features was the introduction of "the Four" on the stage. Sounds like the steps of elephants were heard, and in came four little boys, carrying miniature oars. They had on the usual thin shirt without sleeves, and Magenta handkerchiefs about their heads. At the call of "coxswain," Mr. Grant of '69, came in dressed in the same sort of costume. This gentleman weighs about two hundred and twenty-five, and is nearly six feet in height. The effect may be imagined. Hail Columbia a la P. J., by the Pierian Sodality,—which burlesqued the approaching big concert,—was very funny indeed.

The Bowdoin Prizes are announced as follows :

Senior Class.—Mr. Gustavus Goward, a first prize for a dissertation on The Reform Act of 1832 and that of 1867. In the same class, Mr. Wm. Davis Mackintosh, a second prize, on The History, the Nature and the Obligation of our National Debt.

In the Junior Class, Mr. James Russell Soley gained the first prize, on the Future of the Papacy. In the same class, Mr. Frederic Wadsworth Loring gained the second prize, on The Genuineness of Shakspeare's Plays.

Our annual examinations commence on the 5th of June, and last until the 24th.

The Everett Athenæum, a new open Sophomore Society, which was started last year by '71, is to give a public meeting on their last night. The Society has gained much favor with the Faculty on account of its literary character. Their programme is :—Music, Glee Club; Select Reading, The School of Art, J. Reynolds; An Oration, Independence of Thought, H. E. Deming. Music, Glee Club; Debate, Ought the Clerical Profession to be open to women?—Affirm., J. H. Wheeler, W. C. Larned—Neg., K. McIntosh, T. M. Osborne. Music, Glee Club; Poem, M. H. Simpson, Jr.; President's Address, W. W. Boyd; Ode, J. R. Walter.

On the same evening the Pi Eta Society give a burlesque on *Macbeth* at their rooms. It is said to be quite extravagant, but as it is only open to its present and past members, I am not able to write about it. On this occasion the '69 members take their farewell.

There was a match game of base ball between the Junior members of the Pudding, and the Junior members of the Pi Eta. The latter were victors 18 to 13.

The latest intelligence is that Willard and Rawle go back to the Nine.

BOWDOIN. We learn from an exchange that "for more than a year the Faculty of Bowdoin has not discovered a single case of intemperance among the students." Whether this is owing to the superior craftiness of the students, or the inefficiency of the Faculty, deponent sayeth not.

DARTMOUTH. The *Dartmouth* lately spoke of "The glorious triad of New England Universities, Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth." The score of Dartmouth in the recent match with Harvard was 0 to 38. One stupendous goose egg. Harvard is rather hard on her sister in the glorious triad. Some little college like Williams or Brown even might get off better than that.

EXCHANGES.—MAGAZINES: *Yale Lit*, *The Dartmouth*, *College Days*, *Index Universalis*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Michigan University Magazine*.

PAPERS.—*Home Journal*, *Yang Lang*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Amherst Student*, *The College Argus*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Cornell Era*, *University Chronicle*, *University Reporter*, *Indiana Student*, *Eureka College Vidette*, *The Miami Student*, *The Campus*, *Journal of Education*.

The *Campus* comes to us very much improved in form, and is generally a very neat and creditable paper.

The *Miami Student* has been added to the list of our Exchanges. We bid it welcome.

The *Beloit College Monthly* also reaches us for the first time. Its exterior resembles the *Atlantic Monthly*, but its interior differs somewhat. If the paper on which it is printed were a trifle better it would be improved in appearance.

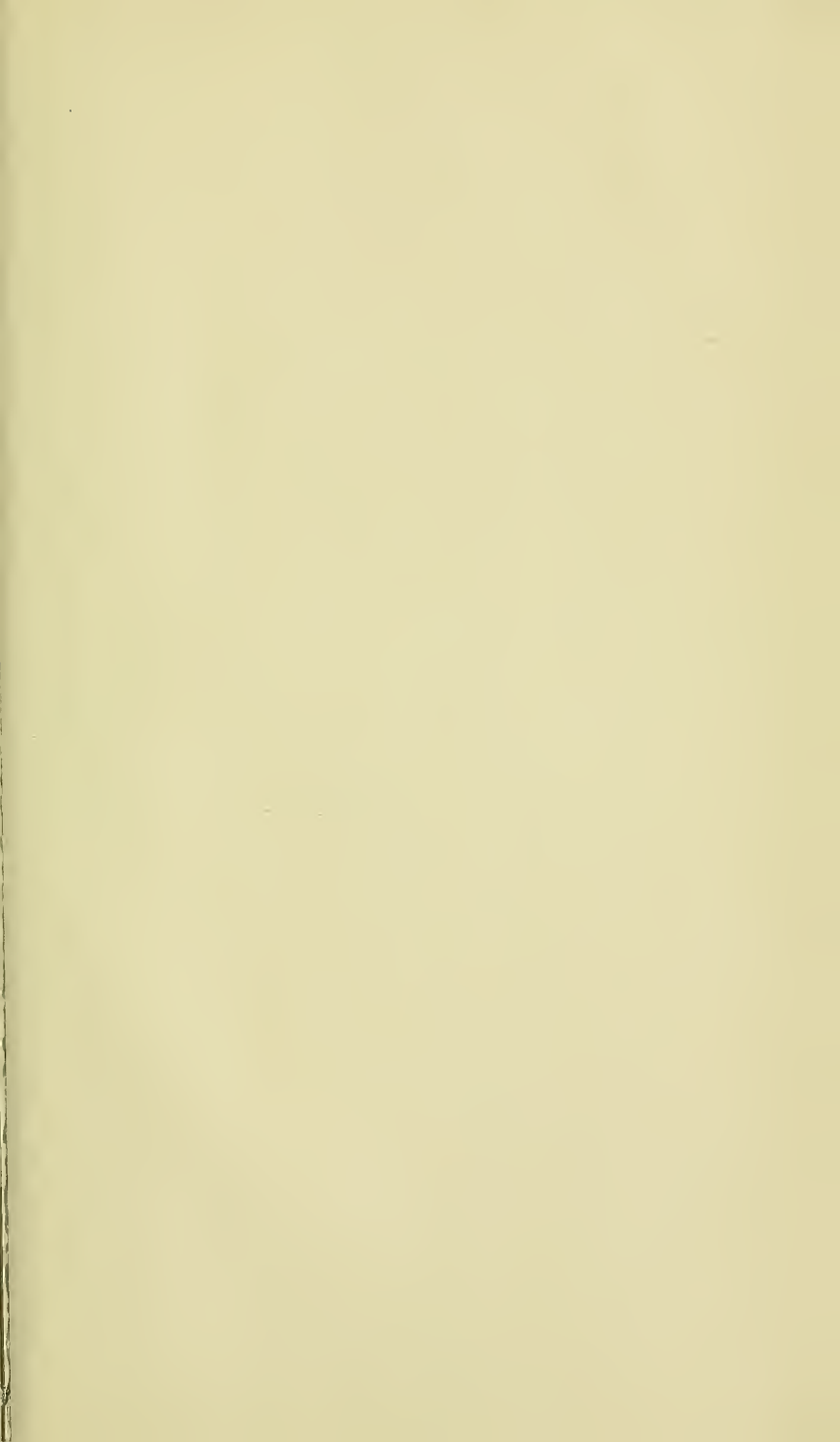
The *Yale Lit* for May comes to us under the auspices of the Class of '70. We confess to some degree of disappointment at the maiden effort of the new board. The article, "Secret Societies," is the only one that is up to the *Lit's* standard. Little is gained by such sensational captions as "Knee-Breeches," "Rats," and "Old China," while both dignity and tone are sacrificed by the introduction of so rank a piece of Bohemianism as the "New Comedy of an Old Error." Surely the staid old *Lit* cannot dance with the wanton Satyrs without loss of dignity.

Perhaps we are too critical. The last board has catered so delicately to our palate during the past year, that we may have become the most fastidious of epicures. We have no doubt that the new board will sustain the high reputation of the magazine.

We learn from the *Harvard Advocate* that the Theatricals which came off May 28th and 29th, for the benefit of the Harvard Four Oar Crew, resulted in a clear gain of \$1,202.03.

The Students of Brown University have followed the example of '69 and planted an Elm for a Class tree.—*University Chronicle*.

The old custom of planting an Elm at Brown University on Class Day did not originate quite so far west as the *Chronicle*.









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